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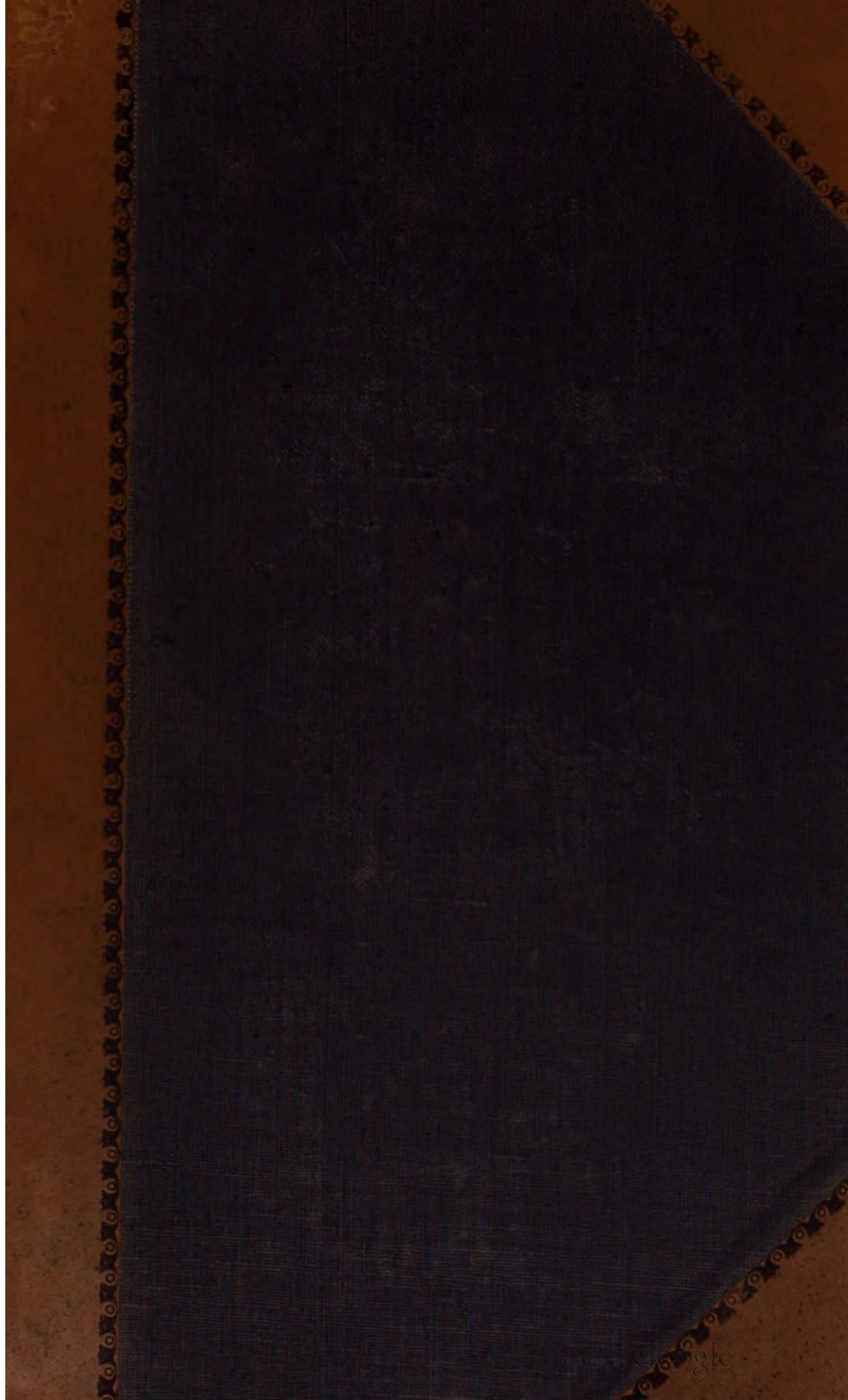
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Per. 3977 e. $\frac{198}{37}$

THE BRITISH
QUARTERLY REVIEW.



JANUARY AND APRIL,

1863.

VOL. XXXVII.

LONDON:

JACKSON, WALFORD, & HODDER, 18, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,
AND

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

EDINBURGH: W. OLIPHANT AND CO.

GLASGOW: J. MACLEHOSE.—DUBLIN: J. ROBERTSON.

LONDON:
ROBERT K. BURT, PRINTER,
HOLBORN HILL, CITY.

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THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY 1, 1863.

ART. I.—*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire.* Par A. THIERS.
Tome XX. Bruxelles. 1862.

SURROUNDED by the applause of his countrymen, and subsidised from Imperial resources, M. Thiers has doubtless laid down his pen with the conviction that 'The Consulate and the Empire' is one of the masterpieces of history. We would acquiesce in this estimate, could brilliant narrative, lucid arrangement, and a style as easy as that of Livy, entitle a work to a rank so illustrious. Unfortunately, however, honesty and insight are the first requisites of a great historian, and M. Thiers is so wanting in these that, notwithstanding his rhetorical gifts, he is really like one of those 'talebearing sophists' who earned the lofty scorn of Thucydides, as 'colouring their facts to suit their thesis.' Instead of being a faithful description of the grand drama of 1799—1815, combined with a calm and deep analysis of its causes, tendencies, and principal actors, and a candid judgment on its general results, these twenty volumes are a glittering misrepresentation of the history of Europe throughout that period, a shallow and superficial estimate of all that requires criticism within the time, and a thoroughly immoral and pernicious tribute to national vanity and military despotism, so long, that is, as it is successful. Indeed, setting other demerits aside, M. Thiers's avowed political ethics, and his tone with respect to everything French, are enough to stamp his great work as bad in tendency and false in its conclusions.

The 'first philosophy' of this history, for instance, is, that all that tends to the aggrandizement of France, consistently with her safety at least, is in harmony with the nature of things, and

must be right in the cosmos of Europe. A law, superseding all other law, proclaims that France ought to lead the nations ; and whatever contributes to this is proper, whatever thwarts it is worthy of reprobation. Accordingly, in the eyes of M. Thiers, the history of Europe is a drama in which his country is the principal actor, and in which, to secure the propriety of the piece, such small accidents as public law, the rights of nations, nay, French liberty, may be set aside as quite insignificant. This faith supplies him with moral criteria and leads him into historical conclusions about equally curious and self-contradictory. Because Napoleon had 'extended France to the Rhine, the 'Scheldt, and beyond the Alps,' without overtasking her resources, he was 'the wisest of rulers' in 1804 ; though it would be easy to show that the policy of the Consulate was in principle exactly the same as that which led to Moscow and Leipsic. Because Napoleon in 1807-12 attempted a European domination which proved fatal to his own subjects, he is branded as a 'military 'Jacobin,' and the 'most senseless of politicians,' though it is perfectly plain that throughout his career he was self-consistent in his rapacious ambition. So, too, the Convention of 1793, and the patriot armies of Dumouriez and Valmy deserve the applause of all the ages, for they freed 'the sacred soil' from invasion ; but the rising of Germany in 1813, the burning of Moscow by the Russians, the valour of Hofer, and the heroism of Saragossa, should be either censured or viewed with contempt, inasmuch as they injured the 'great nation.' This inconsistency and moral perversion are, in short, the main ideas of this history ; and when we add that M. Thiers is more than a Celt in his thirst for 'glory ;' that he would gladly sacrifice his country's freedom for a brilliant page in her military annals ; that, in his hierarchy of great captains, Napoleon is omniscient and infallible ; and that with him a French army is always endowed with invincible qualities—we shall understand the repugnance with which an Englishman reads these glittering volumes. In a word, if M. Thiers supposes that his work will last like monumental bronze, we can assure him that it is quite as devoid of feeling and historical modesty.

According to M. Thiers's philosophy, Napoleon's policy is steadily denounced in the last half-dozen of these volumes. So long as he was crowned with success, and did not endanger France too much, he was perfectly right in plundering Switzerland, in wasting Italy, and in annexing the Netherlands ; but the failure of the plans which ended at Trafalgar, the invasion of Spain which led to Vittoria, the horrors of Moscow and the Beresina, the rout of Leipsic, and the marches to Paris, reveal

clearly the errors of his ways, and stamp him as an insensate politician. In return, however, for this depreciatory sentence, M. Thiers, towards the close of his work, increases in praise of Napoleon as a general, sets aside as absurd the common notion that in the later years of his career he often sacrificed the principles of his art to personal and political considerations, and scoffs at 'those small and impertinent' critics who have ventured occasionally to question his strategy on the grounds even of caution and prudence. This climax of adulation is reached in the volume in which M. Thiers describes the short campaign of 1815 and the Zama of Napoleon at Waterloo. It is plain, we think, that in this struggle the Emperor from the outset underrated his adversaries and over-estimated his own resources; that in conducting it he gave many proofs of his undoubted genius in the art of war; that he made one characteristic miscalculation, which ended in his complete overthrow; that he encountered antagonists worthy of him, who fairly defeated him by bringing to bear their superior numbers to the decisive point; and that in the actual shock of battle the armies engaged for the most part did their duty like brave and good soldiers. M. Thiers, however, writes to prove that Napoleon's plan of the campaign was so good that success was almost certain to attend it; that on no occasion he more thoroughly showed his superiority over the generals opposed to him; that Wellington and Blucher must have been overthrown, and the armies of the coalition destroyed, had Ney and Grouchy seconded their chief; and that to compare the soldiers who repelled their antagonists on the 16th of June, and crushed them to atoms on the 18th, with the 'heroic' 'phalanxes' of the French Emperor, is little short of a national insult. These are somewhat strange conclusions, certainly; and as the campaign of 1815 is fully explained by contemporaneous documents, we shall test M. Thiers's position by them, and state our own opinions on the subject.

M. Thiers, we think, is fully justified in eulogising the admirable celerity and skill with which Napoleon in 1815 collected the military strength of France to oppose the coalition of Europe. That the exile of Elba, re-ascending a throne but ill supported by popular opinion, and exposed to the blows of the civilized world, should have been able within three months to place France in a state of defence, to organize an army of 300,000 men, and actually to take the initiative in the attack, will always remain a signal proof of the genius and energy that stamped his character. Such a feat may well make us doubt those critics who contend that the Emperor at this

juncture had lost the vigour and resolution of his youth, and ascribe his ruin to this premature decrepitude. Nor is it fair to compare the results of his efforts during the hundred days with those of the Convention of 1793, inasmuch as that body was backed by the patriotism of nine-tenths of the French nation, which certainly was not the case with him, and, besides, it had longer time for preparation, and it was opposed feebly and by divided enemies. But when Napoleon, in June, 1815, had gathered together his new-made armies, and, disseminating his weakest corps on the points exposed to attack on his eastern frontier, had resolved with 125,000 men to spring upon Blucher and Wellington, in Belgium, whose united force was 210,000 men, we may doubt, in spite of M. Thiers, whether such a scheme was really judicious. If the Emperor certainly had advantages in a trained army of one nation, and the perfect unity of his command, which were not enjoyed by the allied generals, these were far outweighed by the numerical superiority of the forces in the hands of his antagonists, which, if well led, especially when on the defensive, could hardly fail to achieve a victory. With Blucher and the Duke at their head—men thoroughly versed in Napoleon's tactics, and acting cordially and vigorously in concert—this condition was not likely to be wanting; and notwithstanding all that has been said, there was nothing in the allies' positions along the southern frontier of Belgium which promised brilliant success to an assailant.

Take for instance the line of advance by the Sambre, upon which they were actually attacked, and on which they were unquestionably weakest as regards the means of rapid concentration. Napoleon advancing along that line with a force smaller than that of his opponents, could only hope to gain success by interposing quickly between them, and so separating Blucher from Wellington as to reach and beat them when disunited. But to accomplish this in June, 1815, he would have to cross the Belgian frontier, to drive Ziethen from Charleroi and Fleurus, to seize the points of Quatre Bras and Sombref on the main road from Namur to Brussels, and when there to be in strength sufficient to make head against either of his antagonists, while his main attack was pressed against the other. As, however, Ziethen had force enough to delay an enemy for some hours, and the two points of Quatre Bras and Sombref were thirty-five miles from the French frontier, this operation would require time, and the dispositions of the allies were such, that before it could be effectually carried out they were all but certain to be able to thwart it. Within twenty hours the Duke could concentrate 40,000 men upon Quatre Bras, and Blucher 90,000

on Sombref, and as this force, without its reserves, none of which were more than two marches distant, would exceed that of the whole French army, it is obvious that, setting mischances aside, it could hardly fail to arrest Napoleon. And even if, through an accident of war, the allies were compelled to abandon this line, there was nothing but bad generalship to prevent them from falling back upon one more remote, though advanced enough to cover Brussels, and when there, from converging to one point, so as either to aid each other if attacked, or to join in assailing the French army. We repeat, therefore, that on the supposition that the allied armies could be relied on, and that their commanders would act with judgment, their attitude did not invite attack ; and we are inclined to think that Napoleon's resolve can be hardly justified in pure strategy. Indeed, M. Thiers half admits this ; for while he extols the brilliancy of the plan, he allows that it was exposed to peril ; and there is reason to believe that it was adopted by Napoleon, not because it was the most promising, but because, in the state of the public mind, his subjects could not have borne the alternative of acting steadily on the defensive, and awaiting the allies round the walls of Paris. In this, as in other crises of his career, the general was compelled to yield to the politician.

The attack upon Belgium having been resolved, Napoleon on the 14th of June arrived at Avesnes, near the French frontier, 'pour se frotter avec Wellington,' to quote his own expression. His army consisted of five corps, under Reille, D'Erlon, Lobau, Gerard, and Vandamme, with a reserve of cavalry and the Imperial guard ; 125,000 men in the highest state of discipline and efficiency,* with 350 pieces of cannon. M. Thiers describes with legitimate pride the admirable skill with which this force was collected together from distant points, and brought in front of the allied centre, within three leagues of the Prussian outposts, yet screened completely from the enemy's observation. Undoubtedly, in the words of Jomini, this was one of Napoleon's most splendid moves ; nor does it the least detract from its merit that its success was due to the lines of fortresses which enabled him to mask it effectually. M. Thiers, however, is simply romancing when he asserts that the Emperor by this operation acquired the means of severing the allies, and of seizing Quatre Bras and Sombref, or that this was even his immediate intention. His real plan for the 15th of June—the day on which he opened the campaign—is disclosed fairly enough by him-

* This is admitted, and indeed was proved. It is certain, however, that there was much distrust among the French army of several of their chiefs, and of course this was injurious to their operations.

self, with probably one remarkable exception, and it was carried out according to his purpose. He could not expect in one day to drive back Ziethen, to seize Charleroi, and to occupy Quatre Bras and Sombref, so as to hold the intervening line in force sufficient to bar the allies, and thus at once to prevent their junction. But he calculated that by breaking in near the allied centre towards the point of their contact—the point on which they were certainly weakest—he would gain rapidly a favourable position, and that then a single faulty move would give him a chance of reaching his enemies separately. Such a move, moreover, he thought was probable, according to his estimate of his antagonists, one of whom, Blucher, would march to Sombref although unsupported by the English, while the other, Wellington, 'being methodical and slow,' would not attempt to fight at Quatre Bras until his army was well concentrated. Thus Napoleon's scheme for the 15th was to reach a position near the allies' line from which he could attack next day if a favourable opportunity occurred; and any one who measures time and distance, will see that no more could be accomplished, consistently at least with common prudence. It is true that, looking afterwards at the event, he declared that his plan embraced more; but though M. Thiers insists on this, we think it really is contradicted by the Emperor's narrative, and contemporary correspondence.

Except in one important particular, M. Thiers's account of the advance of the French, and their operations on the 15th of June, may be accepted as substantially accurate. The army broke up in three columns, the left wing under D'Erlon and Reille, the centre under Napoleon in person, with Vandamme, Lobau, and the Imperial guard, and the right wing somewhat later with Gerard. After driving in the Prussian outposts and forcing Ziethen steadily back—he retarded the enemy with great skill—the three columns converged on Charleroi, the left occupying it early in the forenoon, several hours before the right and centre. At the close of the day, the corps of Reille was on a line between Frasné and Gosselies, with its outposts pointing to Quatre Bras, while that of D'Erlon was some miles in the rear; the centre extended from behind Charleroi, and the right bank of the river Sambre, to the plain of Fleurus towards Sombref; and the right had only reached Châtelet, that is, some miles in the rear of the others. Thus, the French Emperor in one march had succeeded in gaining a good position at no great distance from the allies' line between Quatre Bras and Sombref; and as his troops were well massed together, a few hours would give him a chance of attacking either Blucher or

Wellington, should either offer battle separately. We believe that more could not have been done by any general with the slightest prudence; and, therefore, when M. Thiers insists, according to Napoleon's after-thoughts, that the French Emperor on the 15th gave Ney an order to seize Quatre Bras with a small part of Reille's corps, we may safely reject the statement. It is true that in the events which happened such a move might have been made on the 15th, and might have led to important results; but with the knowledge which Napoleon had when he reached his bivouac at Charleroi, it would have been so fraught with peril, and it suits so ill with the rest of his operations, that we may be sure it was not contemplated. To have pushed the head of a jaded column to the very verge of the English cantonments, and far in advance of the rest of the line, without a certainty of the enemy's positions, would have been little short of folly; and it is tolerably clear that this alleged order was improvised by Napoleon afterwards, when he saw that its execution had been possible. Add to this that there is no trace of such an order in the French archives of the campaign; that Ney's aide-de-camp has denied its existence; and that Marshal Soult, who, as chief of the staff, must have known of it had it been given, declared that he had no recollection of it. While the French Emperor was bivouacing at Charleroi, prepared to strike at the first opportunity, the allied generals were moving their troops to the points of Quatre Bras and Sombref, on the line of junction they had agreed on. This concentration was in smaller numbers, and, especially on the English side, was effected several hours later than they had had any reason to anticipate. The Prussian army in the forenoon of the 15th was ordered to march on Sombref and Ligny; and even as early as the 14th the corps of Bulow, which lay at Liege, had been directed to reach that rendezvous.* On the night of the 15th, however, intelligence had been received by Blucher that three only of his four corps—those of Pirch and Thielmann, and that of Ziethen, which, as we have seen, had been attacked—could be at Sombref by next morning; that Bulow's corps had been unexpectedly delayed; and thus that, instead of 120,000 men, 90,000 only could be at hand to meet the blows of the French Emperor. On the other side of the allies' line, the Duke of Wellington had not been apprised of the French advance† till nine p.m., when, without losing a single

* It is not quite certain whether this was in consequence of flying rumours of Napoleon's proximity.

† That is, in force. He had heard earlier that the Prussian outposts had been driven in, but of course could not move till he knew the real attack.

instant, he ordered a general movement of concentration. His reserve was pushed from Brussels to Quatre Bras, his first corps, under the Prince of Orange, was ordered from Braine-le-Comte to that point, and Hill, with the second corps, was directed to move rapidly upon his left, and thus to support the main army. 40,000 men could thus be expected to reach Quatre Bras by five p.m. next day, and 25,000 men by three p.m.; but as the march was a very forced one, this movement required considerable energy.

These operations, though in the event they opposed a weighty force to Napoleon, and led the way to complete success, were nevertheless much less perfect than Blucher and Wellington might have expected, if we bear in mind their previous arrangements. Their immediate result was to cover Sombref with a smaller army than Blucher had anticipated, and to leave the important point of Quatre Bras exposed for several hours longer than the Duke had any reason to calculate. Accordingly, all continental writers, and even one of our own historians, describe this movement as faulty in the extreme; and M. Thiers characteristically dwells on 'the twofold surprise' of Wellington and Blucher, on the 'inconsiderate carelessness' of the one and the 'dull hesitation' of the other, which exposed them to defeat and separation. Now, we freely admit that the concentration of the allied armies on the night of the 15th was not so successful as their commanders might have hoped, and though it proved in the issue sufficient, we may allow that its incompleteness gave some chances to the French Emperor. But when M. Thiers makes this fact the occasion of sneering at the allied generals, and of denouncing their plan of defence as radically bad, and even ridiculous, he either displays great want of candour or does not know the evidence on the subject. It is now certain, beyond all dispute, that Blucher and Wellington were fully prepared for the very attack Napoleon made, though the Duke did not think it a wise one, and that they had so combined their movements for reaching Quatre Bras and Sombref in a few hours, and that in commanding force, that accident alone impeded this operation. Nothing but the blunder of an aide-de-camp prevented Bulow from being at Ligny before daylight on the 16th, and thus from adding 30,000 men to the force under the Prussian field-marshal. As for the Duke, he had given the strictest orders that the enemy's moves should be reported to him; and as his own and the Prussian outposts extended well-nigh to the French frontier, and all the routes converged on Brussels, he might feel secure that the news of an attack would reach him in six hours at farthest. Had his orders been obeyed

accordingly, he must have heard of Napoleon's advance at noon on the 15th at latest; and in that case he would have reached Quatre Bras in the early forenoon of the 16th, in force sufficient to defy an assailant. Unfortunately, however, two of his lieutenants were unexpectedly slow in bringing him the intelligence that the French army were crossing the Sambre; and hence his movement of concentration, though hardly too late as the event proved, was certainly later than he could have wished. This is the simple secret of 'the surprise' on which so many writers have dilated; and it is characteristic of M. Thiers, that while he ascribes all Napoleon's failures to the errors of his lieutenants exclusively, he makes Wellington and Blücher responsible for every misadventure of their subordinates.

As early as possible on the 16th Napoleon commenced the operations which led to the battles of Quatre Bras and Ligny. He has been accused of indecision and delay in not seizing the former point, which was nearly uncovered the whole morning, and in not attacking Blücher at once, while the Prussians were unsupported by Wellington. If we bear in mind that, though the Emperor had already gained a favourable position at no great distance from the allies' line, several hours were required to close up his columns, and that he was compelled to be prudent when manœuvring in front of two powerful enemies, we shall probably agree with M. Thiers that there is no ground for this adverse criticism. It is obvious, however, nor is it surprising, that for some hours he remained unaware of the exact state of his antagonists' affairs; and, accordingly, two distinct plans, the former of which became impracticable, while the latter only partially succeeded, appear clearly in his operations. At first, until about ten in the morning, he thought that Blücher was not in force on a point so forward as that of Sombref, and that Wellington had not advanced from Brussels; and with this belief* he wrote to Ney—now in command of Reille and D'Erlon—to push beyond Quatre Bras to Genappe while he should pass Sombref for Gembloux, and to keep up the communications between them by a strong detachment from Quatre Bras and Sombref, which in this case the French would have seized without any serious opposition. By this operation the whole French army would have been placed in two parallel masses, in positions within a march from Brussels; but as the advance of its two parts must have been simultaneous to avoid disaster, the forward march of the corps under Ney was to depend

* This is the first celebrated autograph letter of Napoleon to Ney, dated at about nine a.m. on the 16th, about the exact import of which there has been so much controversy. It is certainly very ambiguous, but we think we have given its spirit.

on that of the main body, and of course if the latter was arrested, the former must have been stayed accordingly.

The information which suggested this plan was soon, however, found to be incorrect; and, as before noon it became evident that Blücher was in force at Sombref, and that troops were gathering upon Quatre Bras, the parallel movement beyond these points was made impracticable by these operations. A second scheme to meet the occasion was at once devised by the French Emperor; and it bore all the marks of his genius, and promised very important consequences. Perceiving that the Prussians were in position, while Quatre Bras was comparatively unprotected, the very false move for which he had been in wait appeared being played before his eyes; and he resolved to march upon Blücher at once, to assail him with vigour in front, and at the same time to surround his flank by a sudden attack on the right of the Prussians. Accordingly, his columns, which had been advancing for some hours from all points were massed before Sombref and Ligny; and he wrote to Ney—who had kept his corps abreast nearly with those of the Emperor, according to the spirit of his orders—to seize Quatre Bras without delay, to entrench himself in force on that point, and from thence to send a strong detachment upon the right and rear of Blücher. This order, written at two p.m., reached the French Marshal within an hour; and had its execution been practicable at this time, we quite agree with M. Thiers that the Prussian army must have suffered severely.

When Ney, however, received this order, the state of affairs at Quatre Bras was very different from Napoleon's expectations, and his plan was destined to be nearly unsuccessful. The Prince of Orange, with 7,000 men, were already in line to defend the position; 11,000 more were close at hand, and the Duke knew that within two hours 20,000 men would be added to their numbers. The French Marshal on the other side had only 16,000 men in line; and though D'Erlon's corps of 20,000, which had been in motion for some hours, was supposed to be only a league distant, it is plain that, even at this moment, it was not possible to force Quatre Bras, and from thence to reach the Prussian army. In fact, the vigour and promptness of the Duke, and the energy of the British infantry, who had marched from all points with great speed, had repaired the misadventure of the 15th; and Quatre Bras was about being barred by a force sufficient to prevent one Frenchman from being moved round that way upon Blücher. The 'slow and hesitating' general of sepoys, as Napoleon was fond of calling Wellington, was already, in spite of a great disadvantage, in a position to baffle one of the heaviest strokes which had ever been aimed by

his great antagonist, whose calculations respecting his character, if they seemed correct from the events of the 15th, were about being woefully frustrated.

Official documents prove beyond a doubt that these were the orders and operations which preceded the battles of Quatre Bras and Ligny. M. Thiers, feeling that the Emperor's plans were in fact baffled even from the outset, yet resolved to prove him an omniscient strategist, misrepresents them with great dexterity. He insists that Napoleon, at daybreak on the 16th, knew exactly the state of the allies' positions, and accordingly had but one settled design: to attack Blücher at Sombref, and Ligny, and, masking Quatre Bras in force, to bring round Ney to concur in his overthrow. Hence, he mixes up the two separate movements, to which we have already referred, as parts of one continuous operation; and he describes Napoleon's original despatch, which prescribed the advance on Genappe and Gembloux in parallel lines supporting each other, as identical with the subsequent order, which, after the Emperor had been stopped by Blücher, directed Ney to seize Quatre Bras, and double round from thence on the Prussians. According to M. Thiers, therefore, Ney should have seized Quatre Bras at noon, and his having been anticipated at that point, and his inability to detach from it, were owing to his remissness and hesitation in carrying out the plainest instructions. Hence, if Napoleon's scheme had been executed, Quatre Bras would have been occupied in time; the English would have been forced to fall back; the Prussians, enveloped in front and rear, would have met a second rout of Jena; and that all this did not take place was the fault of Ney, who, 'heroic as ever, had become timid and 'vacillating in his movements.'

All this, however plausible and ingenious, is nevertheless entirely fallacious. Quatre Bras being on the way to Genappe, M. Thiers is enabled to assert colourably that Ney should have reached that position by noon, according to the first order; and, by suppressing the important fact that the advance of the Marshal upon Genappe depended on that of Napoleon on Gembloux, and that with the one the other was to cease, he leads his readers to blame Ney for not having seized Quatre Bras earlier. If, however, we keep distinctly in mind, that according to Napoleon's instructions, and, indeed, the most obvious rules of tactics, the advance of the French was to be simultaneous; that when their right and centre was stopped, their left under Ney had been compelled to halt; and that it was not until the whole line had paused that the Emperor's second plan was formed—M. Thiers's account becomes obviously untrue; and when, for the purpose of eulogising his idol, whose matchless

scheme only needed a seconder, he denounces Ney as weak and incapable, he is guilty of the grossest injustice. The reason, however, of all this appears upon a little reflection. If Ney, not regarding the Emperor's injunctions, had pushed forward hastily to Quatre Bras, instead of keeping abreast with him, he probably would have seized the position at noon; and, in that case, had Blucher continued to offer battle at Sombref and Ligny, the French Marshal would have been able to execute the order of two p.m., and to detach upon the right of the Prussians. But as Ney, in obedience to his chief's first plan, moved only in concert with the main French army, and stopped when Napoleon stopped also, and as this delay enabled Wellington to hold Quatre Bras in force sufficient to protect Blucher from any flank attack, it was necessary, for the purpose of concealing the fact that the order of two p.m. was too late, and that the Duke had been too quick for his foe, to antedate that order some hours, to describe it as part of the original scheme, and to find a reason for its non-execution by Ney in the early forenoon. Hence the utter misrepresentation of the facts, and the false charge of remissness in Ney, who had acted throughout as he had been directed. To save the infallibility of Napoleon, M. Thiers, however, never sticks at anything, be it slander of a gallant reputation or the most palpable historical perversion.

Between two and three p.m., on the 16th, the hostile armies came in collision at the points of Quatre Bras and Ligny, the latter being a little in front of Sombref, the rendezvous of the Prussians. M. Thiers, we think, is quite correct in hinting that Blucher made a mistake in offering battle at Ligny at all; for as Bulow's corps, to his knowledge, was distant, and the Duke, who had hurried from Brussels to Sombref, had apprized him that aid* from the English was uncertain, he was obviously giving chances to his antagonist which might have led to a great disaster. Had Quatre Bras and Sombref been occupied according to the plan of the allies, to have fought at Ligny would have been quite right; but as this was far from being the case, the uncertainty of support from Wellington, and the isolated concentration of the Prussians, exposed Blucher to the possibility of being attacked in front and flank—the very thing Napoleon had hoped for. It was wrong, with the numerical superiority of the allies, to allow 90,000 men to be assailed by a nearly equal force at Ligny, and to give a chance to Ney of detaching 20,000 Frenchmen by Quatre Bras; and though the vigour and promptness of

* This point is placed beyond doubt by Von Muffling.

the Duke averted ultimately this last blow, which probably would have proved mortal, this does not excuse the Prussian commander, nor did it save him from suffering severely, or from another very serious peril.

M. Thiers is also quite correct—we have the Duke's judgment on this point—in eulogising Napoleon's plan of attack, and in censuring Blucher's preparations to resist it. The French right was purposely weakened; yet by the admirable skill with which it was handled, it paralysed a much larger force in its front; while Napoleon's centre, left, and reserves, though within hand and ready to strike, were screened in a great degree from fire, and their movements masked till the last moment. On the other hand, the Prussian right, though not assured of support from Quatre Bras, was extended thinly in that direction, as if to invite the blows of Ney; its centre, drawn up on a range of slopes, though in part protected by a village and a stream, lay terribly open to the enemy's cannon, and fully revealed its every movement; and its left, clinging to its line of operations, was held in check by a small force, and was of little use to the main body.* Napoleon and Wellington alike concurred in thinking these arrangements faulty; and as the Duke was riding off towards Quatre Bras, he exclaimed curtly, as he cast his eye over the plan of battle of the rival commanders, 'If Napoleon be what I take him to be, the Prussians will be damnably beaten.'

Notwithstanding these mistakes, however, the energy of Blucher, and the heroism of his soldiers, well-nigh retrieved all strategic errors. M. Thiers, while multiplying notes of admiration at the dispositions of Napoleon at Ligny, and at the unquestioned excellence of his army, is comparatively silent as to the merits of his adversaries. The shock of battle soon revealed the results of the antagonists' arrangements; and even in his orders during the fight, the Prussian commander committed errors. As Napoleon had hoped, the French left and centre proved too strong for the force opposed to it; and being comparatively screened from fire, it suffered considerably less than its enemy. Meantime the French right, though much weaker, held the Prussian left entirely in check; and as evening closed, Napoleon had still large masses of troops who had not fired a shot, while all Blucher's forces were exhausted. As the Prussian general, even to the last, continued to extend his right to Quatre Bras, the decisive blow reached his weakened centre, and, attacked by a powerful and fresh reserve, the Prussian army

* 'La position etait exécrable.'—*Napoleon.*

was fairly cut in two, and forced to abandon the field of battle. Nevertheless, the day of Ligny is entitled to an honourable place in the Prussian annals. Out-generalled Blucher was, no doubt, but he had kept his enemy at bay till nightfall, and rendered the victory of little avail; and his soldiers, though a great deal cut up, on account of the exposure of the centre, had fought with such determined energy, that Napoleon did not venture to pursue them. They lost hardly a gun, and few prisoners; and they made their retreat in such good order, that the whole army was re-formed in a few hours at a short distance from the field of battle. In fact, except for its barren glory, the victory of Ligny was useless to Napoleon; and though he flattered himself to the contrary, he was soon to find that his beaten foe would only prove the more terrible for his disaster. M. Thiers would have been truer to history, and even to his own idol, had he done justice to the Prussians on the 16th, instead of exulting over their discomfiture.

The battle of Ligny was fruitless in results, because the Duke was enabled to keep the position of Quatre Bras against Ney, and to prevent any part of that Marshal's force from being effectually detached against the Prussians. M. Thiers, already angry with Ney for not having advanced sooner, is, moreover, displeased with his tactics in the field, and describes the battle in his usual style of exaggeration of French valour. He cannot deny that Ney was repulsed, but he contends that this was the Marshal's fault, 'who, instead of forcing the British 'centre, spent his strength against the enemy's wings;' and he covers, as it were, the defeat of his countrymen, by informing us that the French cavalry scattered and destroyed the 42nd, very nearly finished the 44th, drove in the 69th in square, and sabred the 33rd and other regiments! Without imitating M. Thiers in criticising the ablest of French tacticians,* we may say that there was an obvious reason for Ney's dispositions in the battle. His main attack was directed against our right, because it was held by the Belgian levies, whose inferiority he soon found out; and he hoped that by forcing this weak spot, the whole position would be carried, and a march upon Blucher rendered practicable. There seems to be little to censure in this plan; and as for the deeds of the French cavalry, without denying its bravery on that day, they were not what M. Thiers has described them. If a few companies of the 42nd were cut off, that regiment and the 44th overthrew Pire's lancers in line; the 69th was not broken in square, but was assailed by a sudden

* In the art of handling men on the field, Ney was considered superior to Napoleon by French critics.

attack in flank ; and the '33rd and other regiments' repelled all the charges made upon them. In fact, these cavalry attacks, though brilliant, were not formidable to good soldiers ; and on the 16th, as at Waterloo afterwards, our infantry, once they were fairly in square, very soon learned to think nothing of them.

In consequence of the stand at Quatre Bras, Napoleon's scheme of enveloping Blucher from that point remained unaccomplished ; but a second attempt at the same object was made by another operation. The Emperor, at about four p.m., perceived that Ney was warmly engaged and had not been able to force Quatre Bras ; and, accordingly, he directed D'Erlon, whose corps was marching to the Marshal's support, to incline rapidly towards Sombref, and, moving between the two French armies, to debouch between Quatre Bras and Ligny, and thus to fall on the right of the Prussians. This operation was obviously perilous ; for it detached from Ney one-half of his strength, and it placed D'Erlon between two enemies ; but if Blucher and Wellington could be held in check by the forces already upon their hands, it promised very important consequences. According to these orders the corps of D'Erlon advanced on Sombref at about six p.m., thus touching the flank of the Prussian army, and ready to strike at a moment's notice ; but it disappeared within half an hour, and counter-marched upon Quatre Bras, to the great relief of the Prussian commander. It reached Ney too late to assist him, or even to fire a single shot ; and thus a whole corps of the French army, not less than 20,000 men, was 'idly paraded' the whole day, without having given Napoleon the means of falling in force on the Prussian right—his grand object on the 16th—and withdrawing from Ney an important support which might have turned the scale against Wellington.

This misadventure finally baffled the chief hope of Napoleon on that day ; it secured the Prussian army from disaster ; and as its results became important, many thousand pages have been written upon it. M. Thiers insists that it was caused by Ney, who, when pressed by Wellington at Quatre Bras, commanded D'Erlon to retrace his steps, 'without reflecting that he had 'strength enough to defend himself without further aid ;' and the blame of 'a worse than fruitless' movement is accordingly laid upon the Marshal. This is plausible, certainly ; but we incline to think, that the recall of D'Erlon on Quatre Bras was dictated, not by Ney, but by Napoleon, and that if any one is to be censured for it, it should be the Emperor, not his lieutenant ; and, moreover, we feel assured that this move, though in the

event it proved a mistake, was not made without excellent reason.

As regards the author of the operation,* amidst the conflict of evidence on the point, it is surely enough to ask, Would D'Erlon, who had approached Sombref by the Emperor's orders, have dared to abandon that position, and countermarch upon Quatre Bras, without an order from the same quarter? Would Ney, who, as in duty bound, obeyed implicitly the injunctions of his chief, have ventured, at a most critical juncture, to thwart Napoleon's manœuvres directly, and that too in a flagrant manner? Nay, would the Emperor, who, between six and seven, was within a few hundred yards from D'Erlon, have allowed that corps to leave Sombref unless he fully approved of the movement? These considerations satisfy us that the order for the recall of D'Erlon must have been given by Napoleon from Ligny; and if we remember the state of affairs at the moment at which the move was made, we shall see that it can be fully justified. At that instant Napoleon felt that the field of Ligny would be his own, but the increasing strength of Wellington's fire, at a distance of seven miles only, must have made him aware that large reinforcements were pouring in to the British commander. While success against Blucher was therefore certain, it was probable that Ney if left to himself would be overwhelmed at Quatre Bras; and if this occurred, the whole French left would not only suffer severely, but its right and centre under Napoleon would be paralysed and at once arrested. Was this the moment to compromise the victory which already was nearly won at Ligny, to expose Ney to be crushed by Wellington, and thus to mar the entire operations? Accordingly, we believe that Napoleon, uneasy at Wellington's pressure upon Ney, gave up his stroke at the Prussian right, for the sake of securing his own left, and directed D'Erlon to support Ney while he achieved the victory at Ligny. This movement doubtless would give up much, but then it would gain a great deal more; and if we study Napoleon's position, it seems to us to be capable of complete vindication. In the result, no doubt, the recall of D'Erlon turned out needless, for Marshal Ney was able to stand without his aid; and the Emperor's prudence lost him a chance which might have had immense consequences. But those only who judge by the event, will censure Napoleon for a move which well might have appeared necessary if we bear in mind what a disaster to Ney might have brought upon the whole French army. If, amidst the opposing proofs on this point, we infer correctly that this misadventure of D'Erlon was owing to Napoleon himself, in

* There is perhaps no point in the campaign more debated.

consequence of the Duke's position at Quatre Bras, the Prussian army upon the 16th will have been twice saved by our commander; first, by thwarting the intended march of the French left upon Blucher's flank, and secondly, by diverting D'Erlon from effecting a stroke well-nigh as menacing.

M. Thiers sums up the operations of the 16th by the assertion that they were essentially successful, and full of promise to the French Emperor. Napoleon had interposed between the allies, had forced the line between Quatre Bras and Sombref, had beaten Blucher and kept in Wellington, and was now in a position to strike either separately. If greater results had not been obtained, this was owing to the false movements of Ney; but, in any event, it was now possible, according to reasonable military calculations, to bring a superior force against the English, and to crush them before the disorganized Prussians could reach the general sphere of operations. All this, however, is not merely incorrect, but is a plain and palpable misrepresentation. Napoleon's aim on the 16th had been to overwhelm the Prussians, and so to paralyse them as to give him leisure to fall on the English with the mass of his forces. Had he done this, and so ruined Blucher that the Prussians could no longer re-appear, he would have had a fair chance* of defeating Wellington; for though the French army had suffered much, it was stronger than that of the Duke when isolated. But though Blucher had been beaten at Ligny, and both the allied armies in consequence could not unite on their first line, he was far from being seriously crippled; and the Duke and he had now ample time, in the exhausted state of the French army—worn out with marches and desperate engagements—to converge upon an interior line, on which the entire of their forces would be collected, and the enemy met with an overwhelming superiority. Such a line had been previously arranged—that between Wavre and Waterloo—the former being the point for Blucher, the latter that for Wellington and his army; and it had been agreed that the allied generals should support each other in these positions in case of an attack upon either. Thus, instead of having a beaten foe retreating upon an eccentric line and exposing an ally to a perilous attack, the French Emperor on the night of the 16th had two powerful enemies to deal with, whose concentric movements he had no means to prevent, and who when united would double his forces. This was the actual state of the case—not exactly that described by the historian—and really full of peril to Napoleon.

* Even in this case it is probable the Duke would have escaped him behind the canals and rivers of the Netherlands.

But though this was the actual state of the case, it was not that which presented itself to the proud spirit of the French Emperor. Accustomed during his long career to see a beaten enemy recoil upon his original base of operations, and believing on the night of the 16th that Blücher had met a terrible reverse,* he felt convinced that the Prussian army, instead of converging on that of Wellington, would diverge towards the Meuse and Namur, and for some days would be disabled from action. This idea, fatal as it proved afterwards, was not so absurd as it seems in the event, for it may be said that it would have been correct in the case of many of Napoleon's antagonists; but beyond a doubt it occupied his mind and stamped all his subsequent operations. Its first result was a want of precaution in reference to the Prussian army, which, but the fact is not disputable, appears very difficult to credit. While Blücher, who had halted his army within a few hundred yards of Ligny, was preparing to make his retreat upon Wavre, the French Emperor returned to Fleurus, and during the whole of the night of the 16th did not send forward a single man to watch the motions of his defeated enemy. Admitting that a pursuit was impossible—so worn out was the French army—it is most surprising that he never thought of even observing the route of the Prussians; and as he had several regiments of cavalry who might have done this with the greatest ease, this neglect was certainly a remarkable error.† Its results led to the issue of the campaign; and accordingly there has been much discussion as to what may have been its cause or origin. Some writers contend that Soult was in fault. M. Thiers denies the mistake altogether, and contends that a body of Pajol's lancers were at once dispatched to reconnoitre the Prussians. But as this assertion is without any authority, and as, had such a movement taken place, the retreat of the Prussians upon Wavre must have been discovered at once by Napoleon, it is hardly worthy of serious attention.

By the early morning of the 17th the army of Blücher was steadily retreating in two columns to its rendezvous at Wavre. The first column had made its way by the inner route of Tilly and Mont St. Guibert, the second by the outer route of Gembloux, in order to regain the corps of Bulow, which, as we have seen, was not at Ligny. Not a single Frenchman had followed this movement, and thus a force of 95,000 Prussians was concentrating on an interior line, on which, when Wellington had

* There can be no doubt of this from Soult's first despatch on the 17th.

† The Duke evidently was surprised at this: 'The Prussians have not been pursued at all,' he remarked on the 17th.

fallen back, they would be in close communication with him. The Duke lay between Quatre Bras and Genappe, his whole army being nearly concentrated, and prepared for its retreat upon Waterloo the instant a stir was made by the enemy. Meanwhile, Napoleon and Ney remained with their wearied troops at Ligny and Quatre Bras, each equally ignorant of the allies' plans, and thus the concentration of Blucher and Wellington had already become very difficult of prevention.

In this state of things the French Emperor, after giving a little rest to his army—a rest which was a physical necessity,* notwithstanding all his critics have said—resolved to direct his left and centre against the Duke of Wellington's forces, and to detach the greater part of his right in order to watch and pursue the Prussians. At noon or thereabouts his preparations were made: the Imperial guard, the corps of Lobau, and almost all the heavy cavalry, were moved under Napoleon in person to join Ney at Quatre Bras, and from thence to attack as occasion might offer; while Grouchy, with the corps of Gerard and Vandamme, and a large body of cavalry also, was ordered to follow Blucher's army. But as, notwithstanding a reconnaissance made only five or six hours before, the retreat of the Prussians continued unknown, and the Emperor clung to his settled belief that they were falling back upon their base of operations, he indicated Namur, Liege, and Maastricht, as the probable points of the enemy's march; and, beyond all dispute, he allowed Grouchy in the first instance to move in that direction. Thus, while Napoleon, with 73,000 men and about 250 guns, was advancing against the enemy on his left, his own right, of about 33,000 men, with from 95 to 100 guns, was idly diverging upon a line entirely eccentric to the sphere of operations, and not a single check was presented to the concentric movement of Blucher and Wellington.

These facts are really beyond dispute; but M. Thiers has a different version. He says distinctly, that if Ney and Napoleon could have brought together their two armies before noon on the 17th, and struck at Wellington with their united force, they might have had a chance of defeating him† before he reached his own ground at Waterloo. That no such attempt was made was owing to the extreme fatigue of the French soldiers; but M. Thiers has satisfied his fancy that the plan was entertained by Napoleon, and that Ney is to blame that it was

* This is clear from Soult's first despatch on the 17th. In fact, Napoleon did not think he would get beyond Quatre Bras that day.

† This chance, however, would have been very slight, as the Duke was quite prepared.

not executed. He condemns Ney for not having advanced beyond Quatre Bras before his chief, and for not having fallen on Wellington's army while Napoleon was on his way from Ligny; and this neglect, with the heavy rain which impeded the Emperor's march on the 17th, is the reason why the Duke was not caught and compelled to fight far in front of Waterloo. We shall only say that no trace of this scheme appears in Napoleon's correspondence; that the state of his army made it impracticable; and that, as the Duke had the whole morning to effect his retreat exactly as he pleased, it must have proved completely abortive.

Compared, however, with what follows, this little invention is not worth noticing. Despite of positive proof to the contrary—proof evidenced by Napoleon's orders, and by the tenor of his whole operations—M. Thiers actually would have us believe, that in the forenoon of the 17th, the Emperor had anticipated the probability of Blucher joining Wellington by Wavre, and had ordered Grouchy to thwart this movement. And Grouchy is to bear the responsibility of having thoughtlessly diverged upon Namur, and not having taken the exact line which would have brought him within reach of the Prussians. If this were correct, M. Thiers not only must give a new sense to Napoleon's correspondence, which points out Namur as the retreat of Blucher, but he must make us suppose the Emperor a fool, who deliberately allowed an eccentric movement which he must have known would be ruinous to him; or, that Grouchy was an insubordinate lieutenant, who disobeyed his own commander, and under that commander's eyes persisted wilfully in his disobedience. This is really somewhat too much to assume, so we leave M. Thiers to this dilemma.

Napoleon followed the Duke's army until it reached the position of Waterloo. Against the enemy's force in his front, 69,000 men and 150 guns were already gathered round Wellington's standards; 15,000 more were near, on his right; and he had received a promise from Blucher 'that three corps, 'if not the whole Prussian army, should be on the field of 'battle early.' M. Thiers's account of this movement, and of the tactics of our commander, is not the least curious part of his narrative. Not a word is said of the admirable skill with which the retreat from Quatre Bras was conducted, nor yet of the heavy blows inflicted by our rearguard upon the French cavalry. On the contrary, we read that the road at Genappe 'was strewn with hideous remains of the enemy;' and much art is employed to show that the retreat was as hurried as possible. M. Thiers also informs us confidentially that the

Duke was wrong in halting at Waterloo ; that he should have fallen still farther back, and rejoined the Prussians behind the forest of Soignes ; and he adds, that the 'vain ambition 'of measuring swords with Napoleon separately,' which caused this strategical error, was well-nigh costing England a catastrophe. It is perhaps allowable that a worshipper of Napoleon should, in view of Waterloo, sneer at the Duke ; but that he should be censured for not having abandoned a field of defence he had long studied, when he had every reasonable prospect of success, will surprise any one who knows the facts ; while Englishmen will, of course, believe that Wellington was capable of imperilling his country for the sake of gratifying the basest vanity !

We pass, however, from this silly ebullition to a much more serious misrepresentation. When, on the night of the 17th, Napoleon and Wellington lay in front of each other, the four corps of the Prussian army, not less than 95,000 strong, had reached the parallel line of Wavre, and, encamped on either bank of the Dyle, were ready to march next morning on Waterloo. Meanwhile, Grouchy, by the Emperor's orders, had been recalled from the route to Namur,* and had been directed to reach Gembloux, in order to move next day upon Wavre by the still eccentric line of Corbaix, and then to act as an opportunity might offer. The Marshal arrived at Gembloux at nightfall, dividing his forces in the neighbourhood ; and thus he was twenty-two miles away from the main army under Napoleon, and separated from it by the Dyle, which could only be crossed in front of Wavre ; while at the same time he was nearly as far from the enemy he had been detached to intercept, who at this moment was fully prepared to make a march of twelve miles upon Waterloo. And at the same time, while Blucher and Wellington were communicating with each other during the night, not a troop of cavalry was sent by Napoleon to patrol on his right in search of an enemy, though the Prussians already were nearer his flank than the friendly corps he had intended to cover it. Thus, while the English and Prussian armies were within a very short distance from each other, their movements perfectly well connected, and their concentration at Waterloo arranged, the main French army under Napoleon was altogether unprotected on its right, and unconscious of any peril from that side ; while Grouchy was idly 'in the air,' cut off from Napoleon by an impassable stream, and disabled, at least for many

* Compare the order of Bertrand on the 17th with that of Soult in the forenoon of the 18th—the only written orders in existence—and there can be no doubt of this.

hours, from either bringing aid to his chief, or coming up with his immediate antagonist, no matter how great his zeal or dexterity.

Disastrous as this position appears in the clear light of subsequent events, Napoleon was the author of it, and the reason of this is visible in his despatches. In the afternoon of the 17th, he had received the news that a Prussian column had marched upon Wavre by Mont St. Guibert; but though this did not open his eyes in the least to the real object of Blücher's movements, it made him recall the corps of Grouchy and fix its operations with precision. He conceived that the hostile column in question was rejoining laterally the Prussian army, which, though still moving upon its base of operations, he thought might sweep round by Liège and Louvain, and connect itself with the Duke's forces at some point in the rear of the forest of Soignes. With this view he directed Grouchy upon Gembloux, with orders to march the next day upon Wavre by the route of Corbaix; and it is probable that he afterwards told the Marshal to detach from Wavre a division on Waterloo, in order to fall on Wellington's flank,* in fact, to imitate the very manœuvre which had been preconceived by the allies. On the supposition that the Prussian army was far away upon the long arc described by Liège, Louvain, and Brussels, these movements become at once intelligible, and are obviously those of a great commander. Had Napoleon's hypothesis been correct, the position he had assigned to Grouchy would have placed that Marshal in a central point, from which he could operate against the Prussians, sustain the army of the Emperor, and perhaps send off a considerable force to attack Wellington on the field of Waterloo. And in that case there would be no need to detach a man from the main French army in order to cover its right flank; on the contrary, it would be wrong to do so; for that flank would be protected by Grouchy, and the blow that was to be aimed at Wellington should be given with as much strength as possible. Hence Napoleon's operations and recorded expressions; the position in which he placed Grouchy; his security as to his right flank; his anxiety for a battle next day; his doubt whether Wellington really would stand; and his perfect confidence in the issue. Believing that Blücher was many leagues distant, that Grouchy was interposed between, that aid from that Marshal was not improbable, he might reasonably concentrate his whole force upon the enemy in his front, and declare that victory was all but certain.

* We incline to think that the celebrated verbal order of Napoleon to Grouchy, said to have been sent at 10 p.m. on the 17th, was in fact sent, and pointed to this operation. It harmonizes with all Napoleon's movements.

Unluckily, however, the hypothesis was false upon which all this strategy was based; and on the night of the 17th, the positions of the opposing armies were full of peril to the French Emperor. M. Thiers feels this; so, instead of admitting that Napoleon could make a false calculation—an error from which no general is exempt, and which in this case was founded on reasonings repeatedly verified by his experience—he proceeds to assert that on the night of the 17th the allies' plans were suspected by the Emperor; that Grouchy had been warned against them; and that he was so placed as to be able to thwart them. Napoleon had conceived the probability of a flank march from Wavre on Waterloo; and 'nothing was easier' than for Grouchy at Gembloux to arrest it by moving according to his orders!

It is enough to say, that the truth of this assertion is contradicted by Napoleon's despatches, and by the whole tenor of his operations. But, were it correct, M. Thiers would convict his idol, not of a mere miscalculation, but of fatuity well-nigh unparalleled. If Napoleon suspected on the night of the 17th that four Prussian corps were within twelve miles of him, all ready for a march on Waterloo, would he, knowing where Grouchy was, have failed to send aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp to the Marshal, and to adjure him, in the name of the safety of France, to break up from Gembloux that instant, to push to Moustier at any risk, to cross the Dyle at that point, and either to get round on his flank, or to fall upon the flank of the Prussians, if there was yet time to arrest their progress? Would he have left his right entirely uncovered, and not detached a single division to protect it, although there were good positions for this object at the stream of the Lasne and the wood of Frischermont? Would he have paused in either retreating at once or attacking Wellington at break of day, in the hope of snatching a victory from him before Blucher could come to his assistance? Above all, would he have directed Grouchy to move on Wavre, not towards himself, but by the eccentric route of Corbaix? To suppose that Napoleon, had he known the real state of affairs on that night, would have disregarded these obvious precautions, and have acted as he actually did when misled by a false impression, would be to place him on the level of a Mack; and it is strange that M. Thiers will not see that in asserting his perfect prescience he impliedly charges him with thorough incapacity.

M. Thiers's description of the hostile armies that confronted each other on the morning of the 18th, and of the antagonists' plans of battle, is marked with his usual exaggeration and partiality.

The mere numbers were not very unequal—72,000 or 73,000 against 69,000 or 70,000—but this proportion is not a test of the real comparative strength of the combatants. In the composition of part of his troops, in cavalry, and above all in artillery, Napoleon had an enormous superiority; for the Duke had at most 45,000 men on whom he could rely with confidence, his Belgian, Nassau, and some other levies, being of little value for the shock of battle. In truth, he never would have thought of setting the fortunes of England in such a cast, had he not been assured that Blucher would arrive at an early hour upon the 18th; and it is one of the many proofs of his tactical genius that, though this hope was long deferred, he was yet enabled to maintain his position. All this M. Thiers conveniently omits, not telling us that the French guns were 246 against 150, and that their cavalry were as three to two, not discriminating between the Duke's forces, and craftily inverting by about 4,000 men the real numerical proportion of the antagonists.

As for the scheme of attack devised by Napoleon, we fully concur with M. Thiers that, on the supposition of the absence of the Prussians, it was grand, imposing, and very formidable. The long lines of infantry deployed in front, and on either wing supported by cavalry, while behind them were massed in the Emperor's hands his heavy columns, ready for action—an array of battle calculated at once to inspire awe, to encourage his men, and to mask his movements as long as possible—have been repeatedly admired by critics; while the plan of a feint on the British right, and of grand attacks on the left and centre, has been always acknowledged as excellent. Assume, however, that he conceived it possible that a Prussian army would fall upon his right, and his flank, perfectly bare and unprotected beyond his immediate line of battle, would at once condemn his whole arrangements, a censure not to be lightly hazarded in the case of such a man as Napoleon. If, however, the scheme of attack was brilliant, the scheme of defence was not less remarkable, though M. Thiers hardly deigns to notice it. The Duke's left was his weakest point, because he expected Blucher to support it; yet, resting on Ter-la-Haye and Papelotte, it was sheltered from fire to a great extent, and it proved strong enough to resist all efforts. His centre, with La Haye Sainte in front, and Hougoumont stretching towards the right, was guarded thus by a double outwork; a cross-road facilitated its operations, and it was so posted that it could alike command the slopes up which the enemy must advance, and form again upon a second line behind the crest of the first position. As for the right,

it was the strongest point of all ; and, speaking of the plan as a whole, it may be said that the Duke exposed his enemy to a formidable fire and to cavalry attacks wherever they advanced ; that he made use of every local advantage to screen his own troops as much as possible, and to keep their movements well concealed ; and that every formation of his army was so arranged as to accomplish these objects. These tactics, which have deserved the encomium of all judges of the military art,* M. Thiers has not dwelt on at all, though he does not forget to carp at the Duke for having detached on his right towards Hal, a movement, doubtless, useless in the event, but which our commander always justified, and which Napoleon, his most bitter critic, did not venture at any time to censure.

We can only glance at the most prominent features of the great and decisive engagement which followed. The battle commenced with an attack upon Hougoumont at the right of the Duke of Wellington's position, undertaken in order to weaken his centre, and to prepare the way for efforts against it. This attack became real instead of a feint ; and it was repulsed throughout the day with success, the chateau of Hougoumont having never been taken. At about one, a tremendous effort was made against our left and centre by the whole strength of D'Erlon's corps, supported by artillery and cavalry ; but this was defeated in the most splendid manner ; and though our cavalry suffered much, the enemy's right was for hours paralysed. Napoleon's attacks were now changed to our centre : La Haye Sainte was taken and occupied by his infantry ; and his cavalry, crossing the crest of the slope on which our first line of battle was placed, bore down with the most determined bravery on the British, formed in squares to receive them. After many heroic but fruitless charges, the whole French cavalry were driven over the slope ; and though three or four German battalions had been destroyed, and some Belgian levies had run fairly away, not a single English square had been broken, and our centre remained unpierced, though weakened.

This may be called the first phase of the battle, and a second was now about to open. At about half-past five p.m., the corps of Bulow began to operate with great effect on Napoleon's flank ; and the Duke's army, which for six hours had splendidly withstood a more powerful enemy,† was much relieved by this diversion. For the next two hours the attacks on our line, though kept up by artillery and tirailleurs, were slacker than at any part of the day, Napoleon's attention being mainly directed to

* See particularly Colonel Charras.

† See the Duke's official account.

keeping in check the mass of Prussians whose attack on his right had become most serious. At about seven he had driven back Bulow with Lobau's corps and the young guard; and he then seized the occasion of launching a final blow at our centre, to be executed by the old guard and the remains of his broken cavalry and infantry. The guard, having advanced in two columns, that converged upon our right centre, was driven back with terrible slaughter; and all its supports having recoiled with it, our whole line was moved quickly forward and the shattered enemy thrown into confusion. Meanwhile Blucher had reached the field with 20,000 fresh troops; those of Bulow, 25,000 strong, renewed their assaults on the French right; the entire French right was broken through and hurled upon the beaten centre and left; and, pressed on all sides by converging enemies, Napoleon's army was dashed into fragments. Nearly all its guns and material were taken, and 20,000 men were never rallied.

Napoleon's conduct on this great day has been the subject of much criticism. His attacks were very wasteful of his troops; to any observer after the event they appear somewhat premature and incoherent; and the last struggle of the old guard, when Blucher's columns were moving on Ter-la-Haye, has the semblance of wild and reckless desperation. His perseverance in assailing Hougoumont, the thousands he sacrificed around that point, the dense formation of D'Erlon's divisions, his early and unsparing use of his cavalry, his late detachment of Lobau's corps to make head against that of Bulow, and, above all, his squandering his last reserve when real success was no longer possible, have been described as enormous faults; and some have declared that he was wanting to himself, while others have cast the blame on his lieutenants. With the exception perhaps of the attack on Hougoumont, it appears to us that his tactics on that day were those of all his great general actions—at least until the arrival of Bulow—and that they seem faulty because they were encountered by a defence of extraordinary skill and tenacity; and we feel convinced, from his own despatches, and indeed from the facts of the case, that the charge of the guard was ordered in the belief that he had got rid of the Prussians for some time, and that Blucher's corps were still distant.* Against many of the enemies he had encountered, the heavy formations of D'Erlon's men would have given them weight to break a wing; the grand cavalry charges on the centre would have been the certain presage of victory; nay, even the prodigal

* When Napoleon wrote the bulletin on the 20th, he was evidently ignorant of the Prussian force that had attacked him.

assaults on Hougoumont would have been followed by important consequences. As for his operations later in the day, they become intelligible only on the supposition that he thought he had Bulow alone to deal with ; this appears from his written account of the battle ; and can we imagine that he launched against Wellington the last and only reserve of his army with full notice that Blucher was at hand, to check his success if it were possible, and to convert a repulse into utter ruin ? The grand catastrophe of Waterloo, therefore, was not owing to Napoleon's imbecility, nor to the errors of his lieutenants : it was due to his underrating the British, and disbelieving in Blucher's approach, conclusions which led him to waste his forces, and to expose his army to be overwhelmed by numbers it had no power of resisting.

But whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the conduct of the French Emperor, there should be none as to that of his antagonist. The defence at Waterloo will always remain a proof of the art of Wellington as a tactician, an art in which we think he was unrivalled ; and this was a principal cause of the victory, though part of his army deserves as much praise as a grateful country can bestow upon it. He had engaged in the action in the belief that Blucher would arrive at twelve ; yet, though not a Prussian cannon was fired until half-past four at soonest, though Bulow's corps was not fully in action until nearly two hours afterwards, and though the rest of Blucher's troops came up only to complete the victory, he nevertheless repelled every attack, and was never really shaken in his position. Admitting the value of Bulow's diversion, the Duke remained for six hours exposed without this aid to a determined enemy, immensely superior in all elements of strength ; his Belgian and Nassau levies behaved so miserably that they were worse than useless ; yet not only Napoleon's attacks during this time completely failed, except at La Haye Sainte, but his losses were much greater than those of our army. Moreover, the manner in which the attack of the old guard was finally repelled, and the sudden advance our line made, has justly received the highest admiration ; nor should it be forgotten that though unquestionably the assistance of Bulow helped us much, the Duke, even at the last moment, had a fair reserve completely uninjured. It is impossible to question the extraordinary skill of the general who achieved these results ; and though even some English writers have described Waterloo as a soldier's battle—and no one can doubt the heroism of our troops—we believe that it was won quite as much by tactics as it was by the force of unflinching resistance. Remove Wellington from the field, and would Hill;

Uxbridge, or the Prince of Orange, have either planned the defence so well, or, amidst appalling difficulties and discouragements, have known how to husband the strength of the army until 'night and Blucher' had brought it victory?

Such, we venture to think, are the main features of the 'battle of giants' that was fought at Waterloo. In its general outline, and most of its details, the picture substituted by M. Thiers betrays even more than his usual errors. It is curious to observe how he tortures the facts to sustain his faith in the infallibility of Napoleon and the unrivalled quality of the French soldiers, and to detract from the glory of the Duke and our army. For the tactical failures of the French throughout the day we are told the Emperor is not accountable: they are all coolly imputed to his lieutenants! The persevering attacks upon Hougoumont, though executed under Napoleon's eye, were the fault of Reille and his subordinates; and the advance of D'Erlon in close column, notoriously Napoleon's favourite manœuvre,* is attributable to some neglect in that general! As for the cavalry charges after the capture of La Haye Sainte—characteristic of all the great battles of the Empire, where marked success at one point had been achieved—they were not ordered by Napoleon at all; Ney alone is responsible for them; and the most conspicuous efforts of the day, which lasted for upwards of two hours, and destroyed the flower of the French army, are due, not to the general-in-chief, but to an heroic but reckless subordinate!

This kind of treatment of course absolves Napoleon in the first phase of the battle. As for his operations against the Prussians, and the final effort he made against Wellington, M. Thiers's account is even more extraordinary. As with him Napoleon must know everything, he would have us believe that early in the afternoon the Emperor perceived that he would have to deal with the whole mass of the Prussian army, and made his preparations accordingly. He detached the corps of Lobau at once to make head against this new enemy, suspended his operations against the British, and for several hours was employed in checking some inconceivable number of Prussians, who were 'vomited out' of the woods of Frischermont! Meanwhile, Ney, against his orders, had 'massacred his cavalry' in assaults on our centre, and this false manœuvre with the Prussian diversion alone saved our army from destruction, apparently long after Bulow's arrival. At about seven the Prussian attacks had been to a great extent exhausted; and though, owing to the sacrifice of the cavalry, decisive success against the Duke was difficult, the old guard

* 'They advanced in the old style in column, and were beaten off in the old style.'—*Wellington*.

was, nevertheless, moved forward, because the cannon of Grouchy at Wavre made the Emperor conclude that the French Marshal was keeping back the rest of the Prussians. This attack failed, inasmuch as Blucher, escaped from Grouchy, was already at hand, and the French army, which, up to that time, had taken almost every position from an enemy nearly double in numbers, and against Wellington's half-crushed soldiers, was carrying everything triumphantly before it, was suddenly overwhelmed by this new apparition. Hence, the loss of Waterloo, according to M. Thiers, was attributable to somewhat singular causes: to errors in detail of the Emperor's lieutenants; to the premature use of the cavalry by Ney, in disregard of positive orders; to some undefinable number of Prussians thrown early upon the French flank; and, lastly, to the sacrifice of the guard, occasioned by the belief that Grouchy had at length comprehended his mission, but ending in a terrible catastrophe, produced by the advance of Blucher. Napoleon is in no wise responsible for it; and the Duke and his army, though they fought well, were only secondary agents in the drama.

A general outline so untrue as this is of course charged with false particulars. The attacks on Hougomont were 'almost as 'destructive' to Napoleon's soldiers as to the British, and soon afterwards the 'French loss' is '3,000 against 2,000 of the 'enemy'—assertions at once contradictory and inaccurate. The repulse of D'Erlon is a drawn battle, in which the 'Scotch Greys, '1,200 strong,' produce 'a sort of confusion in our ranks,' and manage to capture two eagles, one of which is immediately recovered; the facts being, that this attack cost Napoleon nearly 6,000 men, that the charge executed by the Union brigade threw the French right into complete disorder, and that not one but three eagles were among the trophies of this great action. Then the British cavalry are never able 'to stand the formidable shock of our cuirassiers,' as was proved by their celebrated struggle with the Life Guards, which M. Thiers discreetly suppresses. As for the cavalry attacks on Mont St. Jean, they broke through 'two lines of British squares,' and after this extraordinary feat, commemorated in most glowing rhetoric, 'the French cuirassiers' held the reverse of the slope until the latest moment of the day, 'having captured sixty pieces of 'cannon, and with thousands of their slaughtered enemies 'around them.' If this veracious account were true, they must have been smitten with a sudden palsy in not seizing the victory before them; but the fact is, that these brilliant charges, though they frightened away some Belgian regiments, and

destroyed several Hanoverian battalions, who were caught before they got into square, completely failed against the British infantry. Indeed, our centre suffered far more from the guns and tirailleurs around La Haye Sainte, than from these more imposing efforts; and as for our cannon, though it is true that the French cavalry, in each advance, obtained possession of them for a moment, they had not time to spike even one of them.

It is not, however, till the close of the day that M. Thiers reaches the climax of misrepresentation. A romance was needed to cover the defeat of the old guard and the rout of the army, and the fancy of the historian is quick in supplying it. As every one knows, the old guard advanced in two columns on the British line, the object being to break our centre. This attack was sustained by all the remains of the troops that had fought us during the day; but though the columns reached their point, being assailed vigorously in front and flank, and the latter especially shaken by cavalry, they were forced back, defeated though resisting. Then followed the general advance of our line, the simultaneous arrival of Blucher, the renewal of the attack by Bulow, and the overthrow of the entire French army—an overthrow not at all surprising, considering their desperate and shattered condition. According to M. Thiers, however, one column only of the guard attacked us, apparently without any support at all, the other being held in hand by Napoleon, in order to meet any sudden emergency: this single column, though much cut up, had overpowered the enemy in its front, and was on the point of a glorious victory, when Blucher threw the whole army into confusion. From 60,000 to 90,000 men, at least this we are led to infer, bearing back the whole of the French right, now overwhelm the second column, which, though thrown into disorder for an instant, repels a multitude of terrific onslaughts, and piling a host of enemies around it, is undismayed amidst the general catastrophe. Of course, it finishes with the 'sublime words, The guard dies and don't surrender,' which may 'echo for ages,' but never were uttered; and the romance closes with the modest assertion that 68,000 French soldiers were no doubt beaten, but then it was by 150,000 enemies, 'whose losses equalled' those of the vanquished! And after this M. Thiers assures us that truth is his 'sacred duty' as an historian!

The strategic cause of the rout of Waterloo was the junction of the allied armies on the field, according to a preconcerted arrangement. On this condition Wellington fought. Its absence during a part of the day, on account of the long delay of the

Prussians—a delay caused by the state of the roads,* and perhaps by the over-confidence of Blücher—exposed our army to some peril: its presence achieved the ruin of Napoleon. No doubt there were other minor causes; but this was the essential cause; so true it is that the issues of war in the long-run depend on generalship. M. Thiers feels this, and accordingly struggles to prove that the junction of Blücher and Wellington could have easily been prevented by Grouchy, had he acted up to the Emperor's orders. The Marshal, placed though he was at Gembloux, could either have joined Napoleon in time, or kept the Prussian army from Waterloo; he could have made either result certain by rapid and intelligent movements; nay, even at noon, when he heard the sound of the distant battle at Nil Saint Vincent, he had still the command of either alternative. It was, therefore, Grouchy's inconceivable neglect in allowing Blücher's army to escape him, and to march from Wavre on Frischermont and Ohain, that led to the catastrophe of the campaign; and as Napoleon had placed the Marshal in a position to arrest this movement, and his orders prescribed the way to do this, he is not in the least responsible for the event, he remains the great and infallible captain.

To all this it is enough to reply, that the written orders of Napoleon to Grouchy, which enjoin a march from Gembloux to Wavre, by the still exterior line of Corbaix, show plainly that he had no notion of the operations intended by Blücher, that he neither anticipated what occurred, nor had so disposed his lieutenant as to arrest it. We admit, however, that on the night of the 17th the French Marshal should have discovered the real point of the Prussians' retreat; nay, more, that he ought to have suspected their design; and as, being in an independent command, he had of course a certain latitude, we will allow that at daybreak on the 18th he should have made every possible exertion to push forward towards the Emperor, or to fall on Blücher marching on Waterloo. Nevertheless, situated as he was on the 18th, he could not have accomplished either object, at least so as to avert the catastrophe. The best course that was open to him was, to push up from Gembloux at dawn, and cross the Dyle as soon as possible, in order to get near Napoleon and Blücher. But for this purpose he must have advanced to Moustier, and he could not have reached it till ten at soonest, and when there he would have been separated from the Emperor by the corps of Bülow, which lay between, having marched several hours before, and he would have had on his front and

* Some writers attribute the loss of Waterloo to the rain on the 17th and 18th. Do they reflect how it impeded Blücher?

right the entire residue of the Prussian army. In other words, had he done the best that any commander could have done, and this is admitted on all hands, he would, at ten on the 18th, have found himself, with 33,000 men, at a distance of twelve miles from Waterloo, in the presence of 95,000, 30,000 of whom divided him from his chief, while 65,000 were close around him. What could he have done in this state of things, and what must have been the moves of his antagonist? Can we doubt that Blucher, when he had reconnoitred his force, would have left 40,000 men to mask it, have directed Bulow to remain where he was, and with the residue of his army, still 25,000 strong at least, have pushed forward to join Wellington? That Blucher would have taken this course we feel assured from the facts of the case, and from his well-known daring character; and had he taken it, the apparition of Grouchy on the bridge of Moustier on the morning of the 18th would have had no effect on the fate of Napoleon. In fact, if we keep steadily in mind that the Dyle separated Grouchy from Napoleon, that at Moustier alone the river could be crossed, and that three-fourths of the Prussian army were close to that place in the forenoon of the 18th, it appears to us a self-evident proposition that the French Marshal with his weak force could never have seriously checked the march of his enemy. As for the notion that at noon on the 18th he could have moved from Nil Saint Vincent to Moustier, and accomplished anything by such a step, except probably compromising himself, it does not deserve a serious thought; and no candid judge of this question will condemn Grouchy for what was the result of a miscalculation of the Emperor, or suppose that he should have improvised operations which never entered the mind of his chief, and which were utterly beyond his resources.

M. Thiers's account of the campaign of 1815 is, therefore, a mere perversion of history. Composed upon the absurd hypothesis that Napoleon was superhuman in war, and that his army were demi-gods of heroism, it presents the facts through a false medium, it reconciles its theory with the event by gross injustice to the Emperor's lieutenants, and by poor carping at the victors in the contest, and it is tricked out with a mendacious rhetoric which appears to us particularly silly. M. Thiers is wrong in sneering at the preparations which the allies had made for an attack upon Belgium, and in extolling that attack as judicious. He is wrong in assuming that a French army of 125,000 men, even under such a general as Napoleon, was a match for an army of 210,000 in the hands of Blucher and the Duke of Wellington. He is wrong in describing the allies as surprised

upon the 15th and 16th of June; in censuring Ney for his conduct at Quatre Bras; and in asserting that, but for that Marshal, a second Jena would have been seen at Ligny. He is grossly wrong in representing the Emperor as completely successful on the 16th, and Blucher and Wellington as really separated; and in his account of the detaching of Grouchy he involves himself in palpable absurdities. As he will not allow that on the 17th the Emperor could have made a false movement, he misdescribes the position of Grouchy, and garbles the meaning of his instructions; and when he contends that on the 18th that Marshal could have arrested Blucher, that Napoleon anticipated the march on Waterloo, and that the issue of the campaign is attributable solely to his lieutenant, he not only shuts his eyes to the facts, but, without adding to the reputation of his idol, he commits an act of gross injustice. As for the conquerors in this great struggle, M. Thiers may ignore their ability and skill, and detract from their armies as much as he can, but as the Duke once dryly remarked, 'No commentator can well get rid of the facts, that in a campaign of four days Napoleon lost his army and his empire.'

In our judgment this brief campaign may be summed up in a few sentences. Napoleon was not wanting to himself: the manner in which he concentrated his troops and pounced on Charleroi on the 15th, and his manœuvres for crushing Blucher on the 16th, were worthy of his immense reputation. As regards what followed, if we concede that his movements were made under one miscalculation—which had not a few probabilities in its favour—they appear those of a great commander, and his conduct at Waterloo becomes in the main consistent with his usual tactics. But he made from the first one grand mistake, which reveals itself throughout his operations, and led to his complete overthrow: he underrated the allied generals, and believed that with half their force he could defeat them. Assuming that Wellington was a slow pedant, he was baffled by the Duke at Quatre Bras, and failed, notwithstanding his unquestionable art, in overwhelming Blucher at Ligny. Assuming that Blucher, beaten on the 16th, would act as Wurmser or Schwartzberg would have done, and retreat upon an exterior line, he flung himself with his whole strength on Wellington, and, neglecting the enemies gathering on his flank, overreached himself in a desperate contest which led to an irremediable catastrophe. As for the tactics and conduct of the allied commanders—if we except the rashness of Blucher at Ligny, and perhaps a little delay at Wavre—and the spirit shown by the majority of their troops, there should not be a second opinion. If at first, owing

to causes we have alluded to, a kind of incoherence appears in their movements, this was rectified by the Duke on the 16th; and in all the subsequent operations—the flank march from Wavre and the defence at Waterloo—they completely out-generalled their great antagonist. The result was his final overthrow—a result due to the admirable strategy which collected on a decisive point a force against which resistance was impossible. This we firmly believe is history's verdict upon this memorable and fierce struggle; but as it does not in all respects bear out M. Thiers's idolatry of Napoleon, he has substituted for it a gorgeous romance, the tendency of which is to confirm his countrymen in a blind faith in military despotism, and to give a stimulus to their national vanity.

ART. II. — *Report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.* Printed by order of the House of Commons in 1832, and Reprinted in 1842.

'THE reformed religion of the Church of England' is placed at the mercy of Papal law. The words quoted are found in the Act of Uniformity of 1662, and were intended to convey more than was expressed. No harm will be done, however, if we take the words as we find them; provided always, as lawyers say, we do not seek to make them embrace more than has been established. Perhaps there are few historical questions upon which Englishmen are so much at fault, as in the conclusions they draw from the Reformation began by Henry VIII., carried on by Edward VI., and said to have been consolidated under Elizabeth.

Be that Reformation what it might, the conviction daily gains strength that it was an incompleated work; so incomplete as to be in danger of crumbling away under the influences of an adverse tendency which were left behind. These influences may be dated from the time when the work was thought to be finished, and have continued to operate and accumulate within its precincts ever since, until at length it has burst forth in our modern Anglicanism's somewhat unexpected development. Men have arisen whose boast it is that they have re-established a new conformity to old laws: in other words, Puseyism, it is contended, is not an innovation, it is obedience. They deprecate what the Anglo-Saxon Church termed 'contempt or neglect of right law'; and they as resolutely maintain that they are

right, even according to present law, however opposed their principles and practices may be to 'the *reformed* religion of the 'Church of England.' They point to authorities with which few except themselves are conversant. It is a new phase in English ecclesiastical history, and demands a careful, elaborate, but emphatically an impartial investigation.

The plea of these adherents to the 'old paths' startles many persons; they regard it as a pretension rather than a reality. So strangely does it cross all their previous habits of thinking and speaking about the Church established by law, that they resent this attempt at restoration as an innovation and an insult.

We have, then, in the first place, to state that the ecclesiastical laws of England are classed in four divisions: these are the statutes made by Parliament; the Thirty-nine Articles of Faith; the Book of Common Prayer, taken in conjunction with the Acts of Uniformity; and, last of all, CANON LAW. Each one is a distinct order of legal authority; each stands alone, or each may melt in with either one of the other three. If we take the order of time, we find canon law claims priority. At first it was acknowledged only by the Church: this it ruled, and through it influenced, although it did not govern, the secular power. In A.D. 785, the State yielded itself up to its authority, and from this period down to Henry VIII.'s time, it was the main-spring of all legislation, civil as well as ecclesiastical. After his time it ceased to be the dominant, though it did not cease to be a distinct and independent, authority.

No one of these four divisions of ecclesiastical law supersedes the other three. For some few purposes they must all be taken together, especially so when the Church, as an establishment, is reviewed in its entirety. But even then each branch of law puts in its claim to be heard upon the merits of the whole case. There are, however, other occasions, and by far the most numerous, when we may, or rather must, take each part by itself, in order to form a correct judgment of the whole.

We intend to lay aside three of these four branches of ecclesiastical law. For the present we put them into abeyance, and mean to limit our investigations to canon law. Here it is that Anglo-Catholicism has found its cradle and a home. It has discovered an old mansion which it claims as its own. The title-deeds have been examined and found valid; and the only question now before the new claimants, relates to the time and the form in which they shall serve a writ of ejectment.

Many, if not all the men of this school, would subscribe the declaration made by an ancient Archbishop of Canterbury, that

'The decrees of popes, the statutes of councils, and the sanction of orthodox fathers, contain the supreme authority, the supreme truth, and the supreme sanctity; for out of these the canon laws are collected.'* We must not, therefore, regard this collection, said to express the supreme authority of the Church, as a huge compilation of dry technicalities intended to be understood only by ecclesiastical lawyers. It is, on the contrary, the warm blood of the entire ecclesiastical system, and it embodies and diffuses life throughout the whole.

The archbishop whose commendation of canon law we have just quoted, could not carry out his commendation so far as he wished, even in his times. Sovereign and people stood somewhat aloof from the sinister praise, but still bowed down under the burden of authority, looking more or less for the time when this yoke imposed on them could be cast off. Henry VIII., laying his hand on 'the Book of the Canons,' said,—There is much here which ought 'to be abrogated and annulled;' they do not 'stand with the laws of God,' neither are they 'consonant to the laws of this realm.' He therefore assumed the right to examine these prescriptions, and 'to adjudge which should be kept and obeyed, and which should be made frustrate, and never thenceforth be put in execution within this realm.' Such meditated destruction of papal law could be resisted only by one of two methods—by force or dexterity. The first was tried and failed; the second was then adopted, and succeeded. Hence this adroitly-drawn appendage to the Act then passed:—

'Provided also, that such canons, constitutions, ordinances, and synodals provincial being *already made*, which be not contrariant nor repugnant to the laws, statutes, and customs of this realm, nor to the damage or hurt of the King's Prerogative Royal, shall now still be used and executed, as they were afore the making of this Act, till such time as they be viewed or otherwise ordered and determined, according to the tenour, form, and effect of this present Act.' †

The opposition raised by the Church against the passing of this Act had been formidable. When, however, the clergy found resistance vain, the bishops of that day managed to insert a rider at the end, which, as events turned out, put the promise and the provisions contained in the body of the Act to sleep; for this proviso was made to have a retrospective and prospective bearing. A new stand-point was thus gained which embraced the past and the future. The safeguard contained in

* Archbishop Peckham in his Letter of Remonstrance to Edward I., A.D. 1281.
 † 25th Henry VIII. ch. xix. s. 7, A.D. 1529.

the clause that no canon 'contrariant nor repugnant to the Prerogative Royal, the laws and customs of the realm,' should be of any effect, not only failed to give security, but has tended rather to perpetuate not a little of the evil designed to be removed. For the Anglican party in the Church now plead that *they* observe 'the customs' of the Church as they were 'afore 'the making of this Act,' and therefore they are safe. For even if the Evangelicals in the Church can show that the practices of their opponents have been partially, and in some places wholly discontinued, still, as 'no time runs against the Church,' the Anglicans have only to revive a custom once established, and then all the intervening space during which it was in abeyance counts for nothing in law.

That these foreign laws were to have given place to others purely English, is evident from another statute made two years later. The 27th Henry VIII. ch. xx. provides a remedy for the recovery of tithes according to the then ecclesiastical laws. But these legal remedies were to remain 'only until such time as the 'King' could be prepared to 'make and establish such laws as 'shall be affirmed and ratified, *to be called the ecclesiastical laws of the Church of England, and none otherwise*' (sec. 4). Here two facts are indicated; one, that it was the intention of the King and his Parliament—Catholic as the nation then was—to shut out the canons of the Papal Church, so as to allow the Church of England to stand upon its own foundation; in other words, to become its own lawgiver: and the second fact is, that there was to be no admixture of authority. 'And none otherwise' are potent words, and clearly show the intention to have been wholly to exclude the pontifical law. The reader will bear these words in mind.

Ten years elapse, and we find the Parliament taking action again. Now it was limited to one subject, respecting which 'the councils and constitutions provincial' had created difficulties which the statute removed. In the act of removing them it affirms a great principle, for it declares that these councils and constitutions provincial are still 'standing and 'remaining in effect, not abolished by your grace's laws.' It is therefore added, that the *statute* shall take effect, 'any law, 'constitution, or ordinance to the contrary notwithstanding' (37th Henry VIII. ch. xvii. s. 4). These last words we beg the reader also to remember, because they clearly show how the form in which a statute designed to abnegate any canon must be worded before such canon can be set aside. Implication, or assumed intention, will not in such a case avail. There must be a repealing as well as an enacting clause.

So much for statutes ratifying canon law. Let us now turn to the ecclesiastical courts, to which the administration of the entire ecclesiastical code of laws is confided. These courts are bound by the decrees of the pontiff at Rome, and other parts of what is called ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Modern authority is explicit upon this point. The commissioners appointed by William IV. 'to inquire into the process, practice, and pleadings' of these courts, state that—

'In addition to the pontifical law, there must be enumerated the constitutions passed in this country by the Pope's legates, Otho and Othobon, and the archbishops and bishops assembled in national councils in 1237 and 1268; and a further body of constitutions framed in provincial synods under the authority of successive Archbishops of Canterbury, from Stephen Langton in 1222, to Archbishop Chicheley in 1414, and adopted also by the province of York in the reign of Henry VI.' *

With these plain authenticated national records before us, it is impossible to withstand the conclusion at which Johnson arrived when he said,—

'It is certain that the very worst part of these constitutions, from Langton and his successors down to Chicheley, and all the canons and constitutions ecclesiastical which were in force before the making of this [the first-mentioned] statute, do so still remain. No canons made since this Act have so direct and express a ratification as those which were made and executed before that time.'—*Collection of Ecclesiastical Laws*, General Preface, sec. xix. pp. 29, 30.

The Anglicans have made themselves masters of canonical authority. As men wise in their generation, we must give them credit for being slow to revive practices, or to inculcate principles, which they know are deemed not consonant with the constitutional laws of their Church. But the fact, that though many blame them for what they do, none are able to suppress the obnoxious practices, is *prima facie* evidence that they have law in their favour. Let us glance at some of their peculiarities, and this will at first sight become evident. For instance :—

I. They practise many bowings and genuflections at the time of worship.

Be these what they may, either as to number or peculiarity, they are no more than the constitutions of Arundel enjoins. He in A.D. 1408 said,—

'Let all henceforth preach up the veneration of the cross, and of the image of the crucifix, and other images of saints, and

* Report of Commissioners, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, five bishops, and the judges of the common law courts, and others, p. 11.

their places and relics, with processions, genuflections, bowings, incensings, kissings, oblations, pilgrimages, illuminations, and all other modes and forms whatsoever used in the times of us and our predecessors.'

The reader must not make light of this canon, for it comes within the category of constitutions mentioned by the commissioners just quoted, and falls within the scope of the statute of Henry VIII. which has also been referred to. The ecclesiastical courts would not reject it, neither must any man deny, however deeply he may deplore the fact, that such is the law in this instance. We see that the Anglicans have not gone so far in their genuflections and other observances as this constitution allows. Their after-progress is a question of time, to be regulated by caution. At the time they 'sing' the Nicene Creed, they most studiously observe the rubric of the Missal. When they plaintively intone the words, 'He has made man,' &c., both priests and people bow down the whole body. So the Roman Missal prescribes. It has these words printed in red ink: 'Et homo factus est;' and in the margin, also in red ink, are the words, 'Hic genuflectitur.' Their other bowings are regulated by the same model, and are sanctioned by this and other canons of similar force.

It will not fail to be observed that this constitution embraces the times that had preceded 1408. 'Our predecessors,' is a comprehensive phrase. But how comprehensive soever it may be made, it is legitimately made. The Anglicans are at liberty to pick out whatever canon suits them, be it 500 or a 1000 years old. The archbishop asserted no claim which he had not a right to assert and carry into effect. He exercised an authority inherent in the Church, arising from a common law right of its own, distinct from the common law of the secular authority, and in fact independent of it altogether. This 'right, franchise, and liberty,' was repeatedly ratified by statute. Hence the 2nd Henry VI. ch. i. (A.D. 1423), declares, 'The holy Church, having 'liberties and franchises, shall have and enjoy them well used, and 'not repealed, nor by the common law repealable.' We have but to descend from this point by two very easy steps, and we shall find ourselves upon the level of our own legal times. The first step is from this constitution of Arundel, enforcing the practices antecedent to his period, to the statute of Henry VIII., ratifying all the previous canons; and the second step is from Henry to Elizabeth, who declares that this very statute of Henry 'shall stand and be in full force and strength to all intents, constructions, and purposes, and shall extend to your highness, 'your heirs and successors, as fully and largely as ever the

'same did extend to the late King Henry VIII., your highness' father.' * We find, therefore, that with these canons of the Church, ratified by these Acts of Parliament, the Anglicans have full liberty to carry out many more portions of the papal ceremonies than they have yet thought it prudent to venture upon. Nor must it escape our observation that these statutes, as 'to construction,' are to be taken as other statutes are taken.

II. They enjoin confession, impose penance, and pronounce absolution.

The outcry raised a few years since against the revival of the confessional, left them in quiet possession of the law. They can prove, that from the time when the secular power in England first submitted itself to papal domination (which was in A.D. 785), down to the period when the last canon was made upon this matter (which was in A.D. 1378), confession invariably and inseparably preceded communion. Large additions were made to the laws during this lengthened period, until they assumed a consolidated form under Archbishop Sudbury. His canon declares, that 'Whoever does not confess to his proper priest, once in the year at least, and receive the sacrament of the Eucharist at Easter, let him be forbidden entrance into the church while he is alive, and be deprived of Christian burial when dead.' Mark, '*whoever*,' Churchman or Nonconformist, 'does not confess' is here excluded Christian burial.

This canon is in force by virtue of the before-mentioned statute of Henry VIII., revived by that of Elizabeth also before-quoted. Nor is it so much as relaxed, much less repealed, by the last Act of Uniformity. It is true Cranmer, in the time of Edward VI., endeavoured to bring in some change on this point. In the first Book of Common Prayer, under Edward, we find these remarkable words :—

'Requiring such as shall be satisfied with a general confession, not to be offended with them that do use, to their further satisfying, the auricular and secret confession to the priest; nor those also which think needful or convenient, for the quietness of their own consciences, particularly to open their sins to the priest, to be offended with them that are satisfied with their humble confession to God and the general confession to the Church. But in all things to follow and keep the rule of charity, and every man to be satisfied with his own conscience, not judging other men's minds or consciences; whereas he hath no warrant of God's word to the same.' †

The sentiment here enunciated must be regarded as a noble

* The 1st of Elizabeth, ch. i. s. 3 & 10.

† 'Liturgies and Documents of Edward VI.' (Parker Society), p. 82.

one, considering the time when it was made. Never before, since A.D. 785, had auricular confession been placed among the matters which should be left to 'EVERY MAN'S OWN CONSCIENCE.' Down to Edward's time, law had sternly demanded it, priests had more offensively exacted it, and 'conscience' had still more painfully submitted to the imposition. This appeal to conscience lasted, however, *as law*, only about three years. It expired with Edward's *second* Book of Common Prayer. That by statute was to be taken as 'explaining and making more 'perfect' the first; and as the paragraph was then wholly omitted, it is by law deemed extinguished. And so it is to be regarded to this day. For as Elizabeth made the second book of Edward VI. her model,* and as Charles II. re-affirmed that of Elizabeth, it follows that the sentiment has altogether ceased to exist as a principle of law.

To appeal therefore to the Reformation of Edward VI., is the same as to seek an escape through a door, locked, bolted, and barred, after having once been partially thrown open.

Then as to *penance*. The 25th Article of Elizabeth places penance among other four things—confirmation, orders, matrimony, and extreme unction—which 'are not to be counted 'for sacraments, for that they have not any visible sign or 'ceremony ordained of God.' But though repudiated as a sacrament, it can be retained as a custom—observed with as much solemnity as though it was a sacrament. Indeed, more so in some cases, seeing that the priest and the penitent may adopt it as matter of choice, if not of conscience.

Then again as to absolution. The constitution of Othobon, A.D. 1268, enjoins that 'All who hear confessions, expressly 'absolve their penitents by pronouncing the under-written words: 'By the authority of which I am possessed, I absolve thee from 'thy sins.' This was a new form of words. Down to this period no such words had been used; it had been left with the priest to adopt his own words: henceforth this special injunction restricted the form. The priests of the present day are bound by this canon, unless they prefer using the form of words enjoined in the present Book of Common Prayer. These are much stronger than those in the above constitution. Now, the priest says, 'Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to 'his Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe 'in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences; and 'by *his authority* COMMITTED TO ME, I absolve thee from *all thy 'sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the 'Holy Ghost.*'

* 1st Elizabeth, ch. ii. s. 3.

Following up the constitution of the legate, the priest requires 'their penitents to confess their sins with reverence and 'humility.' You must couple this 'reverence and humility' with the solemn use of the words, 'In the name of the Father,' &c. At the same time it must be recollected, that according to canon law, this 'series of words' contain and convey the very thing they express; especially so when accompanied by any outward sign; which, in this case of absolution, the priest may incorporate in the whole service by the use of oil, at the time he pronounces the words. We read, therefore, of 'the consecrated oil' in the constitutions of Otho, A.D. 1237, which 'the ministers of the Church shall purely and devoutly 'administer.' Both the above constitutions, we have seen, obtain a present force in the ecclesiastical courts.

III. They elevate the eucharistic cup.

At present we need not go into any lengthened discussion as to the views entertained by the Anglicans concerning the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It may suffice to state, that they hold it to be 'a sacrifice,' and the 'sacrifice of a sacrament' according to the canon of A.D. 1281. They go still further back for many of the opinions they have drawn from the earliest of the ancient canons. These declare not exactly the doctrine of transubstantiation, or a passing over of the bread into the blood of Christ, and a passing over of the wine into the body of Christ, as Henry VIII.'s statute defines it, but rather the change wrought so as to convert the bread into the body, and the wine into the blood of Christ. We stop not to inquire what can be meant by this, but advance to the practice by which these men seek to bring back the people into a veneration of the cup, assimilating itself to the veneration Romanists are wont to pay at the time of the elevation of the host.

As the law now stands, there is nothing to prevent either the elevation or veneration in this case. The matter stands thus: In the first book of prayer issued by Edward VI., the rubric reads, 'These words before rehearsed are to be said, turning 'still to the altar, *without any elevation or showing the 'sacrament to the people.*' Here is a positive interdict. Three years after the interdict disappears; for it is not repeated in the second Book of Common Prayer, nor has any interdict like it been published subsequently. According to law, therefore, there is now no prohibition *against* the elevation of the cup, or showing the sacrament. It may be done in the way most agreeable to the taste and intention of the priests officiating at the altar. They may not, according to the 25th Article of Elizabeth, 'carry about' this or any other 'sacrament,' nor

invite the people 'to gaze upon' them. But 'We should *duly* 'use them'; and in such a kind of use, elevation and veneration may be included. For the legal construction of the word 'duly' is confined to the manner of receiving, and not to the disposition of mind of the recipient. This forms a distinct proposition, which is comprehended as to 'such as worthily receive the same.'

IV. They burn candles on the altar.

One of the most ancient customs of the faithful was to make an offering of candles, simply because lights on the altar had a symbolic meaning. They 'were not to drive away the darkness, 'but to signify bliss, to the honour of Christ, who is our light.'* This custom was acceptable to the people, it continued for ages, and as a spontaneous offering these candles were reckoned among the most precious gifts a true Catholic could bestow on his own particular church. So deeply had the religious element entered into this usage, that the Church eventually threw the burden of providing these candles and candlesticks upon parishioners. And to this day the canons imposing this burden remain in force. Archbishop Gray, in his constitutions, A.D. 1250, speaks of 'a candlestick for the paschal taper, two candlesticks for the acolyth, and the beam light 'in the church.' Winchelsey, in his constitutions, A.D. 1305, enlarged the number of things parishioners were to provide and maintain. He also enjoined 'a candlestick for the taper 'at Easter,' including other lights at different times. In very truth, it would be idle to attempt to show that lights on the altar were rife at the time the statute of Henry VIII. ratified all the pre-existing canons, and gave to them a prospective operation. The rubrics of Edward VI. do not so much as refer to candles burning on the altar. There is not one positive law abrogating, although there are positive laws enjoining, the use; and therefore, by the invariable rule of construction, that one positive law can be repealed only by another and equally certain positive law, the Anglicans are safe in using as many lighted candles as they can afford, or as parishioners consent to be taxed with providing. Indeed, the rubrics as such do not reach the case; for this simple reason: the Acts of Uniformity confine the entirety of worship to whatever is contained in the Book of Common Prayer, not one word being said against canon law.†

* Canons of Elfric; A.D. 957.

† These are all penal statutes, and therefore must be construed strictly. They cannot be taken with other laws, *unless* such other laws are mentioned in them, either in the way of ratification, explanation, or abrogation. The Acts

V. They bedeck the altar with costly cloths curiously wrought, and their priests with a variety of costly vestments.

These fall within the legal provisions made for 'the furniture' (*ornamenta*) of the church and priests, and are expressly settled by the 1st of Elizabeth, ch. ii. s. 25, which reads thus: 'Such ornaments of the church and of the ministers thereof shall be retained and be in use, as was in this Church of England by authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of King Edward the Sixth.' Bear in mind, that 'the authority of Parliament' in the 2nd of Edward, was still preserved in favour of canon law; and more than this, Elizabeth says the ornaments shall be such as were used then; but she does not say none other shall be used. It is a remarkable fact, that while as to prescribed words of 'open prayer,' those enjoined are to be used, and 'none other or otherwise,' yet no such exclusion of other things exists in respect of rites, ceremonies, or ornaments. Here some are prescribed, but 'others or otherwise' are not interdicted. The Anglicans avail themselves of this fatal omission in the law, and exultingly say, We use those plain ornaments which statute law has enjoined; and we take the liberty law has superinduced, to make such additions as pre-existing canons have prescribed. For instance, as to the ministers: the canon of Winchelsey, A.D. 1305, prescribes, 'The principal vestment,' *i.e.*, the best cope for the most solemn holy days, 'with a chesible,' the garment next under the cope; 'a dalmatic,' the deacon's garment, so called from being first woven in Dalmatia; 'a tunic,' the subdeacon's garment; 'a choral cope' for

of Uniformity cross the path along which canon law makes its way. But though they interfere, they do not exclude. Both orders of legislation here rank as positive laws, and as such express words must ratify or repeal them. Upon this principle Edward VI. proceeds in the Act respecting the marriage of priests. Canon law, as 'laws positive,' had interdicted such marriages: statute law repealed the interdiction by comprehending all prohibitory 'canons, constitutions, and ordinances heretofore made' (2nd & 3rd Edward VI. ch. xxi. s. 2). Without such words the statute would have been a dead letter. So also with respect to fastings, 'constitutions and usages' are included in the statute (ch. xix. of this reign), which abolished the principle upon which canon law had previously based them. But neither of Edward's Acts of Uniformity make the slightest allusion to this order of legislation. Probably, as the subject of canon law taken as a whole was then *sub judice*, it was thought advisable to allow the entire question to be settled without taking it piece-meal. Hence the rubrics may have been intended as guides for what would afterwards become substantive and essential alterations. But the main question never having become authoritatively settled, what were intended to become changes turned out nothing else than bewildering additions rather than alterations. The very foundation was thus left unfinished, and it has been mistaken for a completed work. The law does not therefore meet the difficulty which now so seriously presses upon Protestant principles or practices. This difficulty is increased, seeing that the ecclesiastical courts are tied up to this state of things; for they cannot put a construction upon statutes.

the priest who sang the hours, 'with all its appendages,' viz, the amyt, alb, girdle, maniple, and stole; 'a rocket,' a surplice without sleeves; 'three surplices,' one each for priest, deacon, and subdeacon. All these vestments parishioners may be called upon to provide. Or the priest may fall back upon a much older law than this of 1305, and, according to the law of A.D. 957, provide his own books and vestments. These in the Anglo-Saxon periods were costly and numerous, and indicated a strength of principle at work of which we have few and occasional imitations in the present day. Edward VI. did not abrogate either of these laws, when he prescribed that the priest should wear 'a plain 'alb or surplice with a cope,' seeing that not one word is used by him as to what vestments shall *not* be worn. So as to the altar furniture. The same rule of law applies as to the construction of Edward VI.'s rubric, when he speaks of the communion table having on it 'a fair white linen cloth.' But this provision does not supersede the things prescribed by this very canon of A.D. 1305. By it the altar was to be furnished with a 'frontal,' a square piece of linen cloth covering the altar and hanging down from it; 'a censer;' a decent vail for Lent;* banners for rogation days; 'an osculatory,' or tablet, with a picture of Christ, the Virgin, or the like, which the priest kissed, and gave to the people for the same purpose; 'a candlestick for the 'taper;' and 'the chief image in the chancel.' All these the parishioners were, and still are, bound to provide. They have never been *abolished* as ornaments, although they may have fallen into disuse in some places since the Reformation. But they have never been swept away. Nor is there any present authority that can prevent this becoming universally re-established. Produce such authority, and the main difficulty is removed. The *onus probandi* falls upon the Protestant section or party in the Church. They have a still heavier burden: they have to prove that the ancient constitution of the Church is not

* 'The Lenten vail' is as old as the time of Alfred the Great. He it was who first imposed the heaviest of all heavy penalties for any visible opposition to this appendage to the altar. 'If any man,' said he, 'without leave take down 'the holy vail in Lent, let satisfaction be made with one hundred and twenty 'shillings.'—*Johnson's Ecclesiastical Laws*, A.D. 878.

The pagan men of that day deemed it a wrong for the priests to put up such a vail. It was designed to prevent the people seeing what was being done during mass, and intimated their want of light and knowledge. The people resented this affront. As pagan worshippers, they had been accustomed to the privilege of being admitted to become 'eye witnesses' of the whole mystery of the general thanksgiving celebrated at the altar. And to this day, the uncovering of the god at their greatest festival is, to many pagans, the occasion of the greatest joy. Alfred punished the men who rose up and tore down the Lenten vail at the time of mass. Their violence shows the depth of feeling enkindled by its being put up, partly to intimate their ignorance, but principally to show the exclusive superiority of the priesthood, whatever the intelligence of the laity.

now what it was in remote periods; viz., that gifts in kind formed the practice. By gifts for the altar, and by gifts of vestments for the priests, how costly soever they may be, both the one and the other were clothed and adorned. The obligation cast upon parishioners to provide these *ornamenta*, has not superseded the spontaneous offering, or oblations of individuals. The Anglicans know this, and act accordingly.

So far we have examined those canons only which are included within the period mentioned in the Report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. We have not noticed the constitutions of Otho or Othobon, much less have we brought out the pontifical law about the ornaments of the Church. The constitutions of our own archbishops, made in our own country, sustained and ratified by our own English Parliaments, have exclusively engaged attention. They will confirm the assertion, that the Anglicans are right in law. They are sufficiently masters of antiquity to know that human beings were never so easily or so successfully drawn into the belief of doctrines, as when these were addressed to the eye as well as to the ear. Sounds may be heard, only to die away; but objects fasten upon the senses and the imagination. The sympathies of our nature melt in with what is seen more rapidly and imperishably than with what is only heard. The old ecclesiastical legislators were braced up to this philosophy of Church government, and the present authorities seem to be conscious of its mighty force; for they allow such teachers to step into the sacred precincts as know best how to lay hold of this method of instruction. This order of men is daily gaining strength, simply because law has left them at liberty to employ a mode of impression which their own judgments are satisfied is the one most effectual for the attainment of their ulterior purposes. They go still further: they not merely teach by the eye and the ear, but these two inlets to the soul are pierced in by the inculcation of doctrines indissolubly associated with the ceremonials of that Church which has supplied the attractive draperies in which they are clothed. Hence,—

VI. They may and do teach doctrines supplementary to the Thirty-nine Articles, and the Book of Common Prayer.

The common understanding is, that the Thirty-nine Articles embrace *all* the doctrines of the Church. They do no such thing. They were 'agreed upon in Convocation for the avoiding of diversities of opinions;' but they do not exclude opinions other than those contained in the compilation. These other opinions and doctrines form the background scenery in the ecclesiastical landscape. Without this, the landscape as a whole

would not be complete. To establish 'consent touching true religion,' which these articles were framed professedly to secure, is one thing; but to preclude belief in the remainder of doctrines, left behind and beyond the specified items of faith, is another and a very different thing. 'The supreme truth' is, according to these men, drawn from canon laws. These speak to them in the present day as did 'the orthodox fathers' in times long since grown old and grey. Compress our faith within the articles? Have nothing ELSE to believe? No such rule will we follow, say they. And, we repeat, they are right in law. The learned among them discover sentiments, principles, doctrines embedded in the canons which can be found nowhere else in any authorized standard of Church faith and practice. They would deem themselves guilty of putting far away the garnishments, if not the very essence of spiritual nutriment, were they to treat such canons as dead letters, fit studies for antiquaries, but useless to theologians. Their theology is, therefore, modelled by patterns of the antique, adorned with some few modern reliefs to the ear and the eye. It would be almost an endless task to attempt anything like an approximation to an analysis of those doctrinal canons which still retain the force of law. They involve so many complexities, that to set them forth clearly would require a lengthened treatise and much recondite illustration. We confine ourselves, therefore, to that class of the canons (and it is by far the most numerous and ever-recurring class) which place human institutions as the necessary medium to Divine operations. Here is one specimen: speaking of the four articles of faith which 'belong to the Deity intrinsically,' and 'the three which belong to its operations,' Archbishop Peckham, in A.D. 1281, says, 'The creation of every creature, visible and invisible, 'is from the entire indivisible Trinity;' and in the very next sentence, in indissoluble connection with this doctrine of creation and 'the operations of the Deity,' we have these words: 'The sanctification of the Church is by the Holy Ghost, *and* by 'the sacraments of grace, *and* by all those things in which the 'Christian Church communicates together; by which we understand that the CHURCH by the Holy Ghost, WITH HER sacraments and laws, is sufficient for the salvation of every man, 'though he be a sinner to never so great a degree.' It requires little or no painstaking to demonstrate, that according to this doctrine of Divine operations, the action of the Church takes precedence of the action of 'the Holy Ghost,' that without the Church the Holy Ghost does not and cannot operate, and that her sacraments and laws presuppose the indwelling and abiding operations of the Holy Ghost; so that with or by these outward

signs salvation is secured to every man, and that as a consequence, 'Out of the Church is no salvation.' This is one of the 'fourteen articles of faith' the clergy are 'bound once a quarter 'to expound to the people, without any affectation of subtlety.'

Whatever theological opinions the Church had held upon this point in preceding periods, became consolidated in this canon. It gives us the essence of every dogma about creative or prevenient grace, and, in fact, at once forms the radiating point of whatever claim the Church had set up to sacramental 'operations.' This canon every priest in the Anglican Church may declare himself bound to receive—yes, and to teach—as much as he is bound to believe and teach the 25th Article of Elizabeth, which says, 'Sacraments have a wholesome effect or 'operation.' For her article does not supersede the canon, which, by the statute of Henry VIII. before referred to, is ratified as fully as were the articles of Elizabeth. We, in the present day, may deem the language of the Anglo-Saxon Church uncouth, when, in A.D. 740, the priest who came not when asked to baptize a child, was to be punished 'for the damnation of a 'soul.'* But if Peckham's canon be right, the Saxon was not wrong. Nor was Othobon far out, when he, in A.D. 1268, issued his memorable constitutions from St. Paul's, in one of which he says, 'Baptism is known to be the first plank which brings those 'who sail through this dangerous world to the port of salvation,' and which is 'a gate to the other sacraments, as the authority of 'the holy fathers testifies.' With such canons as these unabated, any revision of the Book of Common Prayer would do little or nothing in the way of spiritual emancipation, unless, while you purified its baptismal regeneration service, you also abolished these canonical dogmata about sacramental operations.

VII. They could summon the judicial authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the way of 'correction' of those who do not adopt their principles and practices.

We are quite aware of the grave importance of this assertion, and therefore crave special attention to the matters of fact which it involves. The first fact is this: according to the ancient constitution of the Church, '*neglect of right*' is as punishable as the commission of an offence. The principle runs through the entire code of ecclesiastical laws, whether they come from the Church alone, or from the Church and the State in their conjoined authority. By modern statutes the Archbishop of Canterbury is 'metropolitan of this realm,' and as such his judicial powers stretch over the British Empire. Wherever the Church of England is settled, there his authority reaches; a

* See Ecgbriht's, Archbishop of York, Excerptions, A.D. '11.

part of that authority consisting in its becoming his duty to insure the exact, faithful, and complete execution of all the laws of the Church. He is, therefore, bound to 'correct' any neglect of what is legally imposed.

The next fact is statute law. An Act of Henry VIII.* provides against the evil of persons being cited out of the dioceses in which they dwelt. Henceforth the practice was to cease, 'except for any spiritual offence or cause committed or omitted, followed or neglected to be done, contrary to right or duty, by the bishop; or in case the bishop dare not nor will not convent the party to be sued before him.' Letters of request may be sent from an inferior to a superior judge, but that 'only in cases where the law civil or canon' allows such request 'to be lawful or tolerable.' The canons stretch further than this statute; for they enjoin upon 'archdeacons to inquire into the sacred furniture and vestments, and diligently use correction where there is occasion.'† Again, 'If any archdeacon neglect what has been enjoined him, let him be suspended by authority of this statute from entrance into the Church.'‡ And again, 'We charge archbishops, bishops, and archdeacons, in virtue of their holy obedience, to make diligent inquiry' into certain things; 'and if they be negligent, let them be suspended from the use of the dalmatic, tunic, and sandals, the lesser prelates from entrance into the Church.'§ Here then we have punishment suspended over the heads of those whose duty it is to punish others who neglect the laws of the Church. This principle pervades the entire system of ecclesiastical law. It has been interfluent, whatever other changes may have taken effect; and a portion applies to all those who neglect to carry out those canons which the Anglicans most studiously seek to restore in their entirety. 'In virtue of their holy obedience,' is their motto, and by that obedience they are bound to require every and any ecclesiastical judge to put the laws of the Church in force against any who neglect them, as determinately as against those who dare to transgress. The statute of Henry VIII., revived by the 1st of Elizabeth, ch. i. s. 10, gives the Archbishop of Canterbury power, in the 'Arches' Audience and 'other high courts of the archbishops of this realm,' to take cognizance of all such neglects. Him of Exeter, therefore, could cite any one of the clergy belonging to another diocese, if the bishop of such diocese 'dare not, or will not do his duty' in enforcing the law.

* 23rd Henry VIII. ch. ix., entitled 'The Bill of Citations,' s. ii. iii.

† Constitutions of Otho, A.D. 1237.

‡ Constitutions of Othobon, A.D. 1268 (5th and 9th). § *Ibid.*

Such then is the legal position of the Church of England. We have aimed to exhibit facts based on law. We are not responsible for these laws; we did not make them; but we are responsible for allowing them to remain in force, or as liable to be enforced, after knowing they exist. Disguise it who may, we challenge any competent judge to disprove that the great spring of our ecclesiastical laws is what it was, and where it was, in the time of Henry VIII. Three hundred and more years have come and gone, laden with their many other changes, but still this fountain of the legal doctrine of the Church is the same. In the abolition of canon law Henry had to grapple with a master evil, which had been allowed an uninterrupted run of more than seven hundred years before his own reign. He waged war in the dark, while we complacently slumber on in the light. Parliament gave him the machinery to clear away the whole code of canon law, *as such*,* and by this clearance to do honour to the national Church, by rendering it wholly independent in respect to legislation. Henry died before the inquiry on this subject was finished. Edward VI. revived the commission, but also died just as the commissioners had completed their work, under the designation, *Reformatio legum ecclesiasticum*. Archbishop Parker, in the 13th of Elizabeth, re-introduced the matter in Convocation, and it was submitted to the consideration of the House of Commons; but the Queen and her council, for reasons of their own, discountenanced any further prosecution of the subject, and thus put the *quietus* upon this grave national question. We stand therefore where Henry left us. And more than this; we stand in the strangest of anomalous positions, unknown to any other ecclesiastical nationality; for Henry despoiled the Pope, *as Pope*, of all authority over us; but we, by leaving undone what he intended to do, have allowed pontifical law to remain in full force. It is still interwoven in English jurisprudence, operating upon secular as well as upon ecclesiastical matters. We have not in this article touched upon the former question, as it is beyond our present purpose. We have confined our attention to facts which serve to show how this old popish form of authority has been allowed to eat away the Reformation of Edward VI., to crush out the vital elements of our true Protestant faith, and to do not a little towards carrying us back to 'a baptized paganism.'

It were easy to show how canon law affects even Nonconformists. It is not many years since that the Rev. John Guyer, of Ryde, Isle of Wight, was denied Christian burial in the same vault in which his child had been buried. Canon law protected

* See page 36.

the minister of the church who refused the solemnity. That law dates as old as A.D. 1378, and has been quoted (page 40.) It demands, too, confession to the priest prior to communion. Strictly construed, no one—no, not a Church of England man—is safe. Say not—There is no danger of such a law being carried fully out. No doubt an outcry would be raised were every minister to insist upon the law in every instance. Then it would be swept away. And what then? Huge masses of worse canons would remain untouched. We must look the enemy full in the face. If Henry VIII. was justified in saying, ‘The Church of England is at this hour sufficient and meet of itself, without the intermeddling of any exterior person or persons, to declare and determine all such offices and duties as to the spirituality doth appertain,’* it cannot surely have become incompetent to frame its own laws, now that, as a nation, we have had more than three centuries’ additional knowledge supplied us, as well from England itself as from all Christendom.

Our Anglo-Catholics have their watchword. They rather complacently adhere to the description they have given their object when they describe themselves as *the* Church of England, and as having a special work to do at this particular time. Ostensibly they do not recognise Roman principles or practices *eo nomine*. On the contrary, they speak of the corruptions the Church of Rome has at various periods established. These distort, disfigure, and enfeeble, and as ecclesiastical evils must, they say, be laid aside. They point to many reformation Rome herself made, or professed to make, prior to that made by Henry VIII. or by Edward VI. But they are careful to remind us, that whatever was at such times done, was done by the Church in her own name, by her own inherent authority, and for her sole benefit, independent of secular governments; so far, at least, independent as to dispense with penal statutes, enforcing ‘evangelical discipline,’† or inculcating ‘evangelical doctrine.’‡ They would even approve of the motives and rules of action avowed and ratified as far back as A.D. 742, when Anglo-Saxon kings gave personal influence, rather than regal authority, to ‘examine all necessary points of religion delivered to us by the ancient institutes of the holy fathers in the infancy of the Church of England.’§ Then the great object was to retain the English Church; now the main object is to restore it. Then men had to look at its ‘infancy;’ now we seek to imitate its manhood.

* 24th Henry VIII. ch. xii. s. 1.

† See Excerpts of Ecgbriht, A.D. 740, in Johnson’s *Collection of Ecclesiastical Laws*.

‡ Cuthbert’s Canons, A.D. 747, *ibid*.

§ Johnson’s *Ecclesiastical Laws*.

The eleven centuries which have intervened have not, the Anglicans assert, changed the original constitution of the Church. According to a fixed rule, that constitution cannot be changed, whatever law or custom may have been allowed to supervene as additions to the original constitution. In one word, they repudiate Edward VI. and adhere to Augustine. Here again they are safe: the way back to him has been paved by Elizabeth. Her 29th Article settles, or seeks to settle, many of the theological problems which had been involved in the question whether wicked men, as wicked men, were or were not savingly benefited by partaking of 'the body of Christ.' Around it a great variety of other matters had necessarily crowded. To relieve itself of the religious falsehood taught by the canons, the Church threw the entire merits of the question upon the priest. Hence arose 'the doctrine of intention.' So that, if the priest did not *intend* to convey salvation, salvation was not conveyed, seeing that without such intention the sacrament was not perfected, and consequently did not take effect. The words are, 'Deficit forma cum intentione, non conficitur sacramentum.'*

We see then that the Anglo-Catholic party are not in the Church of England by sufferance: we might as well speak of the Church itself as existing by sufferance. Neither ought we to be surprised if this party should disavow the Reformation, and talk of restoring the state of things anterior to it in a far greater degree. They are right in law. As that now stands, it is so decidedly in their favour, as to warrant them in looking with haughty front on their brethren who presume to censure them as wanting in sound Protestantism.

Our national Church ought not, must not, so remain; or, to speak more correctly, cannot so remain. When or how the change is to come to pass we do not venture to predict. The character that change will assume, the extent to which it will reach, the nature of the influence it will exert upon Christendom, mainly depend upon the amount of accurate knowledge that may be diffused in relation to this question.

* *Missale Romanum de Defectibus in Celebratione Missarum Occurrentibus*, s. 1, 7.

ART. III.—(1.) *A Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney*. By H. R. Fox BOURNE. Chapman & Hall.

(2.) *Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney*. 1829.

(3.) *The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia: a Pastorale Romance*. By Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. Folio, 1633. (8th edition.)

AMONG the great men of the days of Elizabeth, amid that galaxy of illustrious names which have made her reign far shining beyond any other in our annals, there is 'one bright, 'particular star' upon which the eyes of succeeding generations have ever lovingly dwelt. We need scarcely write the name, for even the little child spelling out his first lesson in English history would reply, 'Sir Philip Sidney.' And from that sorrowful day when, followed by weeping thousands, he was borne to old St. Paul's, even until now, Philip Sidney—with those rare endowments both of mind and body, the 'beautiful soul' enshrined in a face of almost feminine beauty; with his many accomplishments, his lofty chivalrous spirit, his stainless life, his heroic and most Christian death—has appeared to us rather as some beautiful creation of the poet, the ideal exemplar of the 'veray parfaite gentil knighte,' than as an actual historical personage. No wonder that a character so attractive should have no lack of biographers, from the day when Fulke Greville sat down in his old age so lovingly to trace the progress of his life-long friend from his school-boy days to his death-bed, presenting us with a life which, notwithstanding its fond garrulity, we would not exchange for another, down to the present time, when Mr. Bourne devotes the portly volume before us to the same subject.

It is singularly unfortunate, in respect to Sir Philip Sidney, that although the intimate friend of so many, we have scarcely one of his private letters. These, valuable beyond all other documents to the biographer, are plentiful enough in the case of many statesmen and courtiers, his contemporaries. We can mark the vanity and self-importance of Sir Christopher Hatton in his letters; we can trace the minutest domestic details in those of Lord Burghley, ruefully casting up his expenses at Theobalds, or lamenting 'little Anne' suffering with her teeth; and we could almost compile a life of the gallant and unfortunate Essex from his private letters alone, while of Philip Sidney, we have only the scantiest notices, often mere indirect references in official letters. We therefore especially thank Mr. Bourne for the pains he has taken, while making use of the

larger memoirs and collections of Collins and Zouch, to seek after original documents, especially in that invaluable depository, the State Paper Office; and although we had hoped a more abundant harvest would have rewarded his labours, still his exertions have thrown additional light on several important points; and with this additional light we will endeavour to trace Sir Philip Sidney's career.

Few readers are aware how closely related Philip Sidney was to many of the leading characters of that day. On his father's side, of an ancient though not noble family, his grandfather was knighted on Flodden Field, and received the manor of Penshurst in reward for his prowess. Subsequently, as 'tutor, chamberlain, and steward,' to the young Prince Edward, he became a person of no small importance at court, and Henry, his son, was therefore introduced to the palace at only eight years of age, where, as 'henchman to the King' as these little pages were called, he was honoured to stand in cloth-of-gold livery, adorned with the Tudor red dragon, close beside his royal master on state occasions, ready to pick up the brodered glove, or reverently to hold the perfumed handkerchief, or perhaps even the jewelled 'pouncet box' filled with 'swete powderes of marvellous virtues.' The whole family of the Sidneys of Penshurst, seem indeed from this time to have taken up their residence at court; for, as Sir Henry Sidney relates, in a most interesting piece of autobiography addressed to Walsingham, and for which we are indebted to those invaluable stores so long hidden in the State Paper Office,—

'I was put by that most famous King to his sweet son, Prince Edward, my most dear master, prince, and sovereign; my near kinswoman being his only nurse, my father being his chamberlain, my mother his governess, my aunt in such place as among meaner personages is called a dry nurse. . . . And as the prince grew in years and discretion, so grew I in favour and liking of him.'

On Edward's accession Henry Sidney became one of the chief gentlemen of the bed-chamber, was knighted, and soon after received the office of chief Cup-bearer to the King. It was doubtless the young man's high standing at court, and Edward's well-known attachment to him, that led the Duke of Northumberland, that bold, bad man, while seeking to ally his other children to the highest nobility, to choose a mere knight, not even possessed of broad lands, as husband for his daughter Mary. The marriage took place in 1552; and in the grant, dated only two months before the King's death, giving licence to Sir Henry Sidney 'to put into livery, as retainers, fifty gentlemen and

'yeomen,' we can well perceive how anxious Northumberland, now the highest subject in the realm, was, that his daughter, if she could not take the high standing of her brothers and sister, should at least have the state she had been accustomed to in her father's house. A fitting title and large estate, would doubtless have been added; but Edward, whose failing health had begun to awaken Northumberland's ambitious hopes, died in July. Sir Henry Sidney was in close attendance on him during his last illness, and it was in Sidney's arms that he died.

We have no account of Sir Henry Sidney or of his wife during the short time Northumberland played out his reckless and fatal game of ambition. The poor pageant-queen Jane Grey, does not appear to have been attended by her sister-in-law, but the young couple probably retired to Penshurst, where Sir William Sidney, the father, resided, and where, soon after, he died in a good old age, while Northumberland laid his head on the block, leaving four sons in the Tower expecting the same fate. Thus there was deep sorrow at Penshurst ere the birth of Philip. Six months after the execution of her father, Lady Mary Sidney had to mourn the execution of her brother Guilford Dudley, and his blameless and gifted wife Lady Jane; and then, when at length the three remaining brothers were dismissed titleless and landless from the Tower, happy that they had escaped with their lives, the eldest, John, reached Penshurst only to die there three days after. But while the Dudleys met such severe treatment, a singular measure of favour seems to have been extended to the young knight so closely allied to them. Although, as he naïvely wrote many years after, 'neither liking nor liked, as I had been,' not only did he pass through these troublous times without even fine or forfeiture, but on the 8th of November, 1554, he received a charter confirming all his former honours and offices. On the 29th, Philip, their eldest child, was born, and we can almost pardon the gratitude of the parents that bestowed on their first-born the hated name of Philip of Spain.

In contemplating these troublous times, we find it difficult to comprehend how men, who during the following reign stood forth so sternly as Protestants, could have passed unscathed through the fires of persecution that were blazing so fiercely around them. On the part of some there was doubtless much unworthy, though, when the dangers of the times are considered, almost pardonable, compliance; but others seem to have been strangely protected, although well-known adherents to the reformed faith; and among this class Sir Henry Sidney and Lady Mary may be placed. The first two years after Philip's birth

Sir Henry spent apparently in close retirement at Penshurst; and then, having been appointed to a subordinate office, he accompanied Lord Fitz-Walter, the new Lord Deputy, to Ireland, where he continued until the accession of Elizabeth, having been meanwhile raised to the office of Lord Chief Justice. During these years young Philip, with his sister Mary, his junior only by a twelvemonth, continued at Penshurst, under the care of an excellent mother, who, to the talents of the Dudleys, added the high moral and religious principle to which few indeed of that gifted but unprincipled family could lay claim. There, wandering about the pleasant grounds, the two beautiful children, almost twins in age and similarity of feature, laid the foundation of that devoted attachment which has been celebrated in so much sweet verse. We have no account of Philip's earliest education. Probably he and his sister spelt out their horn-book at their mother's knee, and probably learned their Latin primer from her teaching; but, happily, the age of Elizabeth, though an age of profound scholarship, was no age for the encouragement of precocious talent, and thus the two beautiful and gifted children were allowed to wander at will until the age of seven years, when their education, according to the strict rule of that day, commenced in right earnest.

Meanwhile Sir Henry Sidney had received the appointment of Lord President of Wales, and now kept almost regal state at Ludlow Castle—that castle the very ruins of which are hallowed ground to the lover of English poetry, to the lover of Milton and his exquisite ‘Comus.’ The vicinity of Ludlow to Shrewsbury, and yet more, his friendship for the master, who had been a fellow-collegian, doubtless induced Sir Henry to send his son in his tenth year to Shrewsbury grammar-school, and place him under the care of master Thomas Ashton. Here, by a singular good fortune, Philip had for schoolfellow Fulke Greville, his life-long friend and affectionate biographer, who tells us how rarely endowed he was, even from childhood; ‘His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn above that which they had usually read or taught. Which eminence by nature and industry made his worthy father style Sir Philip in my hearing, though I was unseen, *Lumen familie sue.*’

It was sad for the father, so justly proud of his gifted son, to be deprived of opportunity of constantly watching over his progress; but in 1565 Sir Henry was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, and thither he proceeded, at the close of the year, with his wife and younger children, leaving Philip under the care of his ‘discreet

'master,' as he calls him in that delightful letter most probably addressed about this time to 'my little Philip,' and which, although so long, we think Mr. Bourne has done wisely to give entire. Two years after, Sir Henry returned to England, and then entered his son a student at Christ Church, Oxford. Here, in addition to the society of Fulke Greville, who accompanied him from Shrewsbury school, he formed that equally lasting friendship with Edward Dyer. Although nephew to the powerful Earl of Leicester—undoubtedly as to influence the first subject of the realm—neither Philip nor his father seemed hitherto to have received much benefit from him. Cecil, however, appears to have been greatly interested in the son, and alludes to him, in more than one letter, as even at that early age giving promise of very superior abilities.

Soon after, a proposal of marriage, between his son, although only fourteen years of age, and Cecil's eldest daughter Anne, about a year younger, was made by Sir Henry Sidney; but 'cautious Cecil,' who even then seems to have had an eye upon the young nobleman who eventually became his son-in-law—the Earl of Oxford—replied to the offer in a very characteristic letter, acknowledging the courtesy, but hinting, though with much hesitation, his doubts of the extent of the poor Lord Deputy's purse. In this emergency application seems to have been made to the powerful uncle Leicester, who arranged the marriage settlement with Cecil, and apparently with great liberality; but for some cause, now impossible to discover, though probably political, the alliance was broken off. That Philip felt any disappointment at this, as Mr. Bourne hints, is simply to apply the standard of the nineteenth century to the sixteenth. It is not unlikely that the children never heard of the plan until after it had been both arranged and broken off; but we think we can perceive that from this time the Earl of Leicester patronized more openly than heretofore his gifted nephew, and Cecil, although still most courteous, became far less friendly. Philip's stay at Christ Church was not long: indeed, he quitted Oxford, as was the usual custom then, at an age earlier than students in the present day enter, being only sixteen. Nor, although afterwards celebrated for classical knowledge as well as other attainments, did he take any degree, or, as far as we can ascertain, distinguish himself in any way. The story that he finished his studies at Cambridge rests upon no valid foundation, and it is most probable that on leaving Oxford he joined his family, Sir Henry Sidney, sick in mind and sick in body, having returned from Ireland in the spring of 1571.

The case of the poor Lord Deputy at this time was especially

200 millions might have been saved. In the hands of an economic minister the new agent might have been applied, and certainly would have been found adequate, to the total extinction of the National Debt. For one-half the money sunk in this wasteful business, the public could have got a Railway System far more adapted to its real wants than what it has so profligately obtained ; a system perfectly harmonious in all its parts, having a central station in London, opening, like the Roman Capitol, direct communication with all the parts of the empire, and ready to convey the traveller by the shortest possible route whithersoever his business or fancy directed ; a system which would have consulted the necessities of the public as well as those of the private citizen ; a system which would have combined the lowest possible fares with the highest attainable velocity ; a system which would have conferred a boon on the poor by the cheapness of its accommodation, upon the rich by the sumptuousness of its equipments, upon the refined by the grandeur of its embellishments and architectural decorations. A great mission was intrusted to the bevy of statesmen who opened the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, but they failed to see it. They came to gaze upon the spectacle as gaping peasants flock to a mountebank show, merely to satisfy their curiosity, without in the least considering how far the new discovery might be made to promote progress, or subserve the national requirements. So the great railway revolution had to develop itself amid the throes of accident, to struggle through whatever obstacles the passions or cupidity of men might fling in its path, and humanity was left to purchase present inconvenience and disappointment at a ruinous expense, and too often at the sacrifice of the earnings of families, celebrating the tardily won triumph of science with the redundant tears of the orphan and the protracted grief of the widow.

ART. VII.—(1.) *Christopher North: a Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.* Compiled from Family Papers and other sources, by his Daughter, Mrs. GORDON. Two Vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1862.

(2.) *The Works of Professor Wilson.* Edited by his Son-in-law, Professor FERRIER. Twelve Vols. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1857.

It is perhaps unfortunate that so much has been said, and sometimes so well said, of late years, on the value of Biography as a branch of literature. It is unquestionably true that no

other species of composition is so universally interesting, and in many respects so instructive. Even the records of lives with no claim to be considered great or peculiar, possess an unflinching attraction and value, so far as they contain authentic exhibitions of human character and are enlivened by real incidents. But there are limits to the usefulness and interest of such records, the perception of which is unfortunately not so general as the ambition to add to the literary treasures of the world. The consequence is, that the *cacoëthes scribendi* which, in every form of literature, has attained in our day so prodigious a development, has in this particular field also wrought results more or less deplorable. As it has now become almost a distinction to a person of any mental faculty *not* to have written a book, so it may be said of the special biographic epidemic, that hardly a man, or even boy, whose character has been sufficiently good to excite the admiration of his friends, is now safe from the honours of a Memoir and Remains; while a man of mark may count himself happy if he escape the distinction of a biography before the curtain has yet fallen over the drama of his life. Under this oppressive load of monumental records, we have indeed the great consolation that silence is to some extent in our power, and that despite advertisements and 'favourable notices,' Oblivion keeps open its inevitable doors for its proper victims. Meantime, however, the chroniclers steadily prosecute their task, and the catalogues are swelled with each annual crop of Lives, and Memoirs, and Remains, of the illustrious obscure, for whom inconsiderate affection or book-making ambition has thought fit to demand a place in the British Pantheon. All the more thankful, therefore, are we when the life of a truly remarkable and original person comes before us in anything of a worthy shape. The effect is as refreshing as when on the walls of the Exhibition we come upon some notable presence, giving assurance of a man, after having been wearied with portraits of gentlemen, stiffly placid in their evening dress or uniforms, and ladies in fine attitudes, with elaborate justice done to their satins and lace.

That Professor John Wilson, otherwise called 'Christopher North,' was a very remarkable man, even had he never bequeathed a line to posterity, is not to be denied. There are few literary characters of this century with an individuality so peculiar, few who, simply as men, and not authors merely, stood out so distinctly marked from the crowd as objects of interest and curiosity. Whether he is to be ranked among the great men of the world or not, of his genius and originality, both as man and writer, there can be no question. Attributes seldom found in conjunction, and sympathies apparently the most

heterogeneous, were harmoniously united in his character, which was in nothing more remarkable than in its wholeness and simplicity. The first thing that arrested attention in regard to him was the grand physical development and energy which went so far to constitute his individuality. Men of mind are happily not always fragile in body, even in this dyspeptic age. We have illustrious living examples of the contrary,—poets, historians, novelists, standing full six feet in their stockings, and capable, no doubt, did occasion call, of proving their physical not less than their intellectual pith. But it is not every day that we find a man of great literary power capable of sustaining the part of a skilled athlete, a man whose gifts in either respect would have made him as notable in the ancient Athens as he was in the modern, fit equally to have contended in the Olympian foot-race or *pancratium*, or to have discoursed among the sages of the grove on the Good, and the True, and the Beautiful. Not only was Wilson's outward aspect singularly striking and commanding, such as one turned round to look at in the street, but in the matter of physical exercises he threw his whole soul into them as in themselves worthy of cultivation, and was just as much in earnest in his running, and wrestling, and fishing, as when he wrote criticisms or lectured on Moral Philosophy. This superabundant physical energy, which has been well styled his 'splendid animalism,' gave a tone to his whole character, and its influence pervades the best of his prose compositions. It is only in his poetry that it is entirely wanting, which may account in part for its comparative weakness and want of fire. But Wilson combined other qualities as remarkable in their rarity of coincidence. He was essentially a poet; but he was also a critic of a very high order, which poets seldom are; and he would write, when he chose, upon the currency or the corn laws, with as much logical precision and attention to facts and figures as the most unpoetical financier that ever compiled a budget. He was intensely Scottish in his feelings, but his English training and associations had widened his sympathies and divested his patriotism of all narrowness and hardness. Though bred a Presbyterian, and ever retaining an affectionate veneration for the austere simplicity of Scottish worship, he loved the English Church and its more imposing ritual and traditions with a genuine fervour. He was an honest and zealous Tory from his youth; but he never sympathized in the denunciations of Free Trade which so often appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and on the subject of popular education and some other important topics his ideas were more advanced and generous than those of a great many professed Liberals. In his private

character, again, while fond of good companionship and eminently fitted to shine in society, he was one of the most unsophisticated and amiable of men. While the readers of the *Magazine* imagined that a great portion of Christopher North's time must have been spent in swallowing oysters and toddy, and denouncing Whigs among a roystering crew at Ambrose's, the real man was oftenest to be found in his quiet home, hard at work in his study.

The daughter of such a man might well think her father's life 'worthy to be recorded;' and the result has shown, if there were any doubt on the point, that 'it would bear to be truthfully told.' It is not every man of genius or celebrity of whom this can be said. There is at least reason to believe that in much of the biography professing to delineate the lives and characters of such men, considerable *suppressio veri* takes place, even if no positive *suggestio falsi*. Judging by the whole character of this book, we should say that Mrs. Gordon has concealed nothing which she knew or considered worth telling. On the contrary, while overflowing with filial regard and veneration, she has with a rare candour revealed some things that she might, without incurring the charge of undue reticence, have easily kept in the background. The task of writing a complete biography of Professor Wilson was not an easy one, for the same reason that the painting of his portraits was an achievement in which some very able hands attained but limited success. There was so much variety of expression in his countenance, so much play of light and shade, that it was hardly possible to convey on canvas a satisfactory representation of the whole man. The photograph from which Mrs. Gordon has chosen the frontispiece of her *Memoir* is, perhaps, on the whole, the most characteristic of the portraits, always excepting the grand bust by Fillans. The one by Lauder, which has been engraved, is in many respects a fine picture, but somewhat wanting in force and naturalness. There is, we believe, another full-length sitting portrait by the same able artist, which is considered a happier likeness. Duncan's 'Christopher in his Sporting Jacket' is an admirable representation of the man in one of his phases, but is rather suggestive of being a fancy portrait. Curiously enough, the likeness by the same hand in the well-known picture of Prince Charles's entry to Edinburgh after Prestonpans is far superior: it is, indeed, one of the most striking of all the portraits of Wilson. He figures prominently in that picture as the slayer of Colonel Gardiner, and the proud, defiant look with which he carries his broadsword is eminently effective. Harvey's portrait (in the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, of which the Professor was

President), to those who saw and remember the man, conveys much of what was most characteristic in his look and attitude as he sat in his study, the expression of the broad, open right hand being itself full of character and reminiscence. Though at first a disappointing picture, it greatly grows on one by being well looked at. Sir John Watson Gordon's portrait, the last for which the Professor sat, though beautifully expressive of the old man's benignant repose, is almost commonplace in its placidity. The photograph by Mr. Hill, on the other hand, gives, with unmistakable reality, the look of massy strength and manliness that was in the original. Even the suggestion of an element of coarseness which it conveys, is truthful. The great brow, and the light locks hanging loosely around it, reminding one somewhat of Jean Paul, are not here idealized, and are all the better. The expression is not the happiest, as is usual in photographs; but in spite of the corrugated eyebrows and scrutinizing attitude, one sees about those eloquent lips a latent tenderness and humour, ready to come instantly into play, while the very shade that half hides the eyes gives increased significance to the expression.

The unflattering truthfulness of this likeness is indeed highly appropriate to the character of the book to which it is prefixed; and the success of the latter as a biographic delineation is to be attributed to the same cause which makes the photograph preferable to the other portraits; namely, that it tells nothing but the truth. In addition to the difficulty arising from the variety and flexibility of Wilson's character, the materials in the form of correspondence were more than usually scanty, letter-writing being an exercise for which he had no liking, and which he as far as possible evaded. In the tenor of his maturer life, again, there was little change, his time being wholly occupied by his combined duties as Professor of Moral Philosophy and principal contributor to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' varied only by occasional indulgence in rural recreations during the holidays. He mingled little in society, preferring the pleasures of his fireside; and though on terms of friendship with most of the literary men of his day, he corresponded only at rare intervals even with his most chosen friends. Keeping all this in view, and looking to what was possible rather than to what might have been desired, it may be questioned if any man living could have achieved the task Mrs. Gordon has attempted in such a way as to satisfy one's idea of an adequate picture of Wilson's life. That Mrs. Gordon has done so it would be absurd to say, and she wisely and modestly disclaims the attempt. But though there are blanks in this record which we could have wished to see supplied, and superfluities that might well be dispensed with, it is but simple justice to the

biographer to say that she has given us no reason to join in her regret that the work she undertook had been declined by 'abler hands.' Why it was so declined we can only conjecture. It was certainly to have been expected that the life of Wilson should have been written by one or other of his sons-in-law, both men of high literary faculty, and doubtless intimately acquainted with the history, literary and political, of the time in which he lived, as well as with the Professor's character and habits. But men, it is well known, have less faith and devotion than women, and perhaps these 'able hands' may have distrusted their power to construct a worthy memorial of their illustrious relative out of the materials within their reach, or suspected, unlike Mrs. Gordon, that there were passages in his life which might be difficult to handle satisfactorily. Be that as it may, we cannot, on the whole, regret that the work fell into more zealous, if less artistic hands. A more skilful literary artist might have filled up some outlines in this life to greater effect so far as the literary relations of Wilson were concerned; but the ablest hand on Mr. Blackwood's staff could not have presented Christopher North in a more pleasing light than has been done by his daughter. She desired to depict her father's character chiefly in its domestic aspect, as he appeared within that inner circle of homely life in which he was most truly venerable; and she has drawn the picture as only a woman could have done, with loving simplicity and fulness of detail. If from her pages the world does not obtain so much new light on Wilson's position and career as a literary man and Professor as may have been looked for, it will at least learn how consistent was his real character and mode of life with what he so eloquently preached in his chair and in his works both poetical and prose. It will believe in him henceforth as not merely an eloquent descant on virtue and the love of nature, but as an honest exemplar of what he commended to others, a true-hearted, self-sacrificing man, who, above all other ambitions, strove to do his duty, and to shed around the domestic hearth that warm and cheerful light which, in the case of not a few celebrated men, has shone only in the pages of their books. That, after all, is a man's best memorial; and we have therefore to thank Mrs. Gordon for having, in the face of much that might have discouraged her, raised, with so much good taste and judgment, this monument to her father's memory, more valuable in its truthful artlessness than the most skilful commemoration by abler hands of his literary triumphs.

Let us now take a glance at the life which these volumes record.

John Wilson was born in Paisley on the 18th of May, 1785.

That respectable but rather grimy-looking town, it may be remarked, has given birth to a good many poets, and still contains a most intelligent population, whose love of nature is shown by the flowers which they are careful to cultivate in the midst of their looms and smoke. Wilson's family occupied a good position in Paisley, his father being a wealthy gauze-manufacturer, while his mother, who, it seems, had some claims to aristocratic descent, was remarkable for her personal beauty, dignity, and force of character—another instance of the usual rule with regard to the parentage of remarkable men. But though born in a dingy manufacturing town, Wilson's whole early training was amid rural scenes of varied beauty, which left an impression on his warm and imaginative nature that gathered fresh strength and colouring with the lapse of years. Kit North and the Professor were both, it appears, revealed in embryo in the nursery; for even as a child, we are told, he was lively, humorous, eloquent, and passionately fond of out-door recreation. At three years old he was already an angler; and about the same time he used to electrify the inhabitants of the nursery by his performances as a preacher, his favourite theme being the mysterious history of a certain wicked and undutiful *fish*. After attending for a year or two at a Paisley school, he was sent to board with the minister of the neighbouring parish of Mearns, where he seems to have lived for the next seven years, imbibing valuable instruction from the worthy Mr. M'Latchie, and enjoying to the full all the delights that an active and ardent-spirited boy could find in that 'wild, moorland, sylvan, and pastoral parish.' There, no doubt, also he imbibed that deep-rooted sympathy and veneration for the austere but wholesome simplicity of the Scottish national form of faith, which his subsequent English training and affection for the English Church could not weaken, and which forms one of the most characteristic features of his writings. This affectionate respect for the distinctive religious development of his country's character is a very pleasing trait in Wilson's own, and there can be no doubt of its genuineness. It was, indeed, to some degree but the result, in that particular direction, of the same love of nature in its unadorned reality, that made him prefer the mountain-side to the pavement, and the quiet of his own home to the excitement of the most brilliant society. But it was connected, too, with a well-founded appreciation of the moral value of that severe idea of religion which despises the aids of outward pomp and ceremony, and of those noble qualities by which it was illustrated in the history of the ecclesiastical struggles and sufferings of the Scottish people. For it must be remembered, to Wilson's almost singular honour,

that though an ardent Tory, both by association and principle, his political predilections did not for a moment abate his sympathy and admiration for those who had, on so many a Scottish moor, and in the lonely glens, witnessed a good confession for 'freedom and the truth in Christ.' Scottish Tories, whether Episcopalians or not, have been generally unanimous in representing the Covenanters as mere obstinate rebels and sour-minded fanatics. To men of a romantic or poetical turn of mind this is perhaps natural; for no one can pretend that the great Montrose or the 'bonnie Dundee' are not more attractive figures to the imagination than Balfour of Burley, or good Mr. Peden; even as Queen Mary's beauty has made hideous to many eyes the grand face of Knox, or the exquisite profile of King Charles the masculine roughness of Oliver Cromwell. Thus Sir Walter Scott's great genius threw its lustre round the Cavalier, leaving the figure of the Covenanter frowning in the shade. Professor Aytoun has followed, *longo intervallo*, in the same steps, and done his best to weave a romantic halo round the brows of the 'heroic Claverhouse,' otherwise and better known in Scotland as 'the bloody.' So has Mr. Mark Napier, the son of a zealous Whig, innocent indeed of poetry, but strong in adust research and prelatric sympathy, striven to the utmost of his capacity to blacken the characters of the Covenanters and glorify those whom Scotland persists in remembering only as the 'men of blood,' making up in intensity of antiquarian diligence and virulence of epithet for the most plentiful lack of historic dignity and discrimination. Not so was it with Wilson. Tory and poet as he was, he had too much of the love of liberty in his bosom, too much sympathetic insight into the motives of Scotland's confessors, not to feel indignant, as his writings and this Memoir show that he did, at the remembrance of what things had been suffered at the hands of royal executioners by Scottish men, and women, and maidens, worthy in his eyes to be called 'martyrs,' even were it but the indomitable strength of heroic nature that had inspired them to count their lives as nothing, rather than by one craven word dishonour, as they thought, the name of their only and invisible King.

The pages of Wilson's Essays and Recreations are full of allusions to the happy days of his boyhood. Some of them are entirely devoted to such reminiscences. These recollections are, do doubt, deeply tinged with the hues of imagination; but making every allowance for that colouring, there can be no doubt that the manse of Mearns was no common boarding-establishment, and that the life of good Mr. M'Latchie's pupils must have been happy and wholesome beyond the common lot

of school-boys. Wilson, we are told, was equally distinguished in study and in sport, absorbed and industrious in the hours of work, jubilantly energetic and lively out of doors, excelling in every athletic exercise, but full of good-nature, and liked by all his fellows. Those golden days in 'the dear parish of Mearns,' to which he ever after looked back with such fond delight, were suddenly brought to a close in his twelfth year by the death of his father. He was the eldest son of the family; and Mrs. Gordon relates that as he stood at the head of his father's grave, chief mourner, he was so overcome by emotion that he swooned away, and had to be lifted from the spot; certainly a remarkable and characteristic indication of susceptibility in one so young, reminding his biographer not unnaturally of that passionate tenderness mixed with wild strength which one finds in those Northern Titans to whom Wilson has often been compared. Very soon after this he was sent to the University of Glasgow, in accordance with the practice not yet abandoned in Scotland, though happily becoming less common, of introducing boys to the higher branches of study, and converting them into premature logicians and sciolists, while they ought to be still at the feet of the 'Dominie,' tarrying for the growth of their beards. Young Wilson had the advantage of being committed to the charge of one of the best educators of youth that Scotland has ever produced, Professor Jardine, in whose family he lived during the five years of his attendance at the University of Glasgow. This excellent man was Professor of Logic; but with the practical instinct of a wise and good teacher, he adapted his instructions to the capacity of his pupils, having regard more to what they could understand and do, than to the demands of Philosophy upon him for a strictly scientific course of exposition. In his 'Outlines of a Philosophical Education,' a very good book, though now little read or known, he gives the rationale of his mode of instruction, from which it would appear that the range of study in his class was by no means confined to the rules of Logic, while Metaphysics proper formed but a very small part of it. It was, in fact, more a class of *Belles-Lettres*, with a modicum of Logic and Moral Philosophy into the bargain, than a class of Logic and Metaphysics, as these sciences were taught forty years afterwards by Sir William Hamilton. That it was a most useful class, and communicated to many thousands of pupils valuable instruction and generous impulses, is testified by the grateful reminiscences of not a few distinguished men, among the rest very emphatically by Wilson, who omitted no opportunity of expressing his obligations to his much-loved and venerated instructor. Before entering the logic class, however, young

Wilson attended Latin and Greek, the latter of which was taught by a man who seems equally with Professor Jardine to have possessed the faculty of inspiring his students with a love of his subject as well as of himself. There are interesting sketches of both men to be found in 'Peter's Letters.' The same healthful combination of study and recreation which marked the boy's life at the manse of Mearns, was carried out during his college career at Glasgow. He carried off the first prize in the logic class, and appears from the extracts given out of a diary kept by him at the time, to have devoted considerable attention to essay-writing, even during his holidays. The practice so cultivated gave him an early facility in composition, and already his mind was engaged and his taste developed in the direction of history, poetry, and criticism. At the same time he indulged liberally in amusements, finding scope for his athletic tendencies in running races against men and horses, and performing, among other memorable achievements, the feat of walking six miles 'toe and heel' in two minutes less than an hour. At Professor Jardine's he enjoyed the advantages of the best society of Glasgow, and judging by the frequent references to dinners, balls, and parties, in the diary, must have led a life in which work and gaiety were pretty equally proportioned. He appears to have been very methodical and precise in his habits at that time, keeping careful record of his daily expenses, and exhibiting a certain staid formality in his style, in singular contrast with his subsequent carelessness in matters of dress and economics, and the general *abandon* which characterized his whole mode of action.

The most interesting memorial, however, of his Glasgow life, given by Mrs. Gordon, is a letter addressed by him at the age of seventeen to Wordsworth. It shows how early he had appreciated the great genius of that poet, then comparatively unknown and generally little esteemed; an appreciation which, so far as criticism did anything for the poet's fame, produced more influence on the public mind than Wordsworth himself and his friends appear to have properly recognised. It cannot, we think, be questioned that Wilson's constant and, in spite of the few contrary indications in 'Blackwood' (his connection with which is at least unproved), consistent proclamation of Wordsworth's transcendent merits, did very much not merely to direct attention to his works, but to *form* that opinion regarding them which is now universally held among all persons pretending to any good judgment in poetry. And yet at one time that opinion was almost confined to Wilson and a few other admirers of the poet, whom it was the fashion in the 'Edinburgh Review,' then

the dictator of literature, to hold up to ridicule as a set of very silly, conceited, and weak-minded persons. Considering this fact, we cannot be surprised that Mrs. Gordon notices as a curious circumstance the omission in Wordsworth's *Life* by his brother of any mention of this youthful letter of her father, the answer to it being given without a hint as to whom it was addressed. The general silence in that biography regarding Wilson is not less remarkable, and cannot be considered a pleasing circumstance.

In June, 1803, John Wilson entered as a gentleman-commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford. The four years during which he studied there were among the most interesting of his life; but the records of them are scanty and imperfect. The traditional fame of his exploits and adventures has survived the memory of the facts, and Mrs. Gordon, we have no doubt, has given all the authentic memorials that came into her possession. Partly, perhaps, to make up for the lack of other material, but chiefly, we believe, from a natural and feminine affection for a love-story, she has occupied a considerable portion of the two chapters devoted to Wilson's Oxford life with extracts of correspondence relating to a young lady made known only as 'Margaret,' for whom during several years he cherished an ardent but unfortunately not inextinguishable flame. What the real causes were which led to the final breaking-off of an attachment of such long endurance, and on the young gentleman's side so desperate (rather too much so) in expression, we are left very much to conjecture. Mrs. Gordon, with commendable filial piety, attributes the sad catastrophe to her father's intense respect and love for his mother, who for unexplained reasons appears to have been sternly opposed to the passionate wishes of her son. But with all our respect for filial duty in such matters, we are still at a loss to see how a young man of the fiery and impetuous nature of John Wilson, the independent heir to a splendid fortune, should have, merely to please his mother, consented to separate himself for ever from a virtuous and accomplished 'orphan maid,' whom he loved and was beloved by (to use his own words) 'to distraction.' The thing is dark to us, unsatisfactory, even painful; and therefore we regret that as Mrs. Gordon had no clearer light to throw on the mystery than she has given, so much space has been devoted to the subject in her pages. So far, however, from blaming her for revealing this blot on her father's character, we think it one of the strongest indications of her desire to be impartial. She does not, however, appear to regard it in an unfavourable light, which makes one think that there must have been some more satisfactory reason for Wilson's abandonment of his attachment than mere deference to his mother's wishes.

Mrs. Gordon repudiates the idea that her father led a 'fast' life at Oxford. We have no doubt she is right, if by that term be meant that he was a mere idler and man of pleasure. But notwithstanding the evidence that Wilson must have studied hard and extensively, if not systematically, at Oxford, it seems pretty clear, whether the term 'fast' be the correct one or not, that his time there was very considerably occupied in the pursuit of pleasure, in every form in which it had any attraction for a nature so sensitive and passionate and with ample means for its gratification. It would have been very strange, and indeed unnatural, had the case been otherwise; for it may truly be questioned if a young man so full of life, in body and soul, ever before (or after) his day entered the walls of Magdalen, or almost any other college. It is quite true, however, we think, that he was not then or at any other time a dissipated man, and that whatever excesses he may have indulged in, as undoubtedly he did, he never was the slave of any vice, nor made any approach even to that *blasé* and callous condition which is the characteristic of the 'fast man' as we understand the term. The love of nature, of home, and of kindred, kept the fountain of his heart still fresh; and the sense of religion, associated though it may have been more with poetical than with practical influences, was alive, and to some extent operative, in the midst of all the temptations that surrounded a youth lavishly endowed with the gifts of nature and fortune. In one of his essays, 'Old North and Young North,' Wilson gives a description, which may be taken as no imaginary one, of his feelings on the occasion of his first visit to London. That is a memorable event in the existence of every young man to whom it happens to enter the great metropolis as a stranger; but never have the sensations and ideas that make it so to an imaginative mind been so eloquently described as by Wilson. His picture is the more interesting as one can trace in it the germ of the ideas, no doubt really present in his mind at the time described, which he afterwards developed in his 'City of the Plague.' Considering, too, that the writer was so determined a persecutor of 'Cockneys'—a fact which some of them still find it difficult to forget—it seems fair to give a specimen of what such a man could say about London, in proof that his was no 'provincial' soul:—

'Once,' he says, 'we knew London well, both by day when it was broad awake, and by night when "all that mighty heart was lying still." We remember now as yesterday, the eve on which we first, all alone and on foot, reached Hyde Park Corner. All alone! Yes; thousands and hundreds of thousands were on foot then, as well as ourselves, and on horse, and in

chariots. But still we were alone. Not in misanthropy—no, no, no! for then as now, and with more intense, more burning passion, with stronger-winged and further-flighted imagination, did we love our kind; for our thoughts were merry as nightingales, untamed as eagles, and tender as doves. But we were young, and we were in manner foreigners, and few friends had we but the sunbeams and the shadows of our own restless soul. From the solemn and sacred enclosures of thy bell-chiming and cloistered haunts, Rhedicyna! did we come; the tomes of the old world's treasures closed for a season; Homer, and Pindar, and Æschylus, and Plato, and the Stagyrite, and Demosthenes, and Thucydides, left for a while asleep on the shelves of the Gothic-windowed library; . . . and all at once from the companionship of the dead did we plunge into that of the living.

'From the companionship of the dead! For having bade farewell to our sweet native Scotland, and kissed, ere we parted, the grass and the flowers with a shower of filial tears—having bade farewell to all her glens, now a-glimmer in the blended light of imagination and memory, with their cairns and their kirks, their low-chimneyed huts and their high-turreted halls, their free-flowing rivers, and lochs dashing like seas—we were all at once buried, not in the Cimmerian gloom, but in the Cerulean glitter of Oxford's ancient academic groves. . . .

'The voice, the loud and near voice of the living world came upon us; and starting up like a man wakened from the world of sleep and dreams, we flew to meet it on the wind, onwards and onwards to its source, humming louder and louder as we approached—a magnificent hum, as from a city of a thousand gates of everlasting ingress and egress to all the nations of the earth. . .

'Not till then had we known anything of our own being. Before, all had been dream and vision, through which we had sunk, and kept sink—sinking, like flowers surcharged with liquid radiance, down to the palaces of naiads, and mermaids, and fairy-folk, inhabiting the emerald caves, and walking through the pearl-leaved forests and asphodel meadows of an unreal and unsubstantial world! For a cloudy curtain had still seemed to hang between us and the old world, darkening even the fields of Marathon and Platea, whose heroes were but as shadows. Now we were in the eddies, the vortices, the whirlpools of the great roaring sea of life! And away we were carried, not afraid, yet sometimes trembling in the awe of our new delight, into the heart of the habitations of all this world's most imperial, most servile, most tyrannous, and most slavish passions! all that was most elevating and most degrading, most startling and most subduing too, most trying by temptations of pleasure and by repulsion of pain; into the heart of all joy and all grief, all calm and all storm, all dangerous trouble and more dangerous rest, all rapture and all agony, crime, guilt, misery, madness, and despair. A thousand voices, each with a different tone, cried us on; yet over them all one

voice, with which the rest were still in unison—the voice of the hidden wickedness that is in the soul of every man who is born of a woman, and that sometimes as if it were of guardian angel, and sometimes of familiar demon—now lured, persuaded, urged, drove us on, on, on, in amongst shoals and shallows of that dim, heaving sea, where many wrecks were visible, sheer hulks heaved up on the dark dry, or mast-heads but a foot out of the foam; here what seemed a beam, and there a lighthouse; but on we bore, all sail set.

‘For a moment we thought of the great cataracts of Scotland—Corra Linn, Foyers, thousands of nameless torrents tumbling over mountains to the sea—her murmuring forests and caves a-moaning for ever to the winds and waves round the cliff-bound coast of Cape Wrath! But that was the voice of Nature, dead in her thunders even as in the silence of the grave. This was the voice of Life, sublimer far, and smiting the soul with a sublimer sympathy. . . . Even then Virtue had her sacred allies in our heart. The love of that nature on whose bosom we had been bred—a sleeping spark of something like poetry, unextinguishable, and preservative of the innocence it enlightened—reverence of the primitive simplicity of beloved Scotland’s faith—the memory of her old, holy, and heroic songs—the unforgotten blessing of a mother’s living lips, of a father’s dying eyes—the ambition, neither low nor ignoble, of youth’s aspiring hopes, for not altogether uncrowned—had been our tempters even with the Muse’s wreath.

‘What mighty ones have breathed the air of that great city—have walked in inspiration along the banks of England’s metropolitan river—have been inhumed in her burial-places, humble or high, frequented by common and careless feet, or by footsteps treading reverentially, while the visitor’s eyes are fixed on marble image or monument, sacred to virtue, to valour, or to genius, the memory of the prime men of the earth! These, London, are thy guardian spirits, these thy tutelary gods. When the wind-howl of night, the howl of all those distracted passions, is hushed, and the soul, relieved from the sorrow in which it thinks of sin when an eye or ear witness to its unhallowed orgies, lifts up its eyes to the stars so bright and beautiful, so silent and so serene, then remembereth she the names, the endowments, the achievements of the immortal dead.

‘Therefore to us, who thought of Poets as beings set apart from the world which their lays illumined, how solemn, how sacred, how sublime a delight—deaf and blind to all the sights and sounds of the common day—to look on the very house in which some great poet had been born, lived, or died! Were the house itself gone, and some ordinary pile erected in its stead, still we saw down into the old consecrated foundation! Had the very street been swept away—its name and its dust—still the air was holy, and more beautiful overhead the blue gleams of the sky.

Wilson’s connection with the university terminated soon

after he had taken his Bachelor's degree in 1807. His examination was one of the most brilliant on record, and gave remarkable proof both of the zeal with which he had studied classics and philosophy, and of his capacity for displaying his powers when occasion required. His mind had been for some time previously much agitated by his love affair, and he went from the college to the schools, says his friend Robert Findlay, 'in the full conviction that he was to be plucked.' The result was very different. The Grecian Sotheby declared 'it was worth coming from London to hear him translate a 'Greek chorus;' and the examiners were so impressed by the exhibition of genius and scholarship, as to express publicly their approbation and thanks, a distinction rarely conferred.

Two years previously to this Wilson had bought a small property on the banks of Windermere, and in the autumn of 1807 he took up his residence at Bowness, while the cottage at Elleray was being fitted for occupation as a permanent residence. In this beautiful retreat, commanding one of the noblest lake and mountain views to be found in all England, the poet fixed his home, continuing to return to it year after year with fond affection, long after he became settled in Edinburgh. After the loss of his fortune he still held on to the house at Elleray, and only with great reluctance let it when unable himself to occupy it. When he finally parted with it we are not informed. Never, perhaps, was a man so fortunate in his external circumstances as Wilson at this time. With ample resources at his command, he had selected for his residence one of the loveliest spots in the British islands. He was free from all incumbrance, and had full leisure to cultivate his taste for literature and poetry, as well as for those out-door enjoyments which equally occupied his attention. He was within easy reach of the most congenial society that he could anywhere have found; for Wordsworth was at Rydal, Southey and Coleridge at Keswick, and De Quincey at Grasmere. This delightful existence lasted for eight years, when the change in his fortunes obliged him to quit Elleray and take up his residence in Edinburgh.

Much of his time, we are told, was spent in rambling among the mountains by night as well as by day. Night-walking, it appears, was a very favourite exercise of his, a somewhat eccentric peculiarity in a man utterly free from misanthropy, and who delighted in good company. It was, however, in entire harmony with the character of his mind, which luxuriated in the vast and indefinite, and in those moods of pensive and solitary musing which the aspects of mountain

scenery by night are so fitted to inspire. Those poetic meditations alternated, however, with abundant diversions of a more jovial and boisterous kind. Boating and yachting on Windermere were pastimes on which he expended no small amount of time and money. Not content with one or two boats like most people, he kept a little fleet on the lake, the outlay in manning and furnishing which must have been very considerable. Mrs. Gordon gives a pleasing sketch of his principal nautical assistant, Billy Balmer, of whom there is frequent honourable mention in his 'Recreations,' and who figures for the last time as the companion of the old man and his friends Buller and Talboys, in the 'Dies Boreales,' on the waters of Loch Awe. It is an interesting picture that is given at a later stage in the Memoir, of this faithful old fellow coming to end his days with his master in Scotland, and clasping in his dying hands the handkerchief which he had received from him in the days when they rowed together on Windermere. Among the other diversions which most occupied the attention of the young laird of Elleray, were wrestling and cock-fighting. The breeding of game-cocks, strange as it may appear, seems to have been almost as much a study with him as the production of poetry; and in the same note-books which contained his sketches of intended poems, were carefully recorded his lists of birds, the dates of the laying down of broods, and the calculations for the ensuing season. This singular passion appears to have been cherished even in his maturer years. Long after the practice of cock-fighting had, to the credit of the public taste, fallen completely out of vogue, we are told that he at one time kept in his back-green at Gloucester Place no fewer than five dozen of game birds, the noise of which was sometimes so deafening, that had their owner been any other man than Professor Wilson, the neighbours would not have tolerated them for a day. This seems to justify Mrs. Gordon's remark, that her father's delight in these birds arose more from his love of the animals themselves than from the cruel pleasure of seeing them fight to death. For he was an intense lover of all animals, especially of birds and dogs, and has written about the habits of the former as no man could have done who did not combine the observation and experience of a practical naturalist with the imagination of a poet. There are passages of minute description in the series of papers entitled 'Christopher in his Aviary,' which are in this respect equalled by nothing that we know in the literature of natural history. His love for dogs appears continually in his rhapsodical papers, and in the 'Noctes;' and Mrs. Gordon gives some interesting

particulars about his favourites. After his wife's death he had with him at Roslin two little dogs, of which she had been particularly fond. Some ill-conditioned young gentlemen in the neighbourhood thought proper to shoot these creatures for trespass on their preserves, in ignorance that they belonged to the Professor. They afterwards made humble apologies for the deed, but Wilson sternly refused to accept any excuse for what he considered *murder* and nothing else. A friend having ventured to suggest that the occasion was one for the exercise of magnanimity, 'Magnanimity!' thundered the Professor: 'I showed the utmost magnanimity this morning when one of the 'murderers was in this very room and I refrained from pitching 'him out of the window.' Of a piece with this is the anecdote which another eye-witness relates of the Professor having one day, when by this time an old man, stepped up to where a coal-heaver was sadly maltreating his broken-down horse, wrested the threatening whip from the hand of the exasperated driver, unyoked the poor beast with his own hands out of the cart, and led him away in triumph, through the fashionable precincts of Moray Place, to some place of refuge.

One of the most graphic reminiscences which Mrs. Gordon gives of her father's life in the Lake country, is in the native dialect, as picked up by a Mr. Waugh, from the narrative of the innkeeper at Wastdale Head, William Ritson.

'I was most interested,' says Mr. Waugh, 'in Ritson's anecdotes of famous men who visited Wastdale. He had wandered many a day with Professor Wilson, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and others. Ritson had been a famous wrestler in his youth, and had won many a country belt in Cumberland. He once wrestled with Wilson, and threw him twice out of three falls. But he owned the Professor was "a varra bad un to lick." Wilson beat him at jumping. He could jump twelve yards in three jumps, with a great stone in each hand. Ritson could only manage eleven and three-quarters. "T' first time 'at Professor Wilson cam to Wast'dale Head," said Ritson, "he hed a tent set up in a field, an' he gat it weel stock't wi' bread, an' beef, an' cheese, an' rum, an' ale, an' sic-like. Then he gedder't up my granfadder, an' Thomas Tyson, an' Isaac Fletcher, an' Joseph Stable, an' aad Robert Grave, an' some mair, an' there was gay deed amang 'em. Then, nowt would sarra, bud he mun hev a boat, an' they mun all hev a sail. Well, when they gat into t' boat, he tell't un to be particklar careful, for he was liable to git giddy in t' head, an' if yan ov his giddy fits sud chance to cum on, he mud happen tumble into t' watter. Well, that pleased 'em all gaily weel, an' they said they'd tak varra girt care on him. Then he leaned back an' called oot that they mun pull quicker. So they did, and what does Wilson do

then but topples ower eb'm ov his back i' t' watter with a splash. Then there was a girt cry—'Eh, Mr. Wilson's i' t' watter!' an' yan click't, an' anudder click't, but nean o' them could get ho'd on him, an' there was sic a scrowe as nivver. At last, yan o' them gat him round t' neck as he popped up at teål o' t' boat, an' Wilson taad him to kep a good ho'd, for he mud happen slip him ageàn. But what, it was nowt but yan ov his bit o' pranks, he was smurkin' an' laughin' all t' time. Wilson was a fine, gay, girt-hearted fellow, as strang as a lion, an' as lish as a trout, an' he hed sic antics as nivver man hed. Whativver ye sed tull him ye'd get yowr change back for it gaily soon. . . . Aa remember, there was a 'Murry Neet' at Wastd'le Head that varra time, an' Wilson an' t' aad parson was there amang t' rest. When they'd gotten a bit on, Wilson med a sang about t' parson. He med it reight off o' t' stick end. He began wi' t' parson first, then he gat to t' Pope, an' then he turned it to t' devil, an' sic-like, till he hed 'em fallin' off their cheers wi' fun. T' parson was quite astonished, an' rayder vext an' all, but at last he burst oot laughin' wi' t' rest. He was like. Naabody could stand it. . . . T' seàm neet there was yan o' their wives cum to fetch her husband heàm, an' she was rayder ower strang i' t' tung wi' him afore t' heæl comp'ny. Well, he took it all i' good pairt, but as he went away he shouted oot t' aad minister, 'Od dang ye, parson, it wor ye at teed us two tegidder! . . . It was a' life an' murth amang us, as lang as Professor Wilson was at Wastd'le Head.'"

Not long after he settled at Elleray, Wilson made the acquaintance of his future wife, Miss Jane Penny, the daughter of a Liverpool merchant, a woman every way worthy of such a man, beautiful, amiable, high-spirited, and capable of entering into all her husband's plans and interests with a zeal and devotion that made his home blissful while she lived, and made him feel when she was taken away that life had no more sweetness for him. They were married in 1811, and for four years lived in unclouded prosperity at Elleray. In every circumstance that constitutes earthly felicity, the lot of Wilson was at this time the most enviable that can well be conceived. Well for him that he had within himself, and in the affection of his true-hearted wife, a fountain of contentment which no change of fortune could diminish or dry up. At the end of the fourth year he found himself, so far as his own ample resources were concerned, a penniless man. His funds had been under the control of an uncle, who either misappropriated or mismanaged them so completely as to ruin both himself and his nephew. Wilson bore this heavy calamity in the noblest manner. No higher proof could be given of the real greatness and purity of his character, than the perfect cheerfulness and magnanimity with which he accepted a reverse so tremendous, as it might be

supposed, to a man of expensive tastes, brought up in the enjoyment of affluence from his youth, and who had never known what it was to be straitened in any of his desires. Yet he not only uttered no word of impatience or discontent then or afterwards, but generously assisted, out of the small income that remained to him (consisting, it would appear, of the portion his wife had brought him), to save the author of his misfortune from beggary. We may here mention a notable example of his generosity, which his daughter has omitted to refer to, but which is to be found mentioned in one of the Edinburgh newspapers at the time of his contest for the Moral Philosophy Chair. It is told on what professes to be good authority, and was not attempted to be contradicted at a time when everything was being done to detract from his character, that he had once lent to a friend in distress, but probably without either the hope or the desire to see it repaid, the munificent sum of £1,600. It was, in fact, a gift, though not offered in that form; for when his friend's executors came, after his death, to make some settlement with Wilson, he requested that no more should be said about it, having ascertained that the widow and children were not very well provided for. A man capable of such conduct had really good practical claims to be regarded as a worthy Professor of Moral Philosophy.

For the next five years Wilson's home was under the roof of his mother, that stern but admirable disciplinarian, who, he said himself, 'never could understand him,' who frowned so cruelly on the 'orphan maid,' and was so staunch a Tory, that when her son was talking of doing work for Jeffrey, she told him plainly, 'John, if you turn Whig, this house is not big 'enough for us both.' She must, with all that hardness of character of which we see these traces, have been a very noble old lady, who could have reared up as she did so large a family, and in her old age keep harmoniously together under one roof three several households—her own, and those of two married sons with their families.

In 1815 Wilson was called to the Scottish bar, which at that time boasted of a phalanx of genius and learning in its ranks compared with which the present generation cuts rather a sorry figure. There were then practising, or seeking practice, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Clerk, Cranstoun, Moncreiff, Hope, Ivory, Macneill, Alison, Rutherford, Hamilton, Tytler, Robertson, Wilson, Lockhart; all names known to fame in connection with literature or law. Probably there were not then walking the boards of the Parliament House (the Scottish Westminster Hall) two more briefless men than the pair last named. Their laurels were to

be won in other fields, and they did not tarry long to court the favours of the men in whose hands is the 'making' of successful practitioners in that arena, so far as that depends on adventitious aid—those gentlemen, viz., who add the cabalistic letters W.S. and S.S.C. to their names, the 'agents,' as they are otherwise called. Wilson probably never intended or cared to push his fortune at the bar, having joined it apparently, as many do, more for the sake of a recognised profession, and the privileges it brought with it, than of devoting himself to it as the business of his life. Whether he ever would have made a great lawyer may be questioned; but that he would have been eminent as an orator and debater there can be no doubt. The modern bar, however, affords but rare occasion for the display of such oratory as Wilson would have excelled in; and it is, therefore, no matter of regret that he withheld his devotion from Themis, to bestow it upon Apollo and the Muses. When he found briefs upon his table, he confessed very honestly that he did not know in the least what to do with them. It was no wonder, therefore, that briefs ceased to come in.

He had already come before the world as a poet. During the year preceding his marriage he had been preparing the materials for a volume, which appeared early in 1812, under the title of 'The Isle of Palms, and other Poems.' Its reception by the public was as favourable as the author had any reason to anticipate; but he was disappointed to find himself set down as one of the 'Lake School,' a term then associated in the predominant criticism of the day, as represented by the 'Edinburgh Review,' with everything that was childish and fantastic. To that school he could not, as a poet, with strict propriety be said to belong; but it was natural that he should be classed among men with whom he was known to be on terms of intimate friendship, and for whose great chief he professed and felt the most loyal veneration. Wilson's poetry, however, is singularly destitute of that deep human interest which marked the 'Lyrical Ballads.' Its weakness as compared with his prose is indeed not a little remarkable. But the cause is not so difficult to explain as at first appears. One of the most characteristic qualities of his prose is its exuberant diffuseness, its glorious disregard of bounds and curbs. He *could* write, when he chose, with perfect concentration upon one subject, and a clear evolution of thought to a definite aim, as many of his articles in 'Blackwood's Magazine' distinctly prove. But it was not the method he *did* for the most part choose. He preferred to let his overflowing thoughts and fancies run on at their 'own sweet will,' like one of the wild mountain streams of his native land. When he begins a

discourse one cannot tell where he may end, or what strange unlooked-for persons and places he may turn aside to visit on his way. He delighted to mingle together the most boisterous hilarity and the most sentimental musing; to pass in the course of a single paper from scholarly criticism to descriptions of outdoor sport; or to ascend from humorous banter and nonsense into high flights of poetical or philosophic eloquence. That was, in fact, his *forte*, and in that kind of writing he may be said to stand unapproached and alone. But that loose and undisciplined style does not do in poetry, which ought to be the concentrated essence of feeling and imagination, distinct in its pictures, and with no uncertainty as to its purpose. With the exception of a few passages in the 'Isle of Palms,' and some of the shorter poems, there is really nothing in that first volume of his to betoken that the author was a man of high genius, least of all that he was a man of strong passions, of genuine humour, and exuberant good spirits. So far, Wilson's poetry is not a fair or full expression of his mind, and accordingly, it fails to impress the reader deeply, or to produce any other feeling than a vague pleasure, as the result of a flowing and harmonious accumulation of words, leaving a hazy reminiscence of a beautiful cloud-land remote from the ordinary business and passions of men. The tone, it must be said, is always elevated and pure, and the versification often exceedingly happy. In 1816 he again made his appearance before the public, with the determination that if this second experiment did not call forth a more emphatic verdict in his favour as a poet, it would be his last; a resolution to which he substantially adhered. The 'City of the Plague,' the chief poem in this volume, is a much more powerful production than the 'Isle of Palms,' exhibiting at once a greater intensity of thought and more control of his muse, and also a capacity for dealing with the deeper and more tragic elements of human nature, of which his earlier work gave comparatively little indication. It cannot, however, be called a successful poem, and it is probably less read now even than the 'Isle of Palms.' It contains many vivid descriptions, and scenes of deep pathos; but it is too uniform in its tone of gentle feeling, exhibits little variety of character, even the outcasts and reprobates introduced being of a somewhat mild and meditative type, and its diffuseness is such as to weary the reader before he reaches the close—a fatal defect in a dramatic poem. Some of the smaller pieces in the volume are among Wilson's best. The 'Address to the Wild Deer' may perhaps be considered the happiest of his poetical productions; the reason apparently being, that the subject called forth more

of his characteristic individuality than the rest, which express almost exclusively the sentimental and tender side of his nature. From this time till 1829, when he contributed 'An Evening in 'Furness Abbey,' to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' he appears to have practically abandoned poetical composition. Only once again in his life, in 1837, did the impulse to attempt anything considerable in verse come upon him. The result was 'Unimore: a 'Dream of the Highlands,' which also appeared in the Magazine; a poem which, though containing some fine passages of description, must be pronounced, on the whole, a tame and unsatisfactory performance, compared with the magnificent prose rhapsodies in which he has described the scenery of the Highlands, as no other writer has ever done before or after him. Looking to all that Wilson has done, we cannot, therefore, but regard it as a proof of his good sense, and correct estimate of his own powers, that he threw his strength into prose composition, and abandoned, at a comparatively early stage of his career, the hope of earning high distinction as a bard. Mrs. Gordon mentions that he thought much of a subject which he desired to shape into a poem, but found insuperably difficult, viz., 'The Covenanters.' It appears that he wrote numerous letters on the subject to his friend and brother-poet, Thomas Aird, in one of which he says, 'Ought there not to be some savage splendid Covenanters introduced somewhere or other? Pray consider with yourself how far they ever carried retaliation or retribution. I believe not far. Besides, under such accursed tyranny, bold risings-up of men's fiercest and fellest passions were not wrong.'

The interval between his passing at the bar and the time when he fairly devoted himself to literature as a vocation, was occupied in great part in ramblings through the Highlands, and fishing excursions. In the summer of 1815 he performed, accompanied by his gentle wife, a pedestrian tour through some of the wildest and most picturesque parts of the western and central Highlands. That such an expedition should have been undertaken by a young and delicately nurtured English lady, was looked upon by the staid and rather formal society of Edinburgh, at the time, as something very much savouring of insanity; and there was no little satisfaction and surprise expressed when the young couple returned, after a two months' tour, not only sound in wind and limb, but very much the better for the journey. Wilson came back, to use his own words, 'as strong as an eagle,' and an old lady, who expected to see his wife with a sunburnt and spoiled complexion, exclaimed, 'Weel, 'I declare! she's come back bonnier than ever!' As may be supposed, they met various curious adventures, being more than

once turned aside from friendly doors as 'gangrel bodies,' and suspicious-looking adventurers, by servant-maids unaccustomed to the sight of a gentleman arrayed in worn-out semi-nautical habiliments, with dishevelled hair and beard, and knapsack on back, accompanied by a lady wearing no finery whatever, and carrying a 'bundle' in her hand. At one remote northern village they were taken for gipsies or tinkers of a superior class; though the fact of their putting up at the 'Gordon Arms' hostelry, and spending their time entirely in angling, threw considerable doubts on that conclusion. A local hero, known as the King of the Drovers, here challenged the stalwart stranger to a trial of his powers in athletic exercises, and in the consumption of mountain dew; in all which performances the mysterious bright-haired traveller was left undoubted master of the field. In a very characteristic letter to his friend the Ettrick Shepherd, written on his return from this tour, Wilson rapidly summarizes their experiences, and gives vent to his good spirits. The commencement, 'I am in Edinburgh and wish to be out of it,' indicates the restless and unsettled state of his mind, which had as yet found no fit vent for its great and various powers. The Parliament House was still frequented during the sittings of the court, but chiefly as a matter of form. Edinburgh was then a living centre of literary production and influence, Scott being in the zenith of his fame, and the 'Edinburgh Review' reigning supreme in criticism. But apart from that great organ of opinion, there was little outlet in periodical literature for a man who desired to express himself fully and freely. Jeffrey, about this time, made friendly overtures to Wilson for literary assistance, and his letters on the subject, printed for the first time in these volumes, exhibit him, as indeed all his correspondence does, in a most amiable and generous light. He had reviewed the 'City of the Plague,' soon after its publication, very favourably; and in reply to a letter of acknowledgment from Wilson, which is not extant, addressed him in most kindly terms. The friendship thus commenced led to his writing to Wilson in October of the following year, 1817, to request an article from him. Wilson's reply is lost, but Jeffrey's answer to it, which does much credit to his heart, is as follows:—

' Craigcrook, 17th October, 1817.

' MY DEAR WILSON,—I give you up Byron freely, and thankfully accept of your conditional promise about the drama; for Coleridge, I should like first to have a little talk with you. I had intended to review him fairly, and, if possible, favourably, myself, at all events mercifully; but, on looking into the volume, I can discern so little new, and so much less good than I had expected, that I hesitate

about noticing him at all. I cannot help fearing, too, that the discrepancy of our opinions as to *that* style of poetry may be too glaring to render it prudent to venture upon it, at least under existing circumstances; and besides, if I must unmask all my weakness to you, I am a little desirous of having the credit, though it should only be an inward one, of doing a handsome or even kind thing to a man who has spoken ill of me, and am unwilling that a favourable review of this author should appear in the "Review" from any other hand than my own. But we shall talk of this after I have considered the capabilities of the work a little further.

'I am very much gratified by the kind things you are pleased to say of me, though the flattering ones with which you have mixed them rather disturb me. When you know me a little better, you will find me a very ordinary fellow, and really not half so vain as to take your testimony in behalf of my qualifications. I have, I suppose, a little more practice and expertness in some things than you can yet have, but I am very much mistaken if you have not more talent of every kind than I have. What I think of your character you may infer from the offer I have made you of my friendship, and which I rather think I never made to any other man.

'I think you have a kind heart and a manly spirit, and feel perfectly assured that you will always act with frankness, gentleness, and firmness. I ask pardon for sending you this certificate, but I do not know how else to express so clearly the grounds of my regard and esteem.

'Believe me always, very faithfully yours,

'F. JEFFREY.'

The only article ever written by Wilson for the 'Review' was one on Byron's 'Manfred,' which appeared in the number for August, 1818. It is again referred to in a fragment of a letter from Jeffrey in these terms: 'Pray let me hear that you are writing a review of Lord B. in peace and felicity, and that you have resolved to dirty your fingers no more with the quarrels of magazines and booksellers. God bless you!'

The allusion here is to the quarrel which had shortly before resulted in the establishment of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' with which Wilson had now become connected as one of its chief supporters. To the early history of that famous periodical Mrs. Gordon has devoted a special chapter, which is in some respects the most interesting in her book. It gives, for the first time, we believe, a correct and impartial account of the transactions connected with the rise and progress of the Magazine, as may be judged from the fact that none of the statements it contains have been in any important point contradicted or added to in any notice of this Memoir that we have seen. The great organ of Conservatism has indeed attempted to convict Mrs. Gordon of injustice to the brilliant editor under whom it attained its

highest celebrity. But the mode in which the attempt is made only shows that the real objection to the Memoir in the writer's eyes is its excessive candour and impartiality, with which it awards equal justice to Whig and Tory, not extenuating the faults or magnifying the merits of either. The only point in which Mrs. Gordon appears to have erred, is in describing Lockhart as a man whose interest in old friends was lessened by his brilliant success in London. This we believe to be a mistake; for with all his faults, and they were not few nor small, Lockhart did not forget his old Edinburgh cronies after he became one of the lions of London. On the contrary, we have good authority for saying that they found no change in his feelings towards them after distance and the lapse of years had separated them and produced essential changes in their positions and interests. Mrs. Gordon has also, in her very natural desire to clear her father from the odium of having been guilty as a principal or accessory of the worst offences of 'Blackwood's Magazine' in its early days, attributed, perhaps, more than his just share of the blame to Lockhart. But considering the obscurity which still veils the subject, and the undeniable fact that her father was a warm-hearted and generous man, we cannot regard this as on her part a very serious error, to be made the foundation of a charge of perverting facts and injuring the memory of the dead. The critic to whom we refer, while rather inconsistently accusing Mrs. Gordon of doing injustice to her father's character, and yet also of exaggerating his merits, winds up his estimate of Wilson by a statement which goes far beyond anything that his daughter has ventured to say in his praise; viz, that 'he seems never to have wielded power, from the chair 'or through the press, except with a view to promote the good 'of others.' It is not easy to reconcile this extravagant proposition with the same writer's statement that Wilson's daughter, in saying that she has been 'unable to trace to his hand any 'instance of unmanly attack, or one shade of real malignity,' must be informed, 'that both directly and by implication she is 'making an assertion which she has no right whatever to make.' The statement of Mrs. Gordon concerns her own personal knowledge; she had every right to make it, and it is in itself a perfectly moderate and negative apology. The statement of her critic, on the contrary, is a positive assertion of merit which no sensible person would venture to claim for any but a very few of the most perfect characters the world has seen! We have gone out of our way to notice this little fermentation of the old Conservative lees, because it appears to us to afford the strongest corroboration of the general accuracy and fairness of Mrs. Gordon's

narrative. The examples cited of her alleged want of candour show very plainly that the critic was much at a loss for matter to substantiate the general accusation preferred against the book, and, unfortunately for him, bear conclusively on their face the evidence of his own deficiency in the quality above mentioned.

We shall not attempt to rehearse here the story of the birth and fortunes of 'Blackwood's Magazine.' It is not pleasant to go back into that atmosphere of party heat, unscrupulous personality, and boundless self-assertion. Nor is it either easy or profitable to assign to each of the leading hands in the work his proper share of the mischief that was done. Suffice it that beyond all question John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart were the two chief contributors at the commencement, and during the whole time that the Magazine was struggling to establish its position as a counteractive influence to the exclusive domination of the 'Edinburgh Review.' No periodical—not even the great Whig Review itself—ever had at its service two men of such thorough efficiency and aptitude for periodical work, such lavish wealth of resources, such versatility of power, such utter recklessness in its exercise. But they worked under the superintendence of one of the coolest-headed and most sagacious men of business that ever set on foot a literary undertaking; a man who had the clearest sense of what suited the public taste, and could steer his course with admirable skill among the various and opposing elements which surrounded the pathway to success. The early history of the Magazine reminds one a good deal of American journalism, and the means that have been on system adopted by some of its leading conductors for arresting the public attention and creating a 'sensation,' with this difference, that the writing in 'Blackwood' was uniformly of high literary merit, and that the offences against morality and good taste were confined to the period of its extreme youth. Mr. Blackwood was a man who knew the advantage of making a sensation; and though he must often have felt uncomfortable, and experienced much difficulty in managing his young and reckless contributors, his balance-sheet told him that the thing was paying, and that even an occasional action of damages (which was no rarity during the early years of the Magazine) was worth submitting to in consideration of the invaluable services of the men who provoked it; besides, that even that was, in its way, a contribution to the fame of the periodical! It is impossible to justify the tone and style of the articles in which such men as Coleridge, and Hunt, and Hazlitt were held up to public odium as persons not merely of despicable intellect, but of bad morals. It is even more difficult

to justify the insinuations of infidelity and hypocrisy levelled against such men as Playfair. Still, it is but fair to bear in mind that the men who, so far as we can know, had the chief hand in these truculent attacks, were young and inexperienced in literary work; that they came into the field of letters like untried warriors, rejoicing in the greatness of their strength, and with certain convictions, or at least opinions, in politics, which impelled them to treat every man as a mere target for their shafts who held opposite views. That they were quite earnest and sincere in the professions of zeal for the highest interests, which they put forth as the excuse for their outrages on every good feeling, it would be too much to believe. But neither are we disposed to attribute all that wantonness of theirs to downright badness of heart. They probably did make themselves believe that they were fighting for a good cause, in opposition to powerful enemies, who held an acknowledged ascendancy in the intellectual world upon all questions of politics and literature; and one can understand how irritating it must have been to men of high spirit and intellect to feel that their side, which was in full possession of practical political power, was so miserably represented in the field of periodical literature. That very fact, however, makes us the less disposed to sympathize with the means they adopted for making their own power felt when they got the opportunity. The consideration that they fought in ranks which were supported by the whole power of the Government, while their adversaries struggled, and had done so for years, in the 'cold shade' of opposition, ought to have made them more chivalrous and lenient in their criticisms, instead of imparting double acrimony to their pens. While, therefore, we can make due allowance for the recklessness and impetuosity of youth in the use of new weapons, and appreciate the sallies of 'Blackwood's' juvenile days, so far as they were the mere exuberance of wit and high spirits, we have no tolerance whatever for that insolent swash-buckler style which went butting headlong against all opposition, treating all men as idiots or knaves who refused to admire the Prince Regent, or to admit that the British Constitution was incapable of amendment. Something of that coarse and overbearing tone continued to mark the political writing of the Magazine long after the offensive personalities of its earlier career had been abandoned as unworthy of a periodical claiming the highest rank in the republic of letters, and its influence has not altogether disappeared even in these modern days of temperate discussion and fusion of opinions. So strong is the direction, whether for good or evil, transmitted by men of original genius to their successors, that the oracular fury continues to be exhibited after the inspiration has died away.

But looking to the better characteristics of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' apart from those faults which nobody now denies, and which even the chief offenders in course of time admitted, it is impossible not to admire the spirit and vivacity which pervaded its pages during the first years of its history. In that respect it was quite a new phenomenon at the time when it started. The 'Edinburgh Review' had lost the freshness of its youth. The 'Quarterly' was still more pompous and uninteresting. No other periodical was in existence which attempted to be at once solid in matter and lively in style. This combination in the new Magazine was beyond question the real cause of its extraordinary success. For however the public may enjoy a 'sensation' at the expense of individual suffering, and the ebullition of mere fun and satire, these things can never establish a permanent reputation for any man or periodical without the addition of more solid claims to respect. Even *Punch* could not have held its ground and raised itself to the rank of a power in literature, had its wit and comicalities not rested on a basis of honest English common-sense and public spirit. The fun of 'Blackwood' was often coarse and boisterous, depending sometimes on the most unwarrantable liberties being taken with the names and reputations of private individuals. This was notably the case with the Ettrick Shepherd and the fat, good-natured Dr. Scott of Glasgow, dubbed 'the Odontist.' The Shepherd being a simple sort of man, with a strong dash of vanity in his composition, was made to figure before the public in the most unexpected ways, as the author of sayings which he had never uttered, and poems which he saw for the first time in the pages of the Magazine. In vain he protested against this vicarious celebrity. Imagining he could stop the mischief, he contributed nothing without his name. But he found this precaution of small avail: his name continued to appear in connection with fictitious compositions, for which he got the credit or discredit as duly as for those which were really his own. His objections to this kind of forced notoriety appear, however, not to have been so serious at the time as he afterwards represented; and the reckless conspirators who took such liberties with his name had probably some reason to suppose that he did not altogether dislike the blazoning of his name before the public. Still less did the 'Odontist' object to the reputation which was thrust upon him by these outrageous jokers. This jolly person was a practising dentist in Glasgow, and guiltless of the composition of one line of poetry or prose, except, perhaps, an advertisement, in all his life. That was no objection, however, but rather the reverse, to his being made to figure in the Magazine as one of the most

brilliant and valued of its contributors ! Songs and poems under his name were constantly appearing, in the rhapsodical descriptions of the meetings of contributors, which ultimately took the form of the '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*.' He appeared as one of the first and most honoured of the guests ; and at length a grave announcement was made, in the list of new works prefixed to the Magazine, that a volume of poems by James Scott, Esq., Jamaica Street, Glasgow, was 'in the press.' The *Odontist* took all this in very good part, and seems to have felt not a little flattered by the distinction thus conferred upon him. To such absurd length did the hoax reach, that having paid a visit to Liverpool, he was seized hold of by some of the hospitable inhabitants as a literary lion of no small mark, and publicly entertained to a dinner, at which he replied to the toast of '*The glorious Odontist of Blackwood*' with perfect complacency. Such is the influence of a reputation, that his entertainers did not discover any incongruity between the real character of their guest and that which Blackwood's wits had conferred upon him.

Mrs. Gordon has been unable to obtain authentic materials for identifying her father's contributions to the Magazine before 1826, a period of eight years. This is perhaps not to be regretted, as his admirers would probably have found many things in the list which they would rather not see coupled with his name. Numerous and powerful as was the literary staff whom Mr. Blackwood had rallied around him, it appears that for the first few years his main reliance for regular contributions was on Wilson and Lockhart, who between them were capable at any time, as Mrs. Gordon says, of producing the whole contents of a number. That they often did contribute in this way the greater portion of the contents of a Magazine is, judging from internal evidence, very probable. Wilson alone, when the work afterwards devolved mainly on him, is known to have written in the course of a few days a considerable part of a number. Of his marvellous power of production, and the extent of his contributions to the Magazine, we shall speak more particularly afterwards. But though that versatile and formidable pair were undoubtedly the mainstay of Blackwood, and the authors of most of that lively but often censurable writing which gave the Magazine its popularity, there were other very able and not more scrupulous hands at the bottom of some of the offences which brought the publisher most practical trouble. Among these was the writer, whoever he might have been, of a short article bearing the fictitious signature of '*Olin-thius Petre, D.D., T.C.D.*,' in which it was insinuated that the reason of Sir John Leslie's having depreciated the language and

notation of the Hebrews was its being the language of the sacred Scriptures. Sir John brought an action of damages for libel against the publisher; and there is still extant a report of the learned arguments, *pro* and *con.*, of Messrs. Moncreiff, and Jeffrey, and Cockburn, and Forsyth, in which the whole subject of the notation of the Semitic languages, and the 'Theory of Heat,' are entered into with stupendous gravity and elaborateness. The result of the trial was a verdict in favour of Mr. Blackwood. He was less successful, however, in some other actions, one of which, brought by the landlord of the 'Black Bull,' in Edinburgh, for defamatory charges made against his hostelry in 'Peter's Letters,' cost him (or the authors) several hundred pounds. The mention of the latter work suggests a word or two here on the subject, Mrs. Gordon having omitted to give any particulars regarding it. This was a joint literary undertaking of Wilson and Lockhart, and made its appearance in 1819. In accordance with the system of mystification pursued by the authors in the Magazine, it professed to be the production of a Dr. Peter Morris, a Welsh physician who had just visited Scotland, and recorded his impression of the country and its inhabitants, particularly the contemporary celebrities of Edinburgh, in the form of 'Letters to his Kinsfolk.' The work as published by Mr. Blackwood professed to be a 'second edition;' but no first edition ever has been discovered by any bibliographer, and the fact that simultaneously with the publication there appeared an elaborate notice of the book in the Magazine, made it pretty plain that Dr. Peter Morris was on very intimate terms with Mr. Blackwood and his staff. Though containing a good deal of matter that has now lost its interest, the literary merit of this work is such that it must always rank high among contemporary delineations of men and manners. The sketches of the chief luminaries, literary and legal, who then adorned the capital of Scotland, are extremely graphic and remarkably truthful, considering that the subjects of them were for the most part Whigs. The rise and progress of 'Blackwood's Magazine' are related with wonderful fairness, and the terms used to characterize the wanton attacks which disgraced its young days are edifyingly severe: 'bad,' 'pitiable,' 'unjustifiable,' 'disgraceful,' etc. Probably the writers took this form of making amends for them, as at once a satisfaction to their own better feelings and a blind against the conclusion that it was the same pens which perpetrated the offences and afterwards indited their condemnation. These letters contain also some very able strictures on the Scottish character, system of education, and religious peculiarities, and some passages of considerable eloquence and pathos. The uniformity of style is so well sus-

tained that it would need a very acute eye to point out the places where Wilson begins and Lockhart ends. Among the other sketches is one of Wilson himself, giving a pretty discriminating, and by no means too eulogistic, estimate of his merits as a poet and Professor. His appearance is thus described:—

'In complexion, he is the best specimen I have ever seen of the genuine or ideal *Goth*. His hair is of the true Sicambrian yellow; his eyes are of the brightest, and at the same time the clearest, blue; and the blood glows in his cheeks with as firm a fervour as it did, according to the description of Jornandes, in those of the "*bello gaudentes, prælio ridentes, Tentones of Attila.*"'

We have seen on what friendly terms Wilson and Jeffrey were in 1817. Their friendship, as might have been expected, received a serious check when Wilson became known as one of the chief contributors to a periodical which made it a great part of its aim to throw discredit on the 'Edinburgh Review' and its supporters. Jeffrey himself was always spoken of in terms of respect, though something of irony might be detected under the expressions of esteem with which his name was mentioned. But some of his most valued and venerated contributors were made the subjects of the most malignant attack; and this was more than the editor's good-nature could stand, especially when the charges so unjustly brought involved the character and honour of the Review in the most serious manner. The crowning offence of this kind was a letter purporting to be a translation from the German addressed by the Baron Lauerwinkel to Professor Laugner of the University of Königsberg, in which that learned man was charged, in a strain of the most offensive mock-solemnity, with having turned his back on the faith he once preached, and employed his talents as a reviewer for the propagation of infidel principles. This vicious assault was directed against Professor Playfair, who had at one time been a clergyman of the Scottish Church, but gave up his living to become a Professor of Mathematics, and afterwards of Natural Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh. We can as little doubt, as Mrs. Gordon does, that the author of it was the 'Scorpion' of Mr. Blackwood's menagerie, the black-haired, Spanish-complexioned, scornful-lipped Oxonian, J. G. Lockhart, a man whose character, in spite of all that can be said in extenuation of its unpleasant features, we cannot bring ourselves to regard with any measure of approval. The contrast Mrs. Gordon draws between his aspect and mode of warfare and those of her father, appears to us to be pretty near the mark. The one could be savage and truculent, but he brought in warm blood, dealing his blows as with a

club. The other fought with a rapier, and sometimes used the stiletto, never losing his temper, and never sparing the life-blood. It is difficult to recall to mind the fate of John Scott, the brave and honest editor of the 'London Magazine,' without attributing a heavy portion of the guilt involved in his tragic end to the cool and persevering vindictiveness of Lockhart.*

The letter of the Baron Lauerwinkel led to an interruption of the friendship between Jeffrey and Wilson, which, however, was in after-years resumed, an agreeable illustration of Wilson's own fine sentiment 'The Enmities are mortal: the Humanities live for ever.' Jeffrey's letter on the subject is very frank and honourable—indeed, is of such a character that we think it should not be withheld from our readers.

' Craigcrook House, 13th October, 1818.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of enclosing a draft for a very inconsiderable sum, which is the remuneration our publisher enables me to make for your valuable contribution to the last number of the 'Edinburgh Review;' and though nobody can know better than I do, that nothing was less in your contemplation in writing that article, it is a consequence to which you must resign yourself, as all our other regular contributors have done before you.

'And now, having acquitted myself of the awkward part of my office with my usual awkwardness, I should proceed to talk to you of further contributions, and, . . . to save editorial disquisition on the best style of composition for such a journal, if I had not a still more awkward and far more painful subject to discuss in the first place.

'You are said to be a principal writer in, and a great director and active supporter of Blackwood's "Edinburgh Magazine." In the last number of that work there is an attack upon my excellent friend Mr. Playfair, in my judgment so unhandsome and uncandid, that I really cannot consent either to ask or accept of favours from any one who is aiding or assisting in such a publication.

'I have not the least idea that you had any concern in the composition of that particular paper, and perhaps I have been misinformed as to the nature and extent of your connection with the work in general. But if it be as I supposed, and if you still profess to take the same interest in that Magazine, I do not see that we can possibly co-operate in any other publication.

'I have no right certainly, and I am sure I have no intention, to rebuke you for any opinions you may entertain, or any views you may have formed of the proper way of expressing them; but if you think the scope and strain of the paper to which I allude in any degree justifiable, I can only say that your notions differ so widely

* Mr. Scott died of a wound received in a duel with a friend of Mr. Lockhart's, the result of his refusal to apologize for some severe and well-merited strictures in his Magazine upon the character and conduct of the Blackwood set of libellers.

from mine, that it is better that we should have no occasion to discuss them. To me, I confess, it appears that the imputations it contains are as malignant as they are false; and having openly applied these epithets to them whenever I have had occasion to speak on the subject, I flatter myself that I do not violate the courtesy which I unfeignedly wish to observe towards you, or act unsuitably with the regard which I hope always to entertain for you, if I plainly repeat them here, as the grounds of a statement with which no light considerations could have induced me to trouble you.

‘I say, then, that it is *false* that it is one of the principal objects, or any object at all, of the “Edinburgh Review” to discredit religion, or promote the cause of infidelity. I who have conducted the work for nearly fifteen years should know something of its objects, and I declare to you, upon my honour, that nothing with that tendency has ever been inserted without its being followed with sincere regret both on my part and on that of all who have any permanent connection with the work. That expressions of a light and indecorous nature have sometimes escaped us in the hurry of composition, and that in exposing the excesses of bigotry and intolerance a tone of too great levity has been sometimes employed, I am most ready with all humility to acknowledge; but that anything was ever bespoken or written by the regular supporters of the work, or admitted, except by inadvertence, with a view to discredit the truth of religion, I most positively deny, and that it is no part of its object to do so I think must be felt by every one of its candid readers.

‘In the second place, I say it is false that Mr. P. lent his support to the “Review” in order to give credit and currency to its alleged infidel principles.

‘And, finally, it is false that the writings which he has contributed to it have had any tendency to support those principles, or are intended to counteract the lessons which he once taught from the pulpit.’

What reply Wilson made to this manly expression of feeling we do not know; but certain it is that he continued to justify the imputation of consenting to, if not participating in, the misdeeds of the Magazine by adhering to it as one of its chief supporters. On this matter Mrs. Gordon’s apology for her father is hardly satisfactory. She says,—

‘I can have no doubt that he would not attempt to justify the malignant article. But he was not a man to abandon his associates even when he disagreed with them. He had cast in his lot with “Blackwood” and its principles, and was resolved to stand by them at all hazards.’

It is hardly conceivable that Wilson had not sufficient influence with Mr. Blackwood to prevent the appearance of such papers as the Baron’s letter, had he chosen to exercise it; and

however much we may honour his fidelity to his associates, we cannot regard his duty to them as in any way annulling the higher obligations of truth and justice.

The evil effects of this complication in so much that was discreditable in due time came to face Wilson in a very serious form when he appeared before the public, in 1820, as a candidate for the Chair of Moral Philosophy.

Elections to university chairs in Edinburgh have been, till the recent transference of the patronage from the Town Council, the occasions, at times, of as much caballing and excitement as any political contest. In many cases they were, in fact, political contests and nothing more; and so it turned out when Wilson aspired to fill the chair of Dugald Stewart. The contest lay between him and Sir William Hamilton, and was carried on by their respective partisans with a zeal and bitterness strangely at variance with the mutual esteem and good-feeling that existed between the two candidates. But though Wilson had to fight his way to the chair against furious opposition, the victory, looking to the corrupt state of borough politics at that time, loses much of its glory when it is remembered that the whole influence of the Government party was on his side. And though his adversaries carried their opposition to a most unjustifiable length, assailing his private character with an almost incredible rancour, one can well sympathize with those who scouted the claims of a poet, remarkable in common repute chiefly by his eccentricity and his intimate connection with a periodical notorious for its scurrility, as compared with those of a man conspicuous even at Oxford for the vastness of his learning, and distinguished, in the eyes of all competent judges, as one who had already made Philosophy the study of his life. Calmly estimating their respective fitness for the chair of moral science, there can be no question of the superiority of Hamilton's claims. But the question with the patrons was simply one of Whig or Tory; and the Tory was elected accordingly, by an overwhelming majority. The appointment turned out a good one; but we are not, on that account, to ignore the influence to which it was really due. Wilson applied himself to his new duties with all the ardour of his nature, and eagerly appealed for assistance and advice to such of his friends as he could rely on. Chief among these was Dr. Alexander Blair, a physician of studious habits and extensive learning, who appears to have greatly aided his friend in the preparation of his first course of lectures. Wilson was, in point of fact, very ill prepared for the task he had undertaken. He had bestowed no special attention on philosophy in any of its branches, and had, probably, never read anything on

the subject beyond the prescribed course of Oxford study. But having once got the call to apply his mind to it, he did so with a will, and honestly set himself to the acquisition of that fitness for his work which he now realized as a sacred duty. The confiding simplicity with which he throws himself on the support of his friend Blair, and begs for light and guidance, is extremely characteristic. It shows Mrs. Gordon's confidence in the solidity of her father's claims to veneration as a Professor, that she has published these letters; and we think she has done right. Though they reveal the comparative poverty of his acquaintance with Philosophy at the time when he took upon him to stand in the place of Brown and Stewart, they indicate a mind fully capable of grappling with the subject, and determined, so far as he could, to do it justice. Whether it be exactly true or not that he was 'as much a philosopher as a poet,' we are not the least disposed to disparage his claims to be regarded as an able and successful teacher of Moral Philosophy, nor to regard it as any just measure of his services in that capacity that he did not 'advance the science' by any positive 'contribution.' Those who criticise in that style would, perhaps, be at a loss to state what contribution to the science of Morals, or of Mind in general, was made by either of his distinguished predecessors. There is, probably, a good deal of humbug talked on this subject. Wilson did what was better than any pretended addition to the sum of human knowledge in the domain of Moral Philosophy: he gave, to the best of his capacity, which was certainly neither shallow nor contemptible, an exposition of the motives of human action; the grounds of the distinction between virtue and vice; the effects of the passions; the duties of man as an individual, a member of society, and an immortal creature accountable to God. These topics he analyzed with no common acuteness, and illustrated with an eloquence which has not been in modern times surpassed in any university chair. And thus he won the attention and fascinated the hearts of thirty annual successions of Scottish students, stimulating them to generous ambition, and a love of all things pure, and lovely, and of good report; while in his private relations they ever found him a sympathetic friend and counsellor, a man full of the milk of human kindness, and so utterly destitute of academic pride or reserve, that he was never ashamed to confess his difficulties, and did not disdain to open them in discussion even with ingenuous boys. It is no wonder that such a man was the idol of his pupils, and that his name is still cherished with a proud fondness, such as the possession of the most unrivalled erudition and speculative power would never of themselves have awakened or kept alive. In this respect

Wilson occupied a very similar position to that of his illustrious cotemporary and sometime colleague, Dr. Chalmers. No one pretends to say that Chalmers was a great or learned theologian, or that in his theological lectures or treatises he made any contribution to divinity entitling him to rank among the chief master-builders of doctrine; and yet it is not denied that he was one of the most influential and successful teachers of modern times. The secret of his power consisted in his mighty individuality and faith, in the perennial fulness and freshness of life and genius that was in him, making even common thoughts new and striking, and inspiring all who came within range of his influence with something of his own contagious and generous ardour. So it was with Wilson. Both alike were men of warm and diffusive genius, and resembled each other in this, too, that they united great simplicity and humility with the most commanding talents, and were ever ready to discover merits in the thoughts of others where men of colder and mediocre nature could see little or none. Thus Chalmers would say, in perfect good faith, of a sermon which lesser critics had perhaps considered dull, 'Mr. — was 'very 'great this morning!' The light of the hearer's large imagination had invested the preacher's thoughts with its own bounteous radiance. So Wilson, in criticising his students' essays, was, in the words of Mr. Hill Burton's most interesting reminiscences, 'charitable and cordial to the utmost sketch of magnanimous 'charity.' No one who was ever present on any of the great field-days when he announced his prize-list, going over the names and merits of the successful competitors, can forget the intense interest and excitement of the scene. There was always a great crowd, for it was known that on such occasions the Professor 'came out' in some of his most characteristic phases. A great pile of MSS., written on every size and quality of paper, was laid beside the desk by the class-janitor, a little before twelve o'clock. These were the essays of the successful youths; and eager eyes were now directed to that heap, to see if one's *own* compositions were really there, on which so much midnight gas had been consumed during the long winter nights. Proud was the man who spied the red or blue silk with which he had so jauntily bound up his MS. peeping out near the top of the pile; and thrice proud was he who recognized his own veritable sheets on the summit! In came the Professor, a little after twelve o'clock, amid a storm of cheers, with a piece of paper and two little cases, containing his gold and silver medals, in his hand. These he placed beside his desk, and after a comprehensive and kindly glance all round the benches, and perhaps a sudden fixed gaze towards the window, he began, and there was

instant silence. After some general and complimentary remarks on the large number and excellence of the essays, and the difficulty of adjudging their respective merits, and perhaps the statement that he had got up that morning at five o'clock, and had ever since been going over those which he had difficulty about, and had only within the last hour been able to make up his mind, he proceeded to announce the fortunate winner of the gold medal, his own special prize. To him probably he would say he had no hesitation in assigning his place. He had written no less than ten 'very able and elaborate essays,' and from an early period of the session had exhibited a very decided superiority of power to deal with the various important questions he had selected for discussion. Then the great hand seized the topmost layer of MS., and held it up for a moment to the admiring gaze of the audience. Laying them down on the desk, the Professor then proceeded to read their titles, and to characterize them one by one, with a general eulogium at the close. Then he took the gold medal from its case, and peering forward with a searching glance, summoned Mr. Thomas Brown (or whatever his name might be) to come up. All eyes now turned to see what sort of man he was who had done such great things, and won so high praise from the lips of Christopher North. Out stepped, perhaps, a pale-faced, modest-looking youth, wrapped up in a great-coat and cravat, and giving too much evidence that if his mind was strong his body was not. On such a man the stalwart Professor would bestow a benignant smile, and perhaps inquire in a low voice about his health, while he took the broad blue ribbon attached to the medal and placed it round his neck amid the cheers of the class-room. So he proceeded down the list, sometimes a very long one; for the Professor was generous in his awards, characterizing each man's productions with warm but discriminating criticism, and an impartiality that never was questioned. Even the lowest on the list was made to feel that he had got justice and perhaps more than justice, and that he had not laboured in vain; while a numerous batch of 'honourably mentioned' came in at the close for their share of honour; so that none but an idler or a blockhead was without chance in that class of carrying a laurel away. The Professor's humour generally found some scope on these occasions, and his praise was sometimes mixed with banter that could not pain the subject of it even when provocative of irresistible laughter. The *handwriting* of some careless man of genius was often made the topic of an elaborate and doleful complaint; the Professor describing, with grave circumstantiality, how it had cost him so many precious hours to decipher this gentleman's wonderful hiero-

glyphics—his own handwriting he had believed to be difficult to surpass, but this writer had now brought him to regard it as highly *legible*—how, in his anxiety to do him justice and penetrate his meaning, he had called in the aid of some of Mr. Blackwood's most experienced compositors, and how they had been utterly baffled; how, at length, he had, by a Herculean effort of zeal and prolonged attention, been able to get some clue to the mysterious characters, and been rewarded by finding that this worst of all writers that had ever been seen, was a gentleman of very considerable acuteness and eloquence, to whom he now had the pleasure of awarding the —th prize! A day was fixed for reading portions of the prize-essays, and those who felt equal to the ordeal of reading their compositions from that platform from which they had heard so much eloquence during the session, were called up there in their turn. A pleasant sight it was to see the grand old man standing erect, with head inclined, and eyes of paternal interest bent on some precocious boy, as he read out a selected passage of superior excellence on the 'Tuition of 'the Moral Faculty,' or 'The *A Priori* Argument.' That sight we well remember seeing on one of the last days that ever he appeared in his class-room. The gentleman who then stood reading beside the Professor has furnished one of the most interesting and comprehensive of the various reminiscences out of which Mrs. Gordon has made up this portion of the Memoir. Making allowance for the partiality of a favourite pupil, we believe Mr. Innes's estimate of the Professor's character as a lecturer to be substantially just. After alluding to the general notion that Wilson was too much of a poet to be a good lecturer, he says:—

'Nothing was further from the truth in that year 1850. In the very first lecture he cut into the core of the subject, raised the question which has always in this country been held to be the hardest and deepest in the science (the origin of the Moral Faculty), and *hammered* at it through the great part of the session. . . . It was not till the latter part of the session, in his lectures on the Affections and the Imagination, that he adopted a looser style of treatment, and wandered freely over a more inviting field. . . . It is well known that his own doctrine (though it was never quite fixed, and he stated publicly to his class at the close of his last session that he had all along been conscious there was some gap in it) was opposed to the general Scotch system of Moral Philosophy. His *Eudæmonism* was in fact a sublimed Utilitarianism; so refined and sublimed that it might have appeared quite a fair course to have avoided discussing those metaphysical and psychological questions which lie at the roots of the general controversy. He did not follow this course. On the contrary, he laid bare the whole question:

Whether conscience be a product of experience, or an original and intuitive faculty, with a frankness and fairness which are exceedingly rare, and which impressed most those who most differed from him; and at the same time with a perception of the *status questionis*, how it bore on all that followed, and how the teaching of each philosopher bore upon it, which makes me regard his lectures as the most comprehensive, and indeed the most *valuable* thing in our language on this particular question, with the single exception of Sir James Mackintosh's Dissertation.

'His appearance in his class-room it is far easier to remember than to forget. He strode into it with the Professor's gown hanging loosely on his arms, took a comprehensive look over the mob of young faces, laid down his watch so as to be out of the reach of his sledge-hammer fist, glanced at the notes of his lecture (generally written on the most wonderful scraps of paper), and then, to the bewilderment of those who had never heard him before, looked long and earnestly out of the north window, towards the spire of the old Tron Kirk; until, having at last got his idea, he faced round and uttered it with eye and hand, and voice and soul and spirit, and bore the class along with him. As he spoke, the bright blue eye looked with a strange gaze into vacancy, sometimes sparkling with a coming joke, sometimes darkening before a rush of indignant eloquence; the tremulous upper lip curving with every wave of thought or hint of passion, and the golden-grey hair floating on the old man's mighty shoulders—if indeed that could be called age, which seemed but the immortality of a more majestic youth. And occasionally, in the finer frenzy of his more imaginative passages—as when he spoke of Alexander, clay-cold at Babylon, with the world lying conquered round his tomb, or of the Highland hills, that pour the rage of cataracts adown their riven cliffs, or even of the human mind, with its "primeval granitic truths," the grand old face flushed with the proud thought, and the eyes grew dim with tears, and the magnificent frame quivered with a universal emotion. It was something to have seen Professor Wilson—this all confessed; but it was something also, and more than is generally understood, to have studied under him.'

We have passed suddenly from 1820 to 1850; but our space does not admit of our following more in detail the course of the Professor's career in the interval. The chief incidents that varied the tenor of his life, as already said, were his occasional rambles into the country, or quiet sojourns with his family, during holiday-time, at Ellera, or Tweedside, or Ettrick Forest. The rest of the time was fully occupied with writing for 'Blackwood,' and the duties of his chair. Without stopping to notice here any of the events or incidents that marked the generally even current of his life, this may be the proper place to say something on his contributions to the Magazine, and the place to which they entitle Wilson among British men of letters. That place, if

during his own lifetime apt to be exaggerated by his admirers, is now in some danger of being underrated, judging at least by such an off-hand verdict as that recently pronounced by a journal of some rank as a representative of modern criticism: 'There is really nothing to say about Wilson's writings, and nothing to criticise in them. Their merits lie on the surface.' This is a very easy and convenient mode of settling a man's claims to fame, and to those—the majority, as it happens—who are not inclined to go beyond 'the surface' will, no doubt, be entirely satisfactory; for who does not know that the 'Saturday Review' is seldom wrong? In this instance we venture with submission to think that it is very far wrong indeed, and doubtless for the best of reasons, that this *nonchalant* Rhadamanthus was very little acquainted with Wilson's writings, and naturally found nothing to criticise where he never looked for it. The materials for judgment to ordinary readers are of course confined to the selection contained in the twelve volumes edited by Professor Ferrier, including four of 'Noctes,' three of 'Recreations,' three of Critical Essays, and two of Tales and Poetry. That selection, however, happens not to contain a large number of Wilson's best and most elaborate compositions, and his Lectures, it would appear, are not now to be looked for, which is much to be regretted. Looking merely to the quantity of his composition, it exhibits a power of production and variety of subject to which no parallel can be found even in this age of prolific writers. The list appended to Mrs. Gordon's volumes numbers 300 articles, making a total of 6,178 pages of 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Allowing another 100 as the probable figure for the eight years preceding 1826, we have, at the same average, a total of 8,234 pages, an amount of print capable of filling probably from fifty to seventy volumes of the same size as the edition by Professor Ferrier. This, it must be admitted, was a good tale of work, apart from its quality, to be executed by a man who at the same time discharged, during half the year, the duties of a Professor, and was never remiss in their discharge. It entitles him at least to respect as a man who, though a poet, was no dreamer, and while passionately fond of recreation, never ceased, while his hand could wield the pen, to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow. It would need great defects in the *quality* of that writing to take away from its *quantity* the merits of prodigious industry, variety, and contemporary influence. Viewed, therefore, in the lowest light, as a mere hack-workman, Wilson must be regarded as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, that modern literature has produced.

But surely this is not his sole or chief claim to distinction as a man of letters. During those thirty years that he so laboured and reigned on the throne of 'Blackwood,' he gradually won for himself an all but universal acknowledgment of pre-eminence as a critic. Was that contemporary opinion a mere fashion and a delusion, or was there that in his critical judgments, especially in poetry, which justified the general consent? It appears to us that there was no delusion in the matter, and that Wilson was justly entitled to his assumed place as the great critical autocrat of his generation, and not only so, but the inaugurator of a new and truer kind of criticism than had prevailed before his day. The peculiarity and merit of it was this, that in his judgments of all works, poetical or prose, addressed to the general ear, he brought them to the test, not of the canons of learned men, but of the sympathies and intelligence of ordinary readers. These sympathies and that intelligence he regarded it as a great part of the critic's function to quicken and educate, so that the work of criticism might more and more become helpful to the discovery of excellence, rather than to the easier and poorer exercise of indicating defects. We think it cannot be denied by any one who has carefully read the best of Wilson's critical papers in 'Blackwood,' that this was the rationale and chief aim of his work as a critic. We think it is equally impossible to deny that the work he so did bore fruit, and that its influence may still be traced in our literature and in our mode of judging books. It were well, indeed, if we saw more of that which very notably distinguished Wilson as a critic—not merely his large capacity for entering sympathetically into the thoughts of other men, but his magnanimous self-abnegation in the task of expounding them. Plenteous as were his own mental resources, he thought it no sacrifice of his dignity as a critic to act the part of a mere *cicerone* to his reader, in pointing out the beauties of writers whom he esteemed, and to throw his strength into the illustration of their thoughts rather than the display of his own. For that oracular egotism of Christopher North, which superficial readers take as the expression of Wilson's personal character, was the merest play of fancy. His estimate of his own productions as he advanced in life was singularly modest; and while the fictitious North was duly held up to respect as an authority not to be gainsayed, he still, in his capacity of critic, made the author to whom he was introducing his reader the prominent person, and not, as we so often see, the mere peg for hanging his own thoughts to view, a personage to be shoved aside after a few sentences to make way for the esteemed figure of 'our noble 'selves.' There may have been, as Coleridge in his 'Table

'Talk' says, simultaneously with an expression of personal gratitude—('How can I wish,' he says, 'that he should cease to write what so often soothes and suspends my bodily miseries and my mental conflicts?')—'a reckless waste of talent, or even genius, in the pages of "Blackwood;"' and the strength devoted by Wilson to the illustration of other men's thoughts might conceivably have been directed to results more conducive to his permanent fame in the elaboration of his own. But to say that the powers which he so exercised were thrown away unworthily, is a senseless exaggeration. That we may not 'incur the charge of 'random eulogy,' we would point for illustration of these statements to the extensive series of papers on Homer (characterized by Mr. Gladstone as containing 'the most vivid and genial criticisms in our own or any other language'), those on the Greek Drama and the Greek Anthology, on Athenæus and Theocritus, on the Latin Anthology, on the Hindoo Drama, the six papers on Spenser, the 'Specimens of the British Critics,' and the 'Dies Boreales,' which contain some of the most profound and original criticisms on 'Macbeth' and 'Othello' that have ever been written. All this, in addition to the innumerable separate articles on contemporary poets and poetry, and a vast amount of similar comment embodied in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' constitutes a body of poetical criticism such as no other English writer has produced, and sufficient, if collected together, to form, apart from any other claims to remembrance, a most substantial monument of genius and industry. To use the words of one whose own fame rests on a collection of miscellanies neither so extensive in quantity nor so rich and varied in merit as Wilson's, and who yet will ever rank among the chief of English writers—Thomas de Quincey—"Above all, from his meditative examinations of great poets, Greek and English, may be formed a *florilegium* of thoughts the most profound and the most gorgeously illustrated that exist in human composition."

Of his power to grapple with subjects of a graver kind, in a style perfectly divested of that florid and profuse imaginativeness which characterizes his 'Recreations,' we have clear proof in numerous articles on questions of Political Economy, showing a breadth of common-sense, and a capacity to deal with hard facts and figures, utterly at variance with the notion that he was great only as a poetical rhapsodist. Of such may be named his papers on Sadler's 'Balance of Food,' on the 'Factory System,' on the 'Poor Laws and Ireland,' and on 'Definitions of Wealth.' As specimens of discussions on important social problems we would point to an article, in 1830, 'On the Education of the People,' showing a full and liberal comprehension of the subject; and

another in the same volume, on 'The Punishment of Death,' containing a most able and philosophical argument against capital punishment. His metaphysical acumen is displayed in many unexpected touches in the midst of his lighter compositions; e.g., in his review of Carlyle's translation of Jean Paul's 'Schmelye's Journey,' where there may be found a subtle analysis of the Philosophy of Fear. But it is more elaborately exhibited in the series of eight disquisitions entitled 'The Meta-physician,' in which he systematically, and with an ingenuity admirably noted by such authorities as Cousin, Hamilton, and De Quincey, took up and discussed some of the main points at issue between the Scottish School of Psychology and its opponents, as represented by Hume and Brown. Coming lastly to his best known and appreciated characteristics as a writer of amusing miscellanies, whose merits 'lie on the surface,' there is even here enough, we think, to mark him as a man not merely *sui generis* and inimitable, but deserving of enduring and grateful remembrance. The defects of that rhapsodical style which is illustrated in the 'Noctes' and the 'Recreations,' are as much on the surface as the merits; and if we test these singular compositions by the rules of a pedantic rhetoric, or by that worst method of criticism which can do nothing except by comparison with fixed models, they must certainly be pronounced very anomalous and extravagant. They contrast astoundingly with the chaste and orderly precision of Addison, or the uniform richness and stately dignity of Macaulay. Their humour often verges on coarseness, their pathos on sentimentality, and their eloquence on bombast. They descend at times even to triviality and nonsense. Yet with all that, there is nothing like them of their own sort in the English or any other language. The wild Highland burn, that rushes birch-fringed through rocks, and heathy knolls, and wildernesses of bracken, is not to be denied the praise of beauty and delightfulness because it is most unlike the gentle and pleasant stream that winds its sweet way among cultured fields, and sylvan glades, and the smoke of cottages. Neither shall we call Wilson's impetuous and erratic prose other than picturesque and delightful, though so very different from the ever-charming quaintness of Lamb, or the easy strength of Hazlitt, or the chaste simplicity of Southey. Be his defects what they may, he is always natural, genial, hearty, sympathetic with everything good, and manly, and free. He must be very dull, or very conceited, or very *blasé* and sour-grained, who can read Christopher North's 'Recreations' without enjoyment; and he must be a very perfect man indeed who cannot draw from them some wholesome and heart-improving influence. Amid all their

wilful extravagancies they contain passages of surpassing eloquence and beauty;* they are pervaded throughout by a vein of high and pure moral feeling; they bring us into contact at every point with the freshness and freedom of nature; and they never betray a thought that is ungenerous, uncharitable, or unbelieving. At the close of the last of these papers, as collected by himself, he expresses, with no affected modesty, the hope that they may be accepted as containing *some* thoughts and feelings that will keep him in remembrance after he has passed away. It might well satisfy this honest longing, as an indication of the gratitude he craved from posterity, that such a benediction as this was pronounced upon his head during his lifetime by one of the ablest of modern writers, in the best of all her many able books:—†

‘Blessings, above all, on Christopher North! We cannot but wonder whether he ever cast a thought upon such as we are when breasting the breeze on the moors, or pressing up the mountain-side, or watching beside the trout-stream, or summoning the fowls of heaven, and passing them in review into his aviary; or, especially, whether he had any thought of recreating us when he sent forth his “Recreations” within reach of our hands. . . . Whether he thought of us or not, he has recreated us. Whether he is now conscious of the fact or not, his spirit has come many a time while his tired body slept, and opened our prison-doors, and led us a long flight over mountain and moor, lake and lea, and dropped us again on our beds, refreshed and soothed, to dream at least of having felt the long-lost sensation of health once more. Blessings on him, then, as the kindest of the friendly ghosts who use well their privilege of passing in and out of all secret and sorrowful places, as they go to and fro on the earth! If he has ministered to us with more or less deliberate intent, he needs not to be told with what heartiness we drink his health in the first full draught of the spring west wind, how cordially we pledge him in the sparkling thunder-shower or the brimming harvest-moon.’

No space remains to give even the briefest outline of this interesting Memoir from the date of Wilson’s appointment as Professor down to his death in 1854. The life of severe labour which was devoted with exclusive fidelity for thirty years to the service of ‘Blackwood’s Magazine,’ ultimately produced its inevitable results in the breaking-down of the Herculean constitution for which no exertion of body or mind seemed too great. The productive energy which was adequate

* One apostrophe on the subject of ‘Ruins,’ occurring in the midst of a paper on Birds, has always appeared to us to be one of the most perfect and lofty pieces of imaginative reflection in the English language.

† Miss Martineau’s *Life in the Sick-room*.

to the composition of *seven* different articles for a single number, was of course frequently called into play under the pressure of haste and excitement, and not seldom in circumstances of heavy depression and bodily ailment. In 1834 Wilson lost his good and tried friend William Blackwood. The Magazine was not half ready, while the Professor with tender solicitude hung about the chamber of his dying friend. On Monday evening he writes to his wife to say that he has but a few pages for the printers, and all must be at press on Wednesday. Five hours of writing, he says, give him a headache and make him useless. 'What is to become of the Magazine I do not know.' It appears, notwithstanding, that before Wednesday he had given the printers fifty-six pages of the Magazine, consisting of an article on the 'Noctes of Athenæus,' and one on the poetical works of Coleridge. Such is a specimen at once of his marvellous capacity for work, and of the terrible strain to which it was sometimes subjected. Mrs. Gordon gives some interesting particulars of his method of going to work, and of his domestic ways. But we cannot linger over these. In all his ways he appears to have been most unsophisticated, genial, and lovable; a man deeply impressed with the sense of duty; self-sacrificing, considerate, and kindly to man, and woman, and child, beast, bird, and even commonest insect. In 1837 a heavy shadow fell over him, which made his life for some time altogether darkness: his helpful and loving wife was somewhat suddenly taken away from him, and the stroke fell heavily on his passionately tender nature. We are told that in his classroom, during the following winter, he sometimes became so overcome with emotion as to bow his head on the desk and sob uncontrollably. Gradually he recovered his spirits; but his naturally exuberant cheerfulness was thenceforth much subdued; and after personal warnings had come to him in one shock after another of paralysis, he appears to have occupied his mind more than ever before on the highest subjects of meditation, his Bible being seldom far away from him. The results of this are visible in the last papers he wrote, the 'Dies Boreales.' With no diminution of power, they indicated a chastened and solemn frame of mind to which religious contemplation seems congenial. Mrs. Gordon's account of his closing years is very touching in its unaffected simplicity, the painfulness of the picture it suggests, of a mighty man brought low in mind and body, being much relieved by the various pleasing details and incidents which lighten the gloom.

In 1851, after a painful struggle against the conclusion that his old strength had departed from him, and that he was thenceforth to be laid aside as useless, he resigned his chair. In the following year her Majesty, by the advice of Lord John Russell, recognised his claims to public gratitude, after thirty years of brilliant service, by a pension of £300 from the Literary Fund. From this time, though occasional intervals of cheerfulness visited him, he gradually sank into a state of sad despondency and weakness. The hands that could break a bow of steel in pieces were now feeble as a child's, and the soaring spirit that was as strong and buoyant as an eagle on the wing had lost all its once inexhaustible vigour. As he lay on his bed of languishing the old man's thoughts wandered to the loved sports of his youth, and his wasted fingers played among the lines and fishing-gear with which of old he had done such feats on Tweedside, or in the deep waters of Loch Awe. On the 1st of April, 1854, he became suddenly worse, and at twelve o'clock on the following night, surrounded by all he loved on earth, he yielded up his spirit to God who gave it. His body was followed to the grave by an immense concourse of people, and was laid in the beautiful Dean Cemetery, with the remains of some of Scotland's most illustrious men. Among them all there is perhaps none, after Robert Burns and Walter Scott, whom she will continue to cherish in more proud and loving remembrance than Professor John Wilson.

ART. VIII.—*The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man ; with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By SIR CHARLES LYELL, F.R.S. London: Murray. 1863.

NOT infrequently we see advertisements inserted in the public prints offering rewards to those who will point out where an individual was born and in what parish his register is to be found. For some time past there seems to have been a demand for a geological certificate of the antiquity of the human race. Exceptions have been taken to the historical record, and the pages of the Stone-book have been more carefully scanned with a view to discover some entry of man's appearance on the globe at an earlier era than the fortieth century before Christ. Sir Charles Lyell's treatise might have been written in reply to such an advertisement. His inquiries, indeed, have not enabled him to furnish us with the precise date required ; for fossil handwriting is often difficult to decipher, and the leaves of the great

underground volume are naturally blurred and defaced by long lapse of time ; but he supplies us with a number of fragmentary extracts which would seem to intimate that the lord of creation belongs to a much more ancient house than is generally supposed.

Hitherto it has been popularly assumed that Man was installed in his magnificent property about six thousand years ago. But if the discoveries recently made and the inferences now suggested are correct, this period must be indefinitely expanded. And as the doctrine now advanced is tendered upon palpable physical grounds, and not upon mere crotchety assumptions, we are bound to grapple with the facts fairly, and to face the consequences to which they may logically lead. There is an immense difference between the flimsy cavils which are bred in the sceptic's brain, and the fossil truths which the philosopher digs out of the earth and lays before us in all their undeniable reality. We can laugh at the criticisms of the Bishop of Natal when he reproduces objections which have been answered a hundred times ; but it would be idle, or worse than idle, for it would be positively mischievous, to refuse a respectful hearing to a geologist who comes bending under the weight of skulls, and cavern bones, and curious relics which bear marks of indisputable antiquity, and—*it may be*—of pre-Adamite age.

Certainly if any man has a right to speak on such a subject it is Sir Charles Lyell. He has contributed largely to the literature of the rocks. He has devoted himself to the practical part of the science as earnestly as he has done to the exposition of its principles. One series of strata—the Tertiary—he has made peculiarly his own. And in order to qualify himself for the discussion of the great question now brought into open court, he has visited various continental localities, and carried on a correspondence with every eminent geologist who had facts to communicate or a single gleam of light to afford.

Doubtless we might expect, from his theory of Uniform Agencies, that Sir Charles would entertain a decided bias in favour of a doctrine which brings the human race under the law of leisurely development. He is what we may call a long-age philosopher. He requires enormous periods for almost every terrestrial change. Nature, in his opinion, was scarcely a whit more lively or impetuous in her juvenile proceedings than she is in her maturer transactions. Time itself has grown old since the foundations of the round earth were laid ; but whether buoyant with youth or burdened with years, the Man of the Scythe has ever marched with the same slow, secular step, and has always done his work with the same tranquil, imperturbable hand.

Hostile, therefore, as our author is to the philosophy of paroxysms and catastrophes, to the principle of revolutionary epochs, in which so many of his brethren delight, we might expect that, to him, any enlargement of the human period would be decidedly acceptable. But it is right to say, that he has withstood the temptation until fast-multiplying facts seemed to justify the assumption that our species might not be of such mushroom growth as was commonly imagined. And now that he appears in public to explain the grounds upon which the theory rests, we find that he does not present himself as its sworn and unhesitating advocate. He puts the case interrogatively rather than dogmatically. There is an inquiring air about the book which seems to say either that the writer is not profoundly satisfied with his premises, or—and this is the more complimentary inference—that he deems it unphilosophical to draw peremptory conclusions until the question has been more extensively debated. The work, indeed, is pre-eminently characterized by caution and candour; the former of these properties being evidenced by the fairness with which objections are introduced; the latter by the very uncertainty in which he leaves the reader as to his personal views, and the want of definite declarations where these will be most eagerly desired. Indeed, we fancy that few readers will close the volume without regretting that the writer has not ventured upon some more explicit avowal of his creed. Without doubt Sir Charles's previous publications, containing as they do opinions either directly adverse to, or at any rate scarcely in keeping with, those now discussed, may have imposed a certain amount of reticence upon his pen; but it would be unjust to refrain from expressing our admiration of the calm and passionless spirit in which the book has been composed. There is no anxiety evinced to make the most of a startling doctrine. There is none of the fiery zeal of the new convert. But looking at the question simply as one of facts, he deems it his duty to examine these with a judicial eye, and to admit or reject them purely according to their scientific desert. The book is a perfect model in this respect.

Let us now glance at some of the leading discoveries which have induced many persons to conclude that there is an older register of human births than that contained in the Mosaic record.

First, there are the *Flints*. It is clear that wherever beings like ourselves have existed on this earth, they must have had implements of some description, for man has been defined as an animal that uses tools; they must have had instruments to enable them to capture prey, or to protect themselves from the wild

beasts, to whom human flesh would doubtless be as acceptable as it is to their modern representatives; but above all, they must have had arms or missiles, however imperfect; for who can believe that people such as we are could possibly subsist in a weaponless world? Now about the year 1840 M. Boucher de Perthes discovered in some ancient alluvium at Abbeville in Picardy, a number of flints which appeared to have been shaped by art, inasmuch as they bore a strong resemblance to the knives and arrow-heads known to be employed amongst savages of modern growth. They were found in company with the bones of many extinct species of quadrupeds, at depths often amounting to twenty or thirty feet below the surface, and in beds which seemed to have been undisturbed for ages. Their position compelled him to conclude that they must have been the property of some tribe which flourished long before history was invented. Hearing of this discovery, Dr. Rigollot, a physician of Amiens, who was quite incredulous upon the point, resolved to ransack the gravel-pits in his own neighbourhood, and there, to his great astonishment, he succeeded in exhuming a quantity of flints which might have come from the same manufactory as those at Abbeville, and which were treasured up in beds of precisely the same geological constitution. In the course of four years the doctor collected some hundreds of these curiosities. Since then the valley of the Somme has been visited by Mr. Prestwich, Mr. Evans, Sir Charles Lyell, and other inquirers, all of whom have been more or less successful in their exciting hunt. Our author procured about seventy specimens, one of these being extracted whilst he was present; and the result was so satisfactory to himself that he openly declared his belief in their genuineness and patriarchal character at the next meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen.

Similar flints have been found in England as well. In 1858 the mouth of a cavern was discovered at Brixham, near Torquay, in consequence of the falling-in of the soil. Here was a prize for the geologists, who had now become fully alive to the importance of exploring a new repository of bones with special reference to the subject of man's antiquity. The utmost precautions were taken to prevent deception and to give the question fair play. The Royal Society granted money to defray the expenses; a committee of philosophers was formed to direct the investigations; the operations were conducted under the superintendence of two experts, Mr. Bristow and Mr. Pengelly; Dr. Falconer was retained as a sort of standing counsel to the undertaking; and a journal was kept in which the details of the exploration were as minutely noted as if the lives of thousands

depended upon the result. The cavern, in itself, was not a place of any great magnitude or importance. Its entrance was sixty feet above the level of the adjoining valley. Five galleries were cleared out, but none of these exceeded eight feet in breadth. In some parts they were filled with mud and other materials to the very roof, but in others a considerable space was left. The deposits through which the explorers dug were arranged as follows: first there was a surface layer of stalagmite (in which the antler of a reindeer and the humerus of a cave-bear were preserved) ranging in thickness from one inch to fifteen; next a bed of reddish loam varying in depth from one to fifteen feet, and lowest of all a stratum of gravel containing many pebbles, but destitute of everything like fossil remains.

‘The mammalia obtained from the bone-earth consisted of *Elephas primigenius*, or mammoth; *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*; *Ursus spelæus*; *Hyæna spelæa*; *Felis spelæa*, or the cave-lion; *Cervus tarandus*, or the reindeer; a species of horse, ox, and several rodents, and others not yet determined. No human bones were obtained anywhere during these excavations, but many flint knives, chiefly from the lowest part of the bone-earth, and one of the most perfect lay at the depth of thirteen feet from the surface, and covered with bone-earth of that thickness. From a similar position was taken one of those siliceous nuclei, or cores, from which flint flakes had been struck off on every side. Neglecting the less perfect specimens, some of which were met with even in the lowest gravel, about fifteen knives recognised as artificially formed by the most experienced antiquaries were taken from the bone-earth, and usually from near the bottom. Such knives, considered apart from the associated mammalia, afford in themselves no safe criterion of antiquity, as they might belong to any part of the “age of stone,” similar tools being sometimes met with in tumuli posterior in date to the era of the introduction of bronze. But the anteriority of those at Brixham to the extinct animals is demonstrated not only by the occurrence at one point in overlying stalagmite of the bone of the cave-bear, but also by the discovery, at the same level in the bone-earth, and in close proximity to a very perfect flint tool, of the entire left hind leg of a cave-bear. This specimen, which was shown me by Dr. Falconer and Mr. Pengelly, was exhumed from the earthy deposit in the reindeer gallery, near its junction with the flint-knife gallery, at the distance of about sixty-five feet from the main entrance. The mass of earth containing it was removed entire, and the matrix cleared away carefully by Dr. Falconer in the presence of Mr. Pengelly. Every bone was in its natural place, the femur, tibia, fibula, ankle-bone or astragalus, all in juxtaposition. Even the patella or detached bone of the knee-pan was searched for, and not in vain. Here, therefore, we have evidence of an entire limb not having been washed in a fossil state out of an older alluvium, and then swept afterwards into

a cave, so as to be mingled with flint implements, but having been introduced when clothed with its flesh, or at least when it had the separate bones bound together by their natural ligaments, and in that state buried in mud. If they were not all of contemporary date, it is clear from this case, and from the humerus of the *Ursus spelæus* before cited, as found in a floor of stalagmite, that the bear lived after the flint tools were manufactured, or in other words, that man in this district preceded the cave-bear.'

Flint implements have also been detected in the caves of Gower in Glamorganshire, in a cavern near Wells in Somersetshire, at Icklingham in Suffolk, in the valley of the Ouse near Bedford, and at various other places in England. At one spot, indeed—at Hoxne, near Diss, in Suffolk—Mr. John Frere had the good fortune to fall in with such an enormous quantity of these articles, that five or six turned up in every square yard, and the person who first tapped the treasure emptied basket-fuls into the ruts of the adjoining road before he learned that they would be considered precious objects in the antiquarian's eyes. In fact, Mr. Frere, who published his account so far back as the commencement of the present century, inferred from the position and abundance of these relics, that he had pounced upon the site of an ancient manufactory of weapons of war, and that Hoxne had once been a sort of Woolwich, in its way, when England was peopled by tribes who had the honour of living before the era of the 'present world.'

But wherever found, these stone implements manifest some sort of agreement in character and appearance. Mr. Evans has divided them into three classes: first, there are the pointed instruments, measuring from four to nine inches in length, which are supposed to have been used as spear-heads; second, the oval or almond-shaped tools, two to nine inches long, which, from their having a sharp cutting edge all round in most instances, are presumed to have served as axes or hatchets; and third, flakes of flint, which may possibly have been designed for knives or arrow-heads. Further, numerous chips of the same material, as well as other intermediate shapes, have been discovered; so that if we admit the articles to be of human fabrication, we should be justified in concluding that the aborigines experienced some difficulty in executing their tasks, and had left us many specimens of their raw and rejected productions.

Now, the most important question which arises in regard to these flints is palpably the question of their human workmanship. The writer of this paper will not readily forget the disappointment he felt when he first made the acquaintance of the 'oldest memorials of mankind.' For uncouth and inelaborate

productions he was fully prepared, but the amorphous objects before him seemed to afford such scanty evidences of design that for a moment he believed the affair was a hoax. Certainly, had a heap of such flints appeared at the road-side, a traveller would no more have fancied that he was gazing upon the contents of an ancient arsenal, than he would have regarded a collection of milestones as statues chiselled by a Canova or a Thorwaldsen. It must be admitted, however, that coarseness of contour is no fatal objection, if the material could not have been brought into its present condition by any recognised natural means. Still less should that objection be allowed to prevail if the surface affords proof that it must have been artificially chipped. Now, that such a number of articles could all have been fractured by accident, it might be presumptuous to affirm; and that the snippings on their surface could in any case have been produced without human agency, has been stoutly denied by men who are practically conversant with the temper and qualities of flint. 'For more than twenty years,' says Professor Ramsay, 'like others of my craft, I have daily handled stones, whether fashioned by nature or art; and the flint hatchets of Amiens and Abbeville seem to me as clearly works of art as any Sheffield whittle.'

There are, however, some very difficult nuts to crack before we can comfortably subscribe to the theory that makers of axes and knives existed in the world long before the historical pair appeared. Why, for example, are not these flint implements accompanied by some relics of the men by whom they were manufactured? The osseous parts of the human body are quite as capable of preservation in the rocks as those of the animals by which they were preceded in the great geological drama, thousands, or, it may be, millions of years ago. Sir Charles candidly admits, that neither in the valley of the Somme, where such hundreds of weapons have been exhumed, nor yet in any other part of Europe, where deposits similarly charged have been explored, has a single fragment of a human skeleton been discovered 'in the tool-bearing drift of the post-pliocene period.*' What renders the case the more surprising (and, as the reader may possibly deem it, the more suspicious) is, that the bones of many of the quadrupeds with which these spear and hatchet individuals are presumed to have been contemporaneous, have been extensively embalmed in the very alluvium which has hitherto refused to give up its human dead. Of course it is easy

* Page 144. In the Belgian caves, however, some flints, presumed to be artificial, have been found in the neighbourhood of some bones, presumed to be human.

to say, 'You must wait. Rest assured that these things will turn 'up some fine day or other. The time will undoubtedly come 'when the men of flint, duly fossilized, will be found in splendid 'profusion.' And this, indeed, is what Sir Charles apparently expects: it is what M. Boucher de Perthes positively predicts; for, according to the latter gentleman, nothing but the retirement of the waters in some lake, or the up-heaving of some mountain mass, is needed, in order to disclose thousands of skeletons to our wondering eyes. In fact, some geologists now attach so little value to 'negative evidence,' that Mr. Jukes declares, 'I hold myself perfectly prepared, if I live long enough, 'to hear of the discovery of the Silurian mammals, and, of 'course, of all those of the more recent periods.'*

Unfortunately, however, these drafts on the Future can scarcely be permitted to satisfy the demands of the Present. For if the flint implements are found in such abundance (as we have seen to be the fact), the bones of their makers should be discovered in some sort of proportion. If England was so highly peopled at that distant period, that whole bushels of spear-heads and hatchets could be kept in store at Hoxne, surely some of the wielders of those weapons ought to have left us an arm or a leg to appease our lawful curiosity. Besides, how shall we explain the absence of all other tokens of art and human industry? In the tumuli of Denmark you meet with relics in horn and bone, with fish-hooks, chisels, vessels, and other utensils—productions, in fact, which leave no doubt that they were of intelligent origination. These Scandinavian savages, though undoubtedly people of considerable antiquity, have done *their* work in a business-like fashion, and we can unhesitatingly acknowledge them as men and brothers. But it is otherwise with the flint-manufacturers of Amiens and Abbeville. Are we to suppose that the knives, lance-heads, and hatchets constituted the whole of the goods and chattels capable of preservation which belonged to this pre-Adamite race? The condition of the question is, that certain articles which are vague in form and dubious in purpose should present themselves in astonishing abundance—the ground being saturated with them, so to speak, in sundry quarters—and yet that no other article, certain in form and indubitable in purpose, should also appear in their company. This, to say the least, is scarcely logical. At the same time we cheerfully admit, that whatever difficulties may lie on the surface of the case, the production of any instrument or utensil which was clearly of human fabrication would counterbalance a whole library of argument. Were a tombstone to

* Jukes's *Popular Physical Geology*, p. 206. London. 1853.

turn up in some Tertiary deposit with the name 'John Smith' inscribed upon it, we should be constrained to admit that members of that popular house existed even in pre-historic days. But we are now dealing with instruments which are so deficient in distinctness, and which exhibit at best such meagre traces of human workmanship, that if examined singly there is scarcely one man in a million who would not cast them away as unmeaning fragments.

Under any circumstances, however, we are bound to inquire, How were these implements fabricated? Where are the tools by which the process was accomplished? Flint is notoriously one of the most obdurate and unmanageable of materials. That there were no metal instruments in those benighted times is obvious from the fact, that if such had existed they would have superseded the wretched articles in question. The only resource is to assume, as has been done, that the ancient artificer employed a flint as a chisel and a stone as a hammer (or perhaps combined the two objects in one implement), and then struck off flakes in various directions from another lump, until he 'smiled' his handiwork to see,' and called upon his companions to wonder with himself at the perfection to which human arts had attained. Professor Ansted states that in after-times—

'The edges were rubbed down on another stone as hard, or harder, than the implement to be constructed; and at a later period still a rough polishing process was introduced. These latter steps were, however, in all probability, undue innovations, and involved efforts far beyond the powers of the older tribes. Not only are the implements and weapons found in various stages of completeness, but very rough beginnings are sometimes seen, and whole basketfuls of chips have been described as occurring in some localities.'

Sir C. Lyell, however, asserts that the sharp edge of the ancient tools in the valley of the Somme was always produced by fracture, and not by friction. Under either view of the matter, the reader may possibly be tempted to inquire whether the shadow of a shape which these articles exhibit may not have been acquired by natural violence, or by the agency of water. Many of them, it is admitted, have been 'worn,' or 'snipped,' or 'much triturated,' by river action. Mr. Wright has stated that, in his opinion, the simple flakes at least might be produced without art by a forcible and 'continued gyrating motion,' 'perhaps in water, in which they were liable to be struck by 'other bodies in the same movement.' This may seem a very speculative explanation, it is true; but then the supposition that they owe their origin to artisans who flourished some tens of

thousands of years ago will appear to many to be vastly more speculative still.

Upon the whole, we feel bound to say of these flints that, until more conclusive discoveries are made, they afford but a flimsy basis on which to rest the startling theory that the world was extensively peopled before Adam rose from the dust of the earth, or Eve sprang in full-grown loveliness from her Maker's hands. They are something to swear by; their numbers and extensive distribution give them a certain logical value; but it must be admitted that a single drinking-cup, or even a well-shaped hammer or chisel, placed in the balances of testimony, would go far to outweigh them all.

Secondly: the principle of law which requires that the best evidence should always be produced, is just as applicable in a court of science as it is in a court of justice. The public have, therefore, a perfect right to call upon the advocates of man's immense antiquity to bring forward some genuine human remains; and if we should ask them to put a few *skulls*, or even *entire skeletons*, into the witness-box to speak for themselves, there would be nothing very unreasonable in the demand. Accordingly, as if in compliance with this requisition, we find that certain crania and other fragments, supposed to have belonged to pre-Adamite men, have actually been subpoenaed, and their testimony is now tendered as tolerably conclusive on the point. Several years ago M. Tournal discovered in a cavern at Bize, in Languedoc, a quantity of teeth which had once been set in human jaws, where they had probably ached like modern molars. Mixed with these were a few other bones, also of human origin, and some scraps of pottery, which, however, were of so rude a character that it might be fairly assumed there were no Wedgewoods or Mintons in the 'post-tertiary' world. Now, judging from the remains of the animals and land-shells with which the relics in question were associated, it was contended by M. Tournal that the originals must have been contemporaneous, and that therefore the men who wielded those jaws must have been people of more than historic antiquity. About the same time M. Christol detected some human bones in the cavern of Pondres, near Nismes, where they reposed in peaceful proximity to the remains of hyænas, rhinoceroses, and other brutes now happily unknown in our mildly tempered climes.

From the circumstances, however, that these antiques were found embedded in alluvial mud, it is certainly a very reasonable supposition that they might have been blended by the agency of water; for present fellowship does not imply original association, any more than the co-existence of thousands of bones

in a churchyard implies 'that they all belonged to the same generation or even to the same parish. Sir Charles himself tells us that M. Teissier, when exploring a grotto in the department of Gard, discovered the osseous remains of bears and men intimately mixed, as if Bruin had been on the most friendly terms with his superior; and yet the same receptacle, so far from claiming the honours of incalculable age, proved itself to be comparatively modern, by producing bracelets of bronze, and, worst of all, a Roman urn. In his 'Principles of Geology' he remarks, that as—

'Many of these caverns, therefore, may have served in succession as temples and habitations, as places of sepulture, concealment, or defence, it is easy to conceive that human bones, and those of animals in osseous breccias of much older date, may have been swept away together by inundations, and then buried in one promiscuous heap. It is not on the evidence of such intermixtures that we ought readily to admit either the high antiquity of the human race or the recent date of certain lost species of quadrupeds.'*

In fact, the author frankly allows, in his new production, that after visiting various places in Germany on a tour of inquiry, he *then* came to the conclusion that the human remains found in caverns were 'probably *not* coeval' with the remains of the extinct animals with which they were locally allied.

Further consideration of the question, however, has induced him to modify his views. There are richer caverns than those of Languedoc, and more expressive memorials than fossil teeth and bits of barbaric pottery. In the province of Liège numerous caves exist on the banks of the Meuse and its tributaries, and from these Dr. Schmerling not only dug out several bones belonging to 'human' hands and feet, but at Engis, about eight miles to the south-west of Liège, he effected a notable discovery. Day after day this philosopher was lowered by means of a rope fastened to a tree; and having reached an opening in the bank, he crept on all-fours through a narrow passage, until he arrived in some chambers, where the workmen were occupied for weeks and months in breaking through a crust of hard stalagmitic matter, and delving into the breccia beneath. Perhaps no gold-digger ever manifested more anxiety to secure the treasure of which he was in search, than the good doctor did to pounce upon every scrap of bone, or fragment of art, which might reveal the secrets of an unchronicled age. At last his perseverance was rewarded. He succeeded in disinterring the remains of at least three 'human' individuals.

* *Principles of Geology*, p. 716. 1830.

'The skull of one of these, that of a young person, was embedded by the side of a mammoth's tooth. It was entire, but so fragile that nearly all of it fell to pieces during its extraction. Another skull, that of an adult individual, and the only one preserved by Dr. Schmerling in a sufficient state of integrity to enable the anatomist to speculate on the race to which it belonged, was buried five feet deep in a breccia, in which the tooth of a rhinoceros, several bones of a horse, and some of the reindeer, together with some ruminants, occurred. This skull is now in the Museum of the University of Liège.'

In some *other* cavernous repositories numerous flint implements of excessively rude construction—if such a word as construction can be applied to such amorphous instruments—turned up under the spade and pickaxe; and from their presence, even independently of the fossil tid-bits already mentioned, Dr. Schmerling considered himself entitled to conclude that man had walked the world contemporaneously with the cave-bear and certain other species of mammals now extinct.

Again, in the Neanderthal, near Düsseldorf, there is a grotto which was explored by Dr. Fuhlrott, of Elberfeld, in the year 1857. It is an excavation in a limestone rock, and is approached by an opening about sixty feet above the level of the river Düssel. Here, in the mud which covered the floor of the cave, a skull was found, and then sundry other bones of a human body. Little suspecting the importance of the discovery, the workmen treated these relics as they would have done those of any anonymous corpse of the last century, and dispersed or destroyed (as was supposed) all but the larger portions. Fortunately, however, the cranium was preserved, and like that of the adult extracted from the Engis cavern, has been carefully criticised by osteologists of renown. 'Upon the whole,' says Sir Charles Lyell, in his own frank and impartial way, 'I think it probable that the fossil may be of about the same age as those found by Dr. Schmerling in the Liège cavern; but as no other animal remains were found with it, there is no proof that it may not be newer. Its position lends no countenance whatever to the supposition of its being more ancient.'

Now, if the reader should be satisfied to waive any question as to the possible introduction of the skeleton into the cave by aqueous agencies, and this at a comparatively recent period—for there is a passage leading to the surface through which it might confessedly have been washed—and if, furthermore, he can overlook the fact that the loam in which the fossil was interred was only five feet thick, and was not covered by any

crust of stalagmite, still a very plausible suspicion may naturally be started. Was the proprietor of this skull really a creature of the same order as ourselves? We are not entitled, perhaps, to require that he should display as highly civilized a headpiece as Sir Charles Lyell himself. But is the cranium, thus happily rescued from oblivion, so decidedly human in its character that every anatomist without exception would sign a certificate to that effect without a moment's demur? Now, the author tells us that when he exhibited a cast of the curiosity to Professor Huxley, the first remark of that eminent individual was, that he had never seen such an 'ape-like skull before.' Several of the naturalists who sat like scientific coroners on the skeleton at Bonn, expressed their doubts as to its genuine humanity. Nor were good reasons wanting. The forehead is disgracefully low and retreating; the superciliary ridges are extravagantly developed, and protrude in a very undignified fashion; the brain-case is of remarkable thickness, and indicates (if that be any test) no ordinary amount of stupidity; besides which, the owner appears to have been as irregular in his occipital as he was in his frontal regions, and at first Mr. Huxley found some difficulty in believing that the posterior lobes of a human brain could be flattened and diminished to the extent observed in this Neanderthal gentleman. From the stoutness, also, of the limb-bones, and the size of the ridges to which the muscles were attached, it appeared obvious that sinews were of more importance in his economy than intellect, and that he was much better fitted for the woods than for a drawing-room. In fact, there are many features in the osteology of this individual which seem to intimate that he bore a very brotherly, or at least a very cousinly resemblance to the ape. And though Professor Huxley affirms that there can be no substantial ground for 'ascribing this cranium to anything but a man,' and though he thinks that its peculiar configuration simply denotes the extreme state of degradation in which the proprietor lived, yet he agrees with Professor Schaffhausen and Mr. Busk, in asserting that it is 'the most brutal' of all known skulls having the slightest pretensions to humanity; whilst Sir Charles Lyell himself remarks that it exhibits a nearer approximation in outline to that of the chimpanzee than has ever been observed before.

Respecting the Engis skull Mr. Huxley reports in more complimentary terms. He compares it with that of the uncivilized Australian, and even assigns it a more distinguished place in the scale of creation; but it is worthy of notice that its discoverer, Dr. Schmerling, inferred from the narrowness of

the forehead, that the owner of the cranium must have been a personage of scanty intellectual development. In neither case, however, does there seem any good reason for doubting the geological antiquity of the neighbouring ground.

Besides these, sundry other human bones have been discovered, in sites which seemed to indicate a pre-Adamite date. Some years ago a deep incision was made into the soil near New Orleans, for the purpose of the gas-works. Beds almost wholly composed of vegetable matter, such as is now forming in the cypress swamps of the neighbourhood, were cut through until, at a depth of sixteen feet from the surface, and reposing beneath four separate forests, arranged in stories, as it were, a skeleton with some charcoal was exposed to view. From the configuration of the skull it was concluded that this individual belonged to the Red Indian type; and from calculations made with regard to the rate at which the Delta of the Mississippi has been produced, Dr. Dowler assigned him a modest antiquity of fifty thousand years!

At Natchez, in another part of the basin of the Mississippi, a fossil human bone was also discovered. It had evidently belonged to some gentleman's pelvis, being the portion known as *os innominatum*. It was supposed to have come from a deposit of clay underlying some ancient loam; and the speciality of the case was, that bones of the mastodon and megalonyx, to say nothing of other extinct animals, had been dug out of the same formation. It followed that if the alluvium of that great river had required as many years for its deposition as Sir C. Lyell computed, the personage in question must have represented the Confederate interests upwards of 100,000 years ago!

One thing, however, was necessary to establish the geological antiquity of the Natchez gentleman, namely, that the fragment he had kindly bequeathed to the world should really have been extracted from the ancient bed to which the other relics were referred. If a stream ran at the foot of a lofty bank, at the top of which there happened to be a churchyard, we might some day find that the water undermining the cliff not only brought down fossils of indubitable age, but also fragments of our forefathers, who, comparatively speaking, had lived but yesterday. And so Sir Charles interpreted the Natchez phenomenon when he visited the place in 1846. He thought it quite possible—and, indeed, until better evidence were offered, perfectly presumable—that this *os innominatum* might have fallen from the vegetable soil at the upper part of the cliff, which is 200 feet in height, whilst the genuine antiques had been dislodged from the lower deposits. Now, indeed, he admits that he then

discussed the question with a 'stronger bias' against the probable contemporaneousness of men and mastodons 'than any geologist would now be justified in entertaining;' but he still thinks that, in the absence of more positive testimony as to the original position of the bone, it is quite 'allowable to suspend 'our judgment' respecting the epoch to which this elderly individual really belonged.

The 'fossil man of Denise' is another celebrated geological character. Pity he could not anticipate the debates to which he has given rise, and enjoy some little foretaste of the consequence which would one day attach to his bones! How many curious eyes have gazed upon his relics, under the impression that if the skull of Methusaleh could be unearthed it would be a thing of yesterday as compared with these antique remains; and how many others, alas! have departed from his presence with pretty much the same feelings as they would retire from a show where the body of a mermaid, or a two-headed monster, was exhibited.

At the Montagne de Denise, near the town of Le Puy-en-Velay, in Central France, a peasant, whilst digging in his vineyard, fell in with a number of human bones. They were embedded in light porous tuff, which seemed to have been ejected from the neighbouring volcano. Amongst them appeared portions of the skull, a radius, some lumbar vertebræ, and several metatarsal bones. Part of these belonged to an adult individual, and part to some juvenile of olden times. Now, as the crater of Denise has long withdrawn into private life, and as the remains of *Hyæna spelæa* and *Hippopotamus major* have been discovered in tufaceous beds of precisely the same description, and therefore presumptively of the same date, it was inferred that these human relics belonged to a dispensation of high antiquity—when people had the opportunity of riding mammoths, if they only knew how to train and mount them.

Unfortunately, however, for the man of Denise, his credit has been partially impaired. Not that he could help it, poor fellow! But mortals (at least modern ones) are sometimes mercenary; and it is suspected that the demand for human fossils has led to a factitious supply. Some specimens, at any rate, appear to have been put together by art, and bones are supposed to have been wedded to each other illegally by means of plaster of Paris. The skull, too, of the hero in question is decidedly of a Caucasian cast, and this fact seems to betray a more recent origin than befits a personage who, if he really belonged to a remote period, ought to have been more like a Hottentot or a Samoiède in his cranial regions. Let us add, however, that the locality has been repeatedly visited in honour of the man of Denise, and that able

naturalists and osteologists have enthusiastically recorded their opinions in his favour.

Perhaps, however, one of the most interesting cases in support of the theory is that of the sepulchral grotto at Aurignac, not far from the foot of the Pyrenees. In a small cavern on a limestone rock two entire skulls, and fragments of not less than seventeen men and women, were discovered in 1852. Outside, and directly in front of the grotto, which was closed by a vertical slab, the remains of various animals, scores of flint implements, articles made of reindeer horn, a bodkin also of horn, and some other curious objects, were extracted from a thin earthy deposit which covered a small patch of charcoal. The osseous relics included those of the cave-bear, cave-lion, tichorhine rhinoceros, mammoth, and several other exterminated quadrupeds. From the fact that the bones in question had been split open to extract the marrow, it was concluded that they had been used at feasts in honour of the dead who lay in that rocky sepulchre. There was nothing in the geological position of the grotto alone to entitle it to ancient honours; for the mouth was simply and slightly masqued by a talus of rubbish from the side of the hill; but here the evidence in favour of the existence of human beings and extinct mammals appears to be peculiarly strong. The former seem to have eaten the latter. To many, indeed, this fact will present itself as perfectly conclusive; for the principle of contemporaneity has been regarded as one of the pivots upon which the whole doctrine turns. Still, if it could be ascertained that individuals belonging to species which have been summarily cashiered survived till a comparatively recent period, the argument would lose much of its chronological worth. Take, then, the case of *Elephas primigenius*. Siberia is a vast country of mammoths. The bones of these brutes are strewn over the country in such profusion that if all the elephants in the world had the misfortune to be Russian subjects, and were consequently banished to that penal region, they would not equal their dead brethren in number. Now, it is well known that the entire carcass of one of these animals, embedded in ice, was discovered on the banks of the Lena at the commencement of the present century. The quadruped measured upwards of sixteen feet in length, by nine and a quarter in height. The flesh was in such admirable preservation that dogs, wolves, and bears dined off it with evident relish; and had mammoth-meat been a recognised dainty amongst the Siberians, they might have held a banquet upon its body without the slightest symptom of disgust. In other instances, too, in the same region, the skin and various portions of an extinct species of rhinoceros have been found.

Can we suppose that creatures which have thus left their most perishable parts for our inspection belonged to any very ancient era? or if such a supposition must be entertained, are we not entitled to expect that some more definite evidences of pre-Adamite existence should also appear, seeing that the fragile remains of animals have been so readily preserved?

Not a little, too, might be said with regard to the association of bones belonging to such a variety of animals, some of whom were arctic in their constitution, whilst others are, now at least, exclusively tropical in their character. Remains of the hippopotamus have been found in situations where, to all appearance, it would have little opportunity of earning its classical designation. These are perplexing facts if we assume that the creatures all lived at the same time, in the same localities, and in immediate intimacy with man. But the difficulty would disappear if we were at liberty to suppose that the bones were collected by posterior mortals (just as we stock our museums), either to extract their marrow, or, as Mr. John Taylor ingeniously argues in regard to the contents of the Kirkdale cavern, for the purpose of employing them, as the Druids did, in medical and magical rites.*

Thirdly: the *mud of the Nile* is also supposed to have furnished another clue to the antiquity of the race. Annually, as we know, this famous river overflows its banks, and covers the adjoining lands with a coating of slime, which quickly hardens under the sun, and affords a new matrix for the husbandman's seed. If, therefore, the rate of precipitation could be settled, would it not be possible, by sinking pits in the soil, to ascertain the time which has been consumed in forming the vast bed of alluvium whereon some of the oldest and most cultivated tribes of men have flourished? Accordingly, at the suggestion of Mr. Leonard Horner, the Royal Society directed a series of investigations to be instituted, two successive Pashas of Egypt lending their patronage, and even contributing munificently to the expenses of the undertaking. Twenty-seven pits, each five feet square at the upper part, were opened on a line stretching across the valley of the Nile, from the foot of the Libyan hills on the west to the skirts of the Arabian hills on the east. This line was five miles in length. Similarly fifty-one shafts were sunk on another line, extending sixteen miles, in the latitude of old Heliopolis, and at the distance of about twenty miles from the first-named set of excavations. In the whole ninety-five openings were made, and of these one or two penetrated to a depth of

* *The Hand of Man in the Kirkdale Cavern.* By John Taylor. (*Macmillan's Magazine*, September, 1862.)

sixty feet below the surface. In no case, however, did the boring instruments reach the rocky flooring of the valley, their route lying wholly through the alluvium which appeared to have been deposited by the river, and the sandy matter which had been swept in from the desert through the gorges in the Libyan hills. Mr. Horner reports that in one shaft, which was sunk near the statue of Rameses II. (the Sesostris of the Greeks), a small vase of coarse unglazed pottery, a saucer of similar material, and the hinder part of a small lion in baked clay, were found at a depth of ten feet, a bit of coloured mosaic at twelve feet, the blade of a copper knife at thirteen, a small white vase at fourteen, a vessel of brown unglazed pottery at fifteen; and then, when the influx of water rendered it impracticable to continue the excavations on a large scale, and the boring instruments which were substituted could fetch up small objects only, still minute fragments of burnt brick and crockery were dragged to day from all depths, even ranging as far as thirty-eight feet. Indeed, in a perforation at the village of Besousse, where the workmen attained a depth of fifty-nine feet, it is stated that 'rubbish'—meaning by this term 'particles, and very frequently morsels of baked clay'—persisted in appearing. Occasionally, too, the bones of the ox, dog, ass, and other domestic animals, were encountered. There were shells belonging to the land, but none of a marine description; and throughout the whole of these investigations not a single organic relic of any *extinct* species was discovered.

Now, in estimating the rate at which the river deposits its mud, M. Girard, one of the *savans* who accompanied the French invading expedition, availed himself of a ruined Nilometer at Elephantina near Assouan, and of another still carrying on business at Rhoda near Cairo. He compared the height attained by the present inundations with that of the ancient overflows as indicated by the instruments in question. Judging from the inscription on the first, he concluded that the bed of the river had risen at the rate of 0·132 of a metre, or 5·192 inches, in a century; and judging from the second, he calculated that the increase must be about 0·126 of a metre, or 4·960 inches, within the same period. For various reasons, however, Mr. Horner dissents from this estimate, and maintains that 3½ inches would represent the amount of sediment deposited in each hundred years much more appropriately. If this standard of computation were admitted, it would follow that the shred of earthenware drawn up from a depth of thirty-nine feet must indicate the presence of rational beings (people who were, at any rate, competent to act as potters) not less than 13,380 years ago! Girard's more modest computation would also imply an antiquity

of between nine and ten thousand years ; whilst, if we were to take six inches in the century as the rate of precipitation, the bit of baked brick found at the distance of sixty feet below the surface would intimate that 12,000 years ago there were brick-makers established in the land. Were we, however, meekly to accept M. Rosière's estimate of $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches per century, we should have to believe that the hands which shaped the oldest scrap of burnt clay brought up during these borings had done their work not less than 25,000 years before Adam is supposed to have appeared !

Undoubtedly these researches were conducted with every precaution, and with the fullest determination to guard against all impositions. It is well known that relic-hunters can generally procure whatever they wish, provided they are in possession of a competent purse. Every article, like every individual, has its price. It may be rare, but you have only to pay a given sum, and it is yours. It may be almost exhausted, but if so, pay twice as much, and your longings will be assuredly appeased. Perhaps it has wholly disappeared, and not a specimen, as you are told, can be had for love or money ? Don't be discouraged. All you have to do is to double your last proposal, and the object on which you set your affections is sure to turn up in the most accommodating way. The Arabs are notorious sinners in this respect ; and if you offered an adequate reward for the skull of Sesostris, or for a wheel from Pharaoh's chariot, they would pretend to find the former in some mummy pit, or to fish up the latter from the Red Sea. It is due, however, to the investigators to say, that great care was taken to ensure perfect integrity in the operations, and therefore the fragments recovered must be accepted as genuine antiques.

But antiques to what extent ? Before we can conclude that they are of pre-Adamite origin it would be necessary to assume that the deposition of Nile mud has always proceeded at the same pace, and it would be equally necessary to know the nature of the bed of the valley, so as to satisfy ourselves that there was nothing peculiar in its conformation, and that the ground had undergone no change. Few presumptions can be more precarious than those which are founded upon the action of water. When the little river Dranse was dammed up for a few months, and then broke through its barrier, it carried down such a quantity of matter into the plain, that at Martigny some of the houses were filled with mud up to the second story in the course of a few minutes. So, if from the elevation of soil in one place, or its depression in another, hollows should be formed, these will naturally fill up more rapidly than they could if scoured by

the stream. Where great ponds have been produced by rivers, in consequence of the formation of some obstruction, beds of prodigious thickness have been deposited within very moderate periods. So if a branch of a stream should be silted up, the quantity of sediment precipitated may easily mislead the observer who gauges it without reference to, or knowledge of, its history. Had the mud of the Pharaohs been laminated, or had the annual inundations left lines of distinction, we might to some extent have used the series as a chronometer, just as the botanist calculates the age of an exogenous tree by the rings in its substance; but Mr. Horner informs us that there was an utter absence of lamination in the soils which were perforated, no trace whatever being found of 'quietly deposited successive layers.' Nor does the position of the various relics entombed in any given sediment always justify a conclusion as to their relative antiquities.

'A canoe,' says Mr. Geikie (quoted by Sir Charles), 'might be capsized and sent to the bottom, just beneath low-water mark; another might experience a similar fate on the following day, but in the middle of the channel. Both would become silted up on the floor of the estuary; but as that floor would be perhaps twenty feet deeper in the centre than towards the margin of the river, the one canoe might actually be twenty feet deeper in the alluvium than the other; and on the upheaval of the alluvial deposits, if we were to argue merely from the depth at which the remains were embedded, we should pronounce the canoe found at the one locality to be immensely older than the other, seeing that the fine mud of the estuary is deposited very slowly, and that it must therefore have taken a long period to form so great a thickness as twenty feet.'

Dreadful mistakes, too, may be made with regard to the age of buried earthenware; for Mr. Carruthers has recently shown that the pottery discovered under the town of Leith, and which was supposed to be charmingly antique, had not the smallest pretensions to antediluvian fame. Certainly the extensive areas over which the Egyptian pits were sunk may afford some guarantee that the results were not due to mere local peculiarities; but the reader will find that Sir C. Lyell has his reasons for suspecting the sufficiency of the conclusions deduced from these alluvial borings.

'The experiments instituted by Mr. Horner, in the hope of obtaining an accurate chronometric scale for testing the age of a given thickness of Nile sediment, are not considered by experienced Egyptologists to have been satisfactory. The point sought to be determined was, the exact amount of Nile mud which had accumulated in 3,000 or more years, since the time when certain ancient

monuments, such as the obelisk at Heliopolis, or the statue of King Rameses at Memphis, are supposed by some antiquaries to have been erected. Could we have obtained possession of such a measure the rate of deposition might be judged of, approximately at least, wherever similar mud was observed in other places, or below the foundations of those same monuments. But the ancient Egyptians are known to have been in the habit of enclosing with embankments the areas in which they erected temples, statues, and obelisks, so as to exclude the waters of the Nile; and the point of time to be ascertained, in every case where we find a monument buried to a certain depth in mud—as at Memphis and Heliopolis—is the era when the city fell into such decay that the ancient embankments were neglected, and the river allowed to inundate the site of the temple, obelisk, or statue. Even if we knew the date of the abandonment of such embankments, the enclosed areas would not afford a favourable opportunity for ascertaining the average rate of deposit in the alluvial plain; for Herodotus tells us that in his time those spots from which the Nile waters had been shut out for centuries appeared sunk, and could be looked down into from the surrounding grounds, which had been raised by the gradual accumulation over them of sediment annually thrown down. If the waters at length should break into such depressions, they must at first carry with them into the enclosure much mud washed from the steep surrounding banks, so that a greater quantity would be deposited in a few years than perhaps in as many centuries on the great plain outside the depressed area, where no such disturbing causes intervened.'

Fourthly: the *Danish peat* and *Danish shell-mounds* have been pressed into service as human chronometers. The Scandinavian archaeologists, it is well known, have marked out three successive periods, namely, those of stone, bronze, and iron. Unlike old Hesiod, who had nothing to show for his five primitive ages but pure fancy, these gentlemen drew their conclusions from facts; for the old tumuli explored by them frequently exhibited weapons and other articles constructed of one or other of the materials just mentioned, precisely as the strata of the earth exhibit an advance from one class of animals to another. The tombs, for example, which yielded nothing but hammers, chisels, arrow-heads, and other instruments of stone, were presumed to be more primitive than those which contained more diversified and elaborate specimens in bronze or iron. Now, from investigations into the Danish peat, which varies in depth from ten to thirty feet, it appears that the Scotch fir (*Pinus sylvestris*) was once naturalized in the country, though for some reason or other it seems to have deserted it, never having been heard of in the land within the historic period. The old forests in which it grew now lie buried deep in the bogs. Above it comes the oak, which is supposed to have succeeded to the fir;

but this monarch of the woods has in turn been supplanted by the common beech, and the latter now reigns supreme on the soil. We have thus three vegetable eras established. But since Steenstrup, *propria manu*, drew out a flint instrument from beneath a Scotch fir embalmed in one of these bogs, it has been inferred that Scandinavians of vast antiquity must have existed, because turf is a substance of slow formation; and upon further comparison of the 'peaty record' with the testimony of the tombs, M. Morlot decided that the ages of stone, bronze, and iron corresponded pretty closely with those of the fir, the oak, and the beech.

Then, too, the shell-mounds of the same region are quoted in corroboration of the conclusions deduced from the bogs. These heaps are known as Kjökken-mödding, or kitchen-middens. They are chiefly composed of the castaway shells of oysters, cockles, and other eatable molluscs. You might, indeed, suppose that all the oyster-shops in London had carted off the rejected parts of their 'natives' to some of these localities; for the mounds are occasionally 1,000 feet long, 200 wide, and from three to ten in height. They are not inland phenomena, being almost limited to the coast, where, however, they rarely appear at a greater elevation than ten feet above the level of the ocean. It is particularly deserving of notice that they are wholly wanting in quarters where the waves are manifestly eating into the land, the inference being that at some remote period they existed there too, but have been swept away by the slow advance of the waters, just as the royal Dane who has served to point so many a moral would have been had he persisted in keeping his chair on the sands in spite of the uncourtly tide. That these masses of refuse were of human accumulation is indisputable; for similar collections of shells have been observed near the sea-shore in various parts of the United States, at spots where the Indians were accustomed to pitch their wigwams, long before the pale-faces troubled them with their sordid ways and their seducing brandy.

Now, the common oyster, which is so conspicuous in these heaps, cannot flourish in the Baltic of the present day, because the quantity of fresh water poured into that land-locked basin is by no means congenial to its temper. A more saline medium is required. Hence *Ostrea edulis* refuses to honour that ocean with its presence, except near the entrance, where a salt current seasons the fluid to its taste. It is pretty much the same with *Cardium edule* (the common cockle), as well as with the mussel and periwinkle, which we shall not presume to disguise under their more learned appellations. The extant species are puny

and degenerate things when compared with their savoury predecessors. Great, therefore, must have been the interval of time which would cover all the revolutions here implied ; for extensive physical changes must have occurred in the Baltic to account, not only for the extinction of some of these molluscs, but for the deterioration of others which originally attained a size that must have been highly gratifying to their devourers.

Further, the kitchen-middens contain the bones of various birds, fishes, and quadrupeds. All the specimens of the latter belong to species which either continue to inhabit Europe or are known to have done so within historic times. Some of these, like the beaver, have died out in Denmark within comparatively recent periods. No domesticated animals like the sheep, horse, or ox, have been detected in these mounds, and therefore the natives can neither have been a pastoral nor an agricultural race. But dogs are abundant, though it is remarkable that they were brutes of a much smaller breed than those of the bronze era, whilst dogs of the latter dispensation were by no means equal in calibre to their brethren of the iron age. From the relics of the herring, cod, flounder, and other denizens of the deep seas, it is presumed that the aborigines possessed boats and ventured to put out from the shores upon fishing expeditions. No human bones, however, make their appearance in these curious piles ; for it has never been the practice even of the lowest savages to banish their dead to the dunghills. But the skulls which have been obtained from the peat as well as from the tumuli, supposed to have been coeval with the shell-mounds, indicate that the inhabitants of the locality were men of puny stature, with bullet heads and projecting eyebrows, bearing, in fact, no slight resemblance to the modern Lapps.

Lastly on this subject, from the masses to which we now refer the antiquarian has extracted a number of knives, hatchets, and other instruments made of stone, wood, horn, and bone ; he has drawn out fragments of rude pottery, together with cinders and charcoal ; but no implements of bronze or iron have been detected. It is therefore assumed, that the elegant heaps in question were piled up exclusively by the men of stone, and that consequently a race of low intellect and no refinement had run its course long before the men of bronze, and still longer before the men of iron, appeared.

Collating, therefore, the testimony of bog and midden, Sir C. Lyell propounds the following conclusions :—

‘What may be the antiquity of the earliest human remains preserved in the Danish peat cannot be estimated in centuries

with any approach to accuracy. In the first place, in going back to the bronze age, we already find ourselves beyond the reach of [recorded] history or even of tradition. In the time of the Romans the Danish isles were covered, as now, with magnificent beech forests. Nowhere in the world does this tree flourish more luxuriantly than in Denmark, and eighteen centuries seem to have done little or nothing towards modifying the character of the forest vegetation. Yet in the antecedent bronze period there were no beech-trees, or at most but a few stragglers, the country being then covered with oak. In the age of stone, again, the Scotch fir prevailed, and already there were human inhabitants in those old pine forests. How many generations of each species of tree flourished in succession before the pine was supplanted by the oak, and the oak by the beech, can be but vaguely conjectured; but the minimum of time required for the formation of so much peat must, according to the estimate of Steenstrup and other good authorities, have amounted to at least 4,000 years; and there is nothing in the observed rate of the growth of peat opposed to the conclusion, that the number of centuries may not have been four times as great, even though the signs of man's existence have not yet been traced down to the lowest or amorphous stratum. As to the shell-mounds, they correspond in date to the older portion of the peaty record, or to the earliest part of the age of stone known in Denmark.'

In this estimate it will be seen, there is nothing positively hostile to the notion that the men of flint—the makers of the kitchen-middens—may have vegetated (we can scarcely say flourished) within the limits of the ordinary chronologies. Elsewhere, indeed, Sir C. Lyell refers to the calculations made by M. Boucher de Perthes respecting the time required for the growth of the turf in the valley of the Somme, that lively and enthusiastic gentleman fixing its rate of progress at three centimetres in a century. But this computation, he observes, 'would demand so many tens of thousands of years for the formation of the entire thickness of thirty feet, that we must hesitate before adopting it as a chronometric scale.' That peat does not always require such immense periods for its production may be gathered from the fact that in Hatfield Moss, as well as in other places both in England and Scotland, it has accumulated to the depth of eight feet over the roads cut by the conquering Romans. Indeed, Sir Charles himself asserts, in his '*Principles of Geology*,' that a 'considerable portion of the European peat-bogs are evidently not more ancient than the age of Julius Cæsar.' Roman relics, too, have sometimes turned up in these morasses under circumstances which should render us extremely cautious in

accepting evidences of antiquity from such a quarter. Besides, the growth of turf may have been much more rapid in ancient times, when the vegetation was unchecked, when land was comparatively undrained, and when other conditions combined to favour the increase of these uncivilized swamps.

Again: far more interesting, however, than these Danish heaps and Danish bogs are the *dwelling*s which have been mapped out and imaginatively reproduced on the *Swiss lakes*. Near the shores of some of these beautiful sheets, and projecting through the mud at the bottom, the heads of numerous piles were frequently observed; but it was not until the drougthy winter of 1853-4, when the water in the Lake of Zurich sank lower than it had been known to do for centuries, that these mysterious posts were brought under philosophical consideration. The inhabitants of Meilen, wishing to rescue some of the ground which was thus laid bare, ran up an embankment, and scraped together as much material as they required to fill up the intervening space from the bed of the lake. It was then perceived, not only from the arrangement of the stakes, but also from the hammers, axes, pieces of pottery, and other relics of art which appeared, that this spot must have been the site of some human settlement. No sooner was attention drawn to the subject by Dr. F. Keller than mere after mere was scrutinized, and as it never rains but it pours (a proverb as true in archæology as it is in regard to misfortunes or in matters of meteorology), similar remains began to present themselves in almost every part of the Swiss waters. Upwards of twenty of these villages have been traced out on the classic expanse before Geneva, whilst Neufchatel has yielded a still richer harvest for the antiquarian. That the piles in question really served as the foundation of extensive platforms covered with huts, admits of small dispute. The practice of building towns upon the water was by no means uncommon in ancient times; for Herodotus describes a tribe of Pæonians (many-wived scamps, it appears) who lived on scaffolds erected in the middle of Lake Prasias in Thrace, and who kept up their connection with the main-land by a single narrow bridge. The same practice still obtains amongst various modern savages. According to Dumont d'Urville the Papuans of New Guinea quarter themselves upon similar structures in their bays and rivers. Dr. Baikie reports that the natives on the Tchadda are equally partial to lacustrine life; whilst the Indians of Lake Maracaybo take refuge on wooden stages attached to trees, in order to escape the attentions of that blood-thirsty little insect the mosquito. Indeed, Dr. Keller states that within the compass of the last century several

fishing-huts are known to have been constructed upon the pile principle on the river Limmat, near Zurich. Very extensive, too, some of these Swiss settlements must have been, for at Wangen not less than 40,000 posts were traced, and in certain instances it is supposed by M. Troyon (a great authority on the Pfahlbauten) that as many as 300 huts, containing a population of 1,000 souls, may have been clustered upon a single platform. And a very curious spectacle they would doubtless present if the sketch prefixed to Sir Charles Lyell's book, with its bridges, its basket-like huts, its fishing-nets, its trough of a boat, really affords, as it probably may, a tolerable approximation to the truth. Doubtless the object of the natives in establishing themselves upon the lakes was to secure some sort of protection from the attacks of enemies far more ferocious than the mosquito; for the narrow pathway which connected the platform with the shores might be easily broken down when requisite, and if the wooden edifices should happen to be set on fire, still the inhabitants might escape by means of their canoes. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact that burnt timber is found in great abundance on the site of most of the settlements; and from this circumstance it is reasonably inferred that many of the villages fell a prey to the flames. Kindled those flames might be in some cases by accident; but in the majority of instances it may be fairly presumed that the conflagrations were due to hostile hands or hostile arrows.

The relics obtained from these localities are so numerous and so unequivocal that the antiquarian now talks of the lake-dwellers as confidently as he would of the ancient Gauls or Britons. Axes, hatchets, knives, lance-heads, swords, hammers, and other useful or mischievous implements, vessels of various kinds, buttons, chains, and other articles of personal adornment—for there were fops even in those unpolished times—fishing-tackle, shreds of flaxen cloth, lumps of carbonized wheat, and flat round cakes of bread, together with many other productions of human skill, have been dug out of this archæological mine. But on collating the treasures obtained from various settlements, three periods of progress or intelligence appear to be distinctly indicated. The villages discovered on the lakes of Constance, Zurich, and the eastern parts of Switzerland, afford no samples of metallic articles, their artificers having confined themselves exclusively to stone, and bone, and horn, as if no Tubal Cain had yet arisen amongst them. The inhabitants must therefore have belonged to the age of stone. But in other places we find that the predominant material was bronze, forty hatchets formed of this compound having been dredged up near Morges alone. And as this cir-

cumstance is characteristic of the stations on lakes of Central and Western Switzerland, it may be assumed that a race of somewhat superior cultivation flowed in from the setting sun, and either subdued or ejected the children of stone. Nay, as tin, one of the constituents of bronze, was anciently procured from the Cassiterides, or British isles, chiefly if not exclusively, it is possible that the men who made this unhandsome inroad might be our own predecessors, or at least some continental people who carried on a species of commerce with our country. Surely the world ought to have been roomy enough in those days of undeveloped population; and one would have thought that a people whose lust of land was so small that they were content to live on the water, might have escaped the attentions of the most covetous marauders. But the men of bronze were in turn compelled to succumb to the men of iron. For it seems that a more martial race, brandishing swords and lances of this latter material, forced their way into the region, and made sad havoc with the dwellers on the western lakes. The tin-and-copper tribes, in fact, appear to have perished completely.

The animal remains discovered in connection with these villages belong, with a single exception (the wild bull), to existing species. The natives could not have been particularly nice in their tastes, for amongst the fifty-four kinds enumerated by Professor Rütimeyer—and most of them were employed for food, as is obvious from the split bones from which the marrow has been extracted—we find the badger, polecat, weasel, otter, wild cat, hedgehog, and other excommunicated brutes. Domesticated animals—the ox, sheep, goat—run through the whole series of settlements; and dogs of a medium size appear to have abounded during the period of stone; but during the bronze epoch a large hound came upon the scene, and doubtless assisted its masters in the chase.

From the relics, therefore, which have been detected on the sites of the Swiss lacustrine villages, it is assumed that these three successive human dynasties corresponded with the three ages which lie fossilized (so to speak) in the Scandinavian tombs. They show that each of these races might probably have a long spell of life; for it is contended that the improvements in their implements, the changes in their animal accompaniments, the revolutions in their history, the alterations in their habits, could scarcely be accomplished without the consumption of many centuries. But even the Swiss geologists, in their largest drafts upon the exchequer of Time, scarcely venture to carry back their lake-dwellers to a period anterior to the starting-point in the Mosaic calendar. M. Morlot's estimate, founded upon the growth

of the delta of the *Tinière*, a stream which flows into the Lake of Geneva, assigns a date of between 3,000 and 4,000 years to the bronze age, and of between 5,000 and 7,000 years to the commencement of the stone epoch. M. Gilliéron's computation, based upon the growth of a morass on the margin of the Lake of *Bienne*, brings out a period of 6,750 years as the interval which has elapsed since the aquatic dwelling at the *Pont de Thièle* was erected; but his conclusions do not appear to have been confirmed or disproved by borings and other practical tests. Conjectures, indeed, like these may prove utterly fallacious; and in some cases we fancy they are pretty much the same as if a man, finding that an individual nearly six feet in height had grown only half an inch last year, were to conclude that he must be a hundred and forty years old.

Besides these, there are several other subjects discussed in Sir Charles Lyell's book; but some of them, like the chapters on the Glacial Period and the Transmutation of Species, throw little light upon the chronological position of Man. To enter upon these within our contracted limits would be impossible. To one point, however, we must venture to advert, because it involves a question which will scarcely fail to present itself to the mind of the acute reader. The advocates of antiquity sometimes suggest whether the six thousand years we have really enjoyed would afford sufficient room for the improvement and expansion of the human race. Can the various arts and languages we possess have been the growth of sixty centuries alone? Now, if we are not very much mistaken, the reader will be disposed to turn the tables upon these gentlemen, and to reject their theory simply because the progress of the presumed primevals was so frightfully slow. Ages of opportunity are asked, and yet nothing but minutes of performance are rendered in return. It might be too much to expect, with a deceased geologist, Mr. Richardson, that we ought to have found majestic monuments of man's former existence: 'his cities and his structures; his pyramids and his mountain temples; his palaces of limestone and of marble; the tombs which he reared over the objects of his affection; the shrines which he erected in honour of his God.' But, surely, we ought to have discovered something superior to coarse potsherds and stone hatchets, which can only be regarded as works of skill by a considerable exercise of faith and charity. Paltrier products of intelligence could scarcely have been imagined. A child's humming-top or tin whistle exhibits more genius than the entire stock of articles to which a pre-Adamite date has been colourably assigned. We cannot, of course, dispose of flints and fossils by mere syllogisms; but in

dealing with an undemonstrated theory we are bound to take every logical difficulty into account. And here the great flaw in the case is, that whilst it asks a multitude of years for primitive man, it crowds all the real work of the world into historic times: it accepts of no responsibility in regard to these hypothetical aborigines, but is of opinion that they might reasonably expend a millennium in advancing from flint knives formed by chipping to flint knives smoothed by friction. If, to take Bunsen's estimate, the human race has been in existence for at least two hundred centuries, what was it doing during the 14,000 years which preceded the advent of Adam? Since every relic we possess which can possibly be referred to these unregistered races exhibits nothing but unmitigated barbarism, we have a right to say that they have treated their species shabbily, and that they ought to have done something more brilliant for their posterity even if they were utterly indifferent to themselves. *Mutum et turpe pecus*, indeed, theirs must have been. In one sense, therefore, the theory overshoots its mark, and asks more time than it knows how to manage.

The position, then, of the question appears to be this: a number of relics—stone implements, fragments of pottery, bits of burnt brick, and even human bones—have been discovered in places and under circumstances which seem to denote considerable antiquity. These relics derive additional value from the fact that they have been found in different localities; sometimes in different tiers or stories in the same locality, as if to indicate an advance from one form of art or mode of life to another; and sometimes, again, in intimate association with the bones of creatures which, though now extinct, are presumed to have been similar in point of date. On the other hand it must be confessed, that there is an indistinctness and uncertainty about these memorials of a primitive race precisely in the very particulars where distinctness and certainty are most to be desired. To some extent this must undoubtedly be expected; for the further we recede from the Present the dimmer our vision must necessarily become. But since a work of art may as well exhibit a human impress when it comes from an inferior as from a superior workman—since the pipkin manufactured by Robinson Crusoe would tell its tale almost as unequivocally as the Portland vase—it *does* seem a remarkable circumstance that all the remains of the pre-Adamite host should be so obscure in form, and so conjectural in purpose, that a man might, without the slightest stigma upon his sagacity, use them as materials for Macadamizing a turnpike road.

The problem is something like that of ghosts. When a

person sits down to investigate any particular case, he discovers so many elements of doubt, either in the possibilities of deception, or the vagaries of vision, or the incoherencies of the narrative, or the uncertainties of testimony, or all combined, that he feels disposed to treat it as a contribution to the 'cock-and-bull' department of literature. It is only when he collates a number of spectral transactions, and finds that they exhibit a sort of family likeness (or has the mournful honour of seeing an apparition for himself), that he begins to talk more respectfully of Lord Lyttleton's visitant or of the sprite which plagued the Wesleys at Epworth. No reasonable geologist will expect the public to alter the current chronology until the grounds for such a change are perfectly clear and conclusive. Till then it is not only proper but imperative 'to suspend the judgment.'

If, however, the reader should be of opinion that the advocates of antiquity have raised a fair presumption in favour of their views, it becomes necessary to inquire how far this doctrine bears upon the statements contained in the Bible. Should the theory be established by further researches, ought we to conclude that the story of Adam's creation, as chronicled by Moses, is false?

Certainly not. The discovery of a whole cemetery of skulls like those of Engis or Neanderthal, or of a collection of microscopes and other philosophical instruments, in some pre-glacial formation, would not shake our faith in the veracity of Scripture for a moment. It would indeed be necessary to revise our construction of the opening chapters of Genesis. But since it is nowhere expressly asserted that Adam was the first intelligent creature whom God produced on the earth, we should surely have no right to charge the book with untruthfulness because it contains no allusion to the owners of those 'ape-like' crania, or to the manufacturers of those miserable flints. To do so would be as unfair as it would be to assert that it spoke 'the thing which was not' because it records the appearance of the rainbow after the Deluge, though the sun, and clouds, and raindrops—all the factors of the phenomenon, indeed—were in existence long before the Flood. Geology has already constrained us to interpret the Mosaic narrative as our forefathers did not. Fifty years ago there was scarcely a divine who would not have been shocked had he been requested to believe that the creation of the world occupied more than six literal days: now there is hardly a lettered man to be found in the three kingdoms who would not consider the proposition just as hopeless as if he were to maintain that Rome Imperial was built in four-and-twenty hours.

If, therefore, any of our readers should feel reluctant to relinquish the ordinary chronology, there is one supposition, already half suggested, which it appears to us perfectly lawful to advance. Few can fail to have been struck by the fact that man is the sole acknowledged species in the genus *Homo*. Mr. Lawrance and others go further, and 'put him into a separate order by himself.' But of what other creature can we say the same? Looking at him zoologically—simply as the chief mammal—we might expect to find that the law which has regulated the appearance of other animals would have applied in some measure to him. Whatever may be said with regard to the doctrine of progressive development, the successive geological platforms which have been reared have obviously been employed as exercising-grounds, new species having been introduced from time to time, whilst others have been permitted to expire. Each particular order has broken up into various genera, as if to give it a fair trial under the most favourable circumstances. But man, as historically known, has always been specifically one and indivisible. Varieties exist, but these are all of the same flesh and blood. Is it not permissible, therefore, to suppose, if the case should ultimately require some revision of our views, that other *species* of this proud genus may have preceded us on the earth? and as we may safely assume that they would be inferior to ourselves in mental organization, would there be any impropriety in fastening the low-class skulls to which we have so frequently referred upon their shoulders, and placing the clumsy flint implements about which so much has been said in their unskilful hands?

But however this may be, all that Scripture requires us to believe in reference to Adam is, that he was the progenitor of the existing race. It does not assert that no other species ever belonged to his genus, nor does it even affirm that the extant tribes of human beings are the only tribes of human beings which have ever appeared. It is silent on such subjects; but its silence may be simply of the same kind as that which omits all mention of the sun until the fourth 'day,' and all reference to death until after the Fall. That such previously created races may have wholly disappeared before Adam was introduced is no unreasonable presumption: on the contrary, it is suggested by the argument on which, as we have seen, the case of the antiquarians chiefly turns, namely, that these primitive men were coeval with the mastodon, cave-bear, and other *extinct* quadrupeds. The bipeds may have succumbed to the same adverse influences under which their four-footed contemporaries perished. Not only from the state of the climate which then appears to have

prevailed, but also from the barbaric conditions under which they lived, we are entitled to assume that they must have had great difficulty in making head against the miseries of their position. Until, therefore, it can be shown that the flint men of the Somme have left issue which now forms part of the human family, or until the heirs of the Natchez veteran can be traced into the Adamic line, we do not see that the existence of savages twenty or a hundred thousand years ago, even if fully established, could in the slightest degree impair the credit of the sacred Book. But for the present we do not feel that we are obliged to surrender the received ideas on this question. When adequate proof on the side of concession shall be before us, the concession shall be made. We reverence the past or conform to the present on all such questions according to the law of evidence, and on no other ground.

ART. IX.—(1.) *L'Insurrection Polonaise*. Par le COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT. Paris. 1863.

(2.) *Le Comité central et le comité militaire Russe. Réponse au General Miroslavski*. Par M. BAKOUNINE. London.

(3.) *The Story of a Siberian Exile*. By M. RUFIN PIETROWSKI. Followed by a narrative of recent events in Poland. London. 1863.

POLAND will have made a great stride towards independence, if Mr. Henessy's statement, that her political future has become a practical question, should prove ultimately true. Appearances have been in favour of this view of the subject. The British House of Commons, which in former years was weary of the name of Poland, assembled lately in large numbers to sympathize loudly with her wrongs and with her struggle against the oppressor. It was clear that the nation thought to be dead still showed signs of life. When the standard of revolt was raised once more, Polish exiles and refugees, old and young, merchants and soldiers, teachers and writers, laid down their assumed vocations among strangers, and hastened to their fatherland to fight and die, if need be, for liberty. Despite the tyranny of so many years, Poland it seemed would not die. Moreover, the year 1863 is not 1831. Isolation is not possible while telegraphs, railways, and newspapers flourish as they do. Every act of cruelty and barbarism, the sound of which might have been stifled thirty years ago, is exposed with brief delay to the view of all the civilized world. Europe is horror-struck at the criminal

violence of the Russian authorities. As an able writer quaintly expresses it, 'the jury of nations has even now retired to 'consider the verdict,' and it is to be hoped that the condemnation pronounced on the government of the Czar will be decisive and unanimous. We trust there will be no craven timidity in giving voice to the general feeling that prevails. Justice and sound principles are the only real pacificators of the world ; and the more constantly we keep this in mind, the more fearlessly we express our earnest, well-weighed convictions, the better shall we promote the interests of mankind. It is quite time to cast off that false tenderness in handling the Polish question which infected the various governments of Europe who deferred to Alexander I. and Nicholas. Those monarchs made the most of the adventitious halo of power and grandeur which Europe foolishly had conceded to them. The Crimean war dispelled the illusion, and turned the mind of the present Czar to improvements at home, and the peaceful development of the nation's resources.

This honourable course could not, however, be run without peril to the ancient order of things. The very name of freedom quickened the intelligence of the most civilized among his subjects. The enfranchised press spoke out with unexpected boldness, and if hopes of liberty animated the breasts of the Muscovites—children of a civilization of yesterday—no wonder that it raised to the highest pitch the nation which three centuries ago had attained to a high degree of learning and refinement.

There can be no doubt that the outbreak of the Polish insurrection, although apparently sudden, was deliberately planned and prepared. However lightly M. Tengoborski may write in the intercepted despatches of the efforts of the insurgents, the uprising has been extensive and determined. It springs unquestionably from a spirit of genuine patriotism, deeply rooted in the heart of every Polander, and strong enough to survive the cruel oppression of two-and-thirty years. And no wonder! The ugly desolation called Poland, with its sparse towns and villages thinly populated, its extensive swamps, barren plains, and dense forests, might, by the free development of the laws of nature, have become the happy and fertile dwelling-place of countless thousands. The Pole, who in the grade of civilization and refinement has undoubtedly been at the head of the Slavonic race, did unfortunately, notwithstanding the generous and chivalric elements of his character, bring ruin upon himself by his self-will, vanity, and unsteadiness to political principle. When John Sobieski died in 1696, Poland was torn by factions, and the glory of the monarchy was at an end.

Augustus, Elector of Saxony, seated himself on the throne of the Piasts and Jagellons by force of money and arms. The nation became a plaything in the hands of foreign potentates. Charles XII. of Sweden deposed Augustus, and set up Stanislaus. After Peter the Great's triumph on 'dread Poltava's 'day,' Stanislaus retired, and Augustus the Strong again reigned, but under the protection of Peter, who craftily contrived a large and permanent reduction of the Polish army. Imprudent nation, indeed, as Rulhiere says, which allowed itself to be disarmed at the very moment when new dangers were about to threaten it! The Saxon giant died, after having violated the constitution of the country he was bound to protect, after suffering the spoliation of Livonia and the inheritance of Courland at the hands of his protector Czar Peter, and after having infected the manners of the people with the vices of his corrupt and luxurious court. Once more the philosophic Stanislaus was elected king. Unfortunately for Poland however, his daughter was Queen of France, whose ancient enemy, Austria, combined with Russia to carry by force the election of Augustus III., also Elector of Saxony. The French King avenged his father-in-law by making war on Austria, but decent terms having in 1735 been obtained for Stanislaus and his immediate followers, the Polish nation, as in later interventions of France, was left to its fate. Let us hope better things from the interference of the liberator of Italy. Intolerance came to add its mischievous influence to foreign encroachments. Jesuit persecution drove the dissidents, a large and intelligent section of the community, from all share in the government of the country. Political pharisaism was added to the vices which infected the Diet. Augustus III. preferred Saxony to Poland as a residence, and detested the Diets because they compelled his presence in Warsaw, and spoiled his pleasure. He seized every opportunity of exercising the *liberum veto* and dissolving the assembly. On one occasion, being puzzled how to force a veto, he luckily hit upon an old law which declared debates by candlelight to be illegal. Thereupon his partisans managed to prolong the discussion till dark and to call for candles. The blind sticklers for privilege cried out against this violation of the laws, and the Diet was dissolved. So low had the representatives of the nation fallen, so completely forgetful of the high purpose for which they existed. During the thirty years of the reign of Augustus, the transaction of all State affairs fell gradually into the hands of the King's minister.

Public life ceased to have any interest for the people, and

public spirit died out. The army was undisciplined, the chief officers of State uncontrolled, diplomatic communication with other nations and the residence of Polish ambassadors at many foreign courts were discontinued. Peace indeed prevailed, but conferred only its worst gifts—idleness and luxury. In 1752 began the intrigues between the Czartoryskis and Russia, in which Sir Charles Hanbury Williams bore a prominent part, and which first contemplated the dependence of Poland on Russia. Four years later the resolution of Austria to recover Silesia led to a new combination of European states, and to the Seven Years' War. Russia abandoned Williams's scheme, and transferred her alliance from the Czartoryskis to King Augustus. The Czarina Elizabeth, who hated Frederick of Prussia, sent 100,000 men through Poland to rescue Saxony from his power. From this time Russian influence prevailed in the councils of Poland, and when Augustus III. died in 1763, the Empress Catherine proceeded to exert all her power in favour of her quondam lover, Count Stanislaus Poniatowski, a relative of the Czartoryskis, and a man eminent for nothing but his personal attractions, which Hanbury Williams had artfully brought to bear on Catherine when she was Grand Duchess. Patriotic resistance was offered by some of the nobles to Catherine's intrigues and menaces, but in 1764 Stanislaus was elected king by a Diet surrounded with Russian troops. The further degradation of Poland speedily followed. Though a Pole by birth, Stanislaus never ceased to be a tool in the hands of the Russians, who had some 20,000 soldiers in various parts of the kingdom. By negotiating a matrimonial and political alliance with Austria, he incurred the enmity of Frederick of Prussia, who exclaimed with contemptuous rage, 'I will break his head with his crown!' By supporting the bigoted Roman Catholic party, he entirely alienated the Protestant Dissenters, who were skilfully manipulated by Russian agents, and held *in terrorem* over the head of the king whenever he wavered from his disloyalty to Poland. The confederate Dissenters were betrayed in their turn, and Prince Repnin, the Russian ambassador, became the real director of affairs in Poland. The nation revolted against the Russian usurpation, and the Turks were incited to make war on the Czarina's dominions. Souvoroff, and other generals of Catherine, first humbled the Sultan to the dust, and then Austria, Prussia, and Russia, closing round the unhappy country, broke up the Polish confederacy of patriots, and in August, 1772, executed the first partition treaty. Russia received the Palatinates of Polosk, Vitepsk, and Miceslaf, as far as the Dwina and the

Dnieper, more than 3,000 square leagues. Austria obtained Red Russia (Galicia), and a portion of Podolia and Little Poland, as far as the Vistula, about 2,500 square leagues. Prussia's share, including Posen, extended to the Netze, and amounted to 900 square leagues. The rest of the kingdom was to be insured to Stanislaus under the old constitution.

For a time it seemed as if Stanislaus meant to render the remnant of his monarchy really independent. Instigated by Prussia, he broke with Russia when the latter power was engaged in a war with Turkey. Further, he resolutely carried out most important reforms in the government of Poland. On the 3rd of May, 1791, was adopted by the Diet the new constitution, which excited in England the warm admiration of such men as Burke and Fox. 'It is a work,' said the latter, 'in which every friend to reasonable liberty must be interested.' 'Humanity must rejoice and glory when it considers the change in Poland,' were the glowing words of Burke. The innovations, though supported by Prussia, were odious in the eyes of the Czarina, who was no sooner delivered from the Turkish war than she took up the cause of a small confederacy of Polish reactionists, and under pretext of saving the country from the subversive jacobinism which was then distracting France, she occupied Poland with 100,000 men, announcing her intention to narrow the limits of the kingdom. Prussia first treacherously deserted Poland in the hour of her need, then took her share with Russia in the second partition, 1793, Austria being a consenting party. Catherine thus advanced her frontier into the middle of Lithuania and Volhynia, and Frederick William secured the remaining portion of Great Poland, and part of Little Poland, for his share of the spoil. Stanislaus was constrained to govern the diminished remnant of his kingdom according to the old constitution—an obsolete formula of by-gone ages. It was in the resistance offered to this nefarious spoliation that Kosciusko first appeared upon the scene, distinguishing himself in several engagements with the Muscovites. Kosciusko and other patriots took refuge in Saxony, and began at once to form projects for the deliverance of their country. In the spring of 1794 their insurrection broke out somewhat prematurely, and scythemen then, as now, formed the principal infantry of the insurgents. Ere summer was over, Warsaw, Wilna, Cracow, and a large portion of the kingdom, was in the hands of the patriots, who made Kosciusko dictator. The fall of their gallant leader in battle, on the 10th of October, and his captivity, destroyed their hopes of freedom, and, in the first week of November, Souvoroff carried Praga by assault, killed 8,000 armed Poles, 12,000 townspeople, and

reduced the city to ashes. Warsaw submitted, and Russia was once more mistress of Poland. On the 24th of October, 1795, the treaty for the third partition of Poland was concluded, although the arrangements between Prussia and Austria, as to the limits of the Palatinate of Cracow, were not brought to a close till the following year.

Stanislaus abdicated, and was pensioned by the three powers. Their kingdom being thus swallowed up, the Poles fled by thousands to foreign lands. Paris was their chief place of refuge, and the cause then stirring the hearts of all Frenchmen was dear to the exiles. They had suffered from the intervention of foreign powers in their domestic affairs, and they were eager to enrol themselves under the banner of the new-born republic, armed to resist the intervention of the Coalition. It is instructive to remark that the most monstrous political birth of modern times, Absolutism, the fruit of coalitions, first saw the light at the partition of Poland. The republican fury of France was the necessary response to the attitude taken by the absolute monarchies.

Two Polish legions fought bravely under French leaders in Italy, until they were all but destroyed by their old enemy, Souvoroff. The remnant was despatched to St. Domingo, on the discreditable service of suppressing Toussaint l'Ouverture and his negroes.

M. Montalembert is lavish in high-sounding eulogies on the chivalric generosity of Frenchmen as fighting for an idea, and as the only people in Europe capable of noble aspirations. To France alone he looks for the deliverance of Poland from the yoke of Russia. The first Napoleon was equally eloquent in the expression of his love for the Poles, and he profited largely by their gratitude—gratitude, be it remembered, for favours to come—yet he never scrupled to sacrifice their interests to his alliances when the independence of Poland became a stumbling-block to him. Kosciusko, who had received some personal kindness from the Czar Paul, and had seen many thousands of his countrymen restored to their homes by the same monarch, distrusted the French Emperor, and declined an invitation to accompany the expedition of 1806, for the purpose of raising an insurrection in Poland. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'despotism for despotism; the Poles have enough of it at home without going so far to purchase it.'

Notwithstanding his refusal, Kosciusko's name was, after the battle of Jena, made use of in proclamations to the Poles. More fine words, of a vague character, were uttered in manifestoes by the conqueror. In 1807 Prussian Poland was declared

independent *under Napoleon*. At the treaty of Tilsit it was offered altogether to Russia, on condition that Alexander would adhere to the continental system. The offer being declined, the Duchy of Warsaw, 1,800 square leagues in extent, was erected under the rule of the complaisant King of Saxony.

When Austria was brought low by the French conqueror, Galicia was placed under a provisional government that swore allegiance to Napoleon, but, at the next treaty of peace, restoration of the Polish provinces was made to Austria, with the exception of four departments added to the Duchy of Warsaw. In 1812, 17,000 Poles followed the French eagle into Russia, but the resident population of Lithuania found the mild rule of Alexander preferable to the deceptive promises of Napoleon. Of the fifth corps of the *grande armée* the gallant Poniatoffoki brought few back from Moscow; and when he perished under the waves of the Elster the last hopes of Poland for independence fled.

The Czar, when in Paris, received an affecting letter from Kosciusko, and promised to do his best for Poland. Alas! it was but futile sentimentalism on the part of the Czar, whose real projects of aggrandizement were expressed by his most sagacious adviser, Pozzo di Borgo.

“The conduct of Russia towards Poland,” wrote this able minister to his master, “has constantly been that of a strong and vigorous government towards another which is not so. The destruction of Poland as a nation forms the modern history of nearly all Russia. The conquest of Poland has been achieved principally in order to multiply the relations of the Russian nation with the rest of Europe, and to open to it a wider field, a nobler and more conspicuous theatre, where it may exercise its strength and its talents; where it may gratify its pride, its passions, and its interests.”

It is a striking fact, not without its moral, that Poland, since her fall, has engaged more of the attention of courts and cabinets, and has weighed more in the international relations of European states than she had done for a century before. Alexander and Napoleon had agreed to efface the name of Pole and Poland from history, and substituted the title of the Duchy of Warsaw for the remnant that was preserved of the old kingdom; yet, at the Congress of Vienna, the spirit of Polish nationality haunted the hall of conference with a ghostly power that none could regard with indifference.

At first it was proposed to reconstruct the kingdom of Poland on an independent footing, a scheme which was strongly supported by the English plenipotentiary, and as strenuously resisted by Russia. Indeed, the pretensions of the latter power

were so alarming, that they occasioned a secret defensive alliance between England, France, and Austria, which was concluded on the 3rd of January, 1815, for the purpose of maintaining the security and independence of the contracting parties to the treaty of Paris.

The return of Napoleon from Elba precipitated the conclusion of the treaty between the three northern courts, which was signed on the 3rd of May, 1815. The fifth article of the treaty declared that the Duchy of Warsaw should be formed into a kingdom, to be united to the Russian crown, but should enjoy a separate constitution and administration. Austria recovered the lost portions of Galicia. Cracow, with its territory, was created a republic, with a distinct constitution, under the protection of the three powers. The Posnanian portion of the old Duchy was bestowed on Prussia. In the following month Alexander was proclaimed King of Poland, and before the year had expired he granted the promised constitution, which was very similar to that of the 3rd of May, 1791. The privileges thus conferred extended to four million Poles only, Alexander's design of uniting Lithuania to the kingdom never having been executed. M. Pozzo's remark, that 'the title of King of Poland can never sympathize with that of Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias,' pointed to a truth which was not long in showing itself. The incongruity of the two functions of Czar and constitutional King, which Alexander undertook to discharge, could not but prove fatal to one or the other. Several encroachments on the constitution had already been made when Alexander died in 1825. On the 25th of December his successor, Nicholas, solemnly swore to observe the Constitutional Charter. The next day occurred that revolt of the troops which made the very name of Constitution gall and wormwood to the new Czar, and which made his reign one long nightmare of tyranny and oppression. Some Poles were implicated in the Russian conspiracies, and hundreds of the Polish youth were imprisoned, of whom a select few were tried and acquitted. Nicholas was crowned king at Warsaw in 1829, and appointed his brother Constantine, a ruthless savage, commander-in-chief, and virtually viceroy.

The revolution of July, 1830, in France, occurred at a time when the Poles were smarting under the barbarities of the Grand Duke, and while they still retained the life and strength gained during fifteen years of comparatively free government. They rose in insurrection on the 30th of November, 1830, and, for a time achieved considerable success. A Diet was assembled. Chlopiski, Radzivil, and Skrzneski were successively commanders of the insurgent forces. Prince Adam Czartoryski was elected pre-

sident of the National Council which met in Warsaw. Negotiators were sent to St. Petersburg, but no terms less than unconditional surrender would be accepted. On the 25th of January, 1831, the provisional government declared the throne of Poland vacant. Nicholas decreed the confiscation of the estates of all revolters of the upper class, and exile in Siberia for the lower class. The Poles fought desperately, and victory declared for them at Grochow in February; at Wurzburg in March, at Zelikof and Seidlitz in April. Diebitsch, the Russian Field-marshal, died, as it was said, of vexation of spirit. The Grand Duke Constantine followed him to the tomb in less than three weeks. The sanguinary battle of Ostrolenka, fought on the 26th of May, was indecisive, but the tide of victory had turned. The Poles were defeated at Wilna, at Minsk, and, decisively and finally, at Warsaw, on the 7th and 8th of September. The Czar occupied the kingdom with 70,000 troops, and held it by right of conquest. More than 5,000 families were banished. Thenceforth the system of 'Thorough' was applied to the administration of affairs in what now became the Polish provinces of Russia. The language was no longer employed in public documents, and whatever could be done to obliterate all national characteristics that remained to the people was done. But the indomitable spirit of the nation, kept alive by correspondence with the Emigrants in London, Paris, and elsewhere, was not to be suppressed. A bleeding remnant of the ancient republic still retained a certain amount of independence in Cracow, jealously watched though it was by the three partitioning powers. They had, indeed, unceremoniously held it in military occupation in 1831, again in 1833, and again in 1836. The last occupation extended over five years. In 1840 Lord Palmerston and M. Guizot protested against the occupation, and in the following year the little republic was evacuated. Austrian troops, however, continued to watch it from the other side of the Vistula. Nor were their jealous fears groundless. Fifteen years had barely elapsed after the terrible conflict at Warsaw, when an extensively planned insurrection broke out simultaneously in Posen and Galicia in the month of February, 1846. The Prussians speedily suppressed the outbreak in Posen. The Austrians had a more sanguinary task to perform. The General who entered Cracow, hearing of the advance of armed peasants, and of a general rising throughout Galicia, retreated with a speed that resembled flight, while the leader of the insurgents on his side retreated from the supposed advance of the Austrian General. The Government officials took advantage of the ignorance of the peasants, and by offering them head-money, contrived to turn them against their Polish seigneurs all suspected of being concerned in

the insurrection. The result of this diabolical statecraft was a frightful amount of murder and pillage. Calm being at length restored, the three powers, after long deliberation, took upon themselves in November, 1846, to destroy the little republic created by the Congress of Vienna, and annex it to Austria. England and France were extremely indignant, but the Spanish marriages had just occurred to mar their cordial union, and the protest of the two Governments made separately had not the deterring force which belongs to a combined remonstrance of two or more of the great powers. Lord Palmerston justly said in his sharp, incisive manner, that the Northern powers would find that they had committed an error when they combined in an infraction of the treaty of Vienna, which if good for nothing on the Vistula, must be equally bad on the Rhine and on the Po. These words which sixteen years ago may have excited only a smile at the Absolutist courts, have acquired a grim significance. It is interesting to record that the absorption of Cracow drew from the pen of the late Prince Consort an eloquent paper, replete with sound views ably reasoned, which was published in the 'Edinburgh Review' (April, 1847). Poland was now wholly prostrate, its name was indeed effaced from the map of Europe; and when the convulsions of 1848-9 occurred, so paralyzed was the nation in all its members, that the small attempt made by the Emigrants at insurrection, was immediately checked by the hostile attitude of the peasantry. Fifteen years, however, have brought manhood to another hardy crop of patriots, who bold in the faith and traditions of their fathers, resolved to strike a blow for national independence.

We cannot see why M. Montalembert and others insist upon affirming that the present revolution is a 'sudden and spontaneous explosion,' provoked by the atrocious measure of the forced midnight conscription. If it be to excite a more widely-extended sympathy, we presume to think that such a course is a mistaken one. Sympathy with the victims of one gross outrage cannot be so deep and permanent as sympathy with a life-long agony of humiliation. It is now well known that the explosion of the revolution if sudden was not spontaneous. It had been prepared long beforehand. Many events within the last ten years have concurred to revive the hopes of Polish patriotism. The weakness of Russia when brought face to face with her equals, as revealed in the Crimean war, the emancipation of her serfs, the boldness of political speculation among the educated classes of the empire, the formation of secret societies, the propagation of extremely advanced ideas by the Russian press

in London ; form one category of powerfully-acting influences on the Polish mind. On the other hand occur in quick succession the humiliation of Austria, the successes of Garibaldi, the deliverance of Italy, and the revolution in Greece. One of these great events was brought about by the powerful arm of the nephew of that Napoleon who owed more to the Polish race than any other non-partitioning sovereign in Europe. He owed them gratitude for their brave and faithful service in his army, and restitution for promises made to the ear but broken to the heart. If, as it is said, personal feeling had something to do with the victories of Solferino and Magenta, the thought of fulfilling the broken promises of his uncle, ought to impel the Emperor of the French to make a real effort for the emancipation of the Poles. We agree with M. Montalembert in heartily desiring that such emancipation should proceed from the Czar himself, feeling as we do that war is a horrible alternative, and that only an armed intervention in the struggle is likely to prove effectual. There was hope that a liberal constitution would have been bestowed upon a new Poland by the present Czar. When some eighteen months ago the churches of Warsaw and other towns were filled with men and women dressed in mourning and singing patriotic hymns, the touching protest against tyranny seemed to reach the heart of the Russian sovereign.

Preparations for a new and milder government were made. The Grand Duke Constantine and his family brought to Warsaw the *éclat* and dignity of a court. Inquiries into the wants of the country were assiduously made, and for a moment it seemed as if the ancient quarrel between Poles and Russians, more bitter than the by-gone animosities of English and Irish, were about to be arranged *à l'amiable*. The coarse Russian nature was much puzzled to comprehend the new attitude of the Poles. That meekness in demanding liberty, the fruit as it seemed of a mystical religious exaltation, was an element of resistance that the hard and cold mechanism of the Autocrat's government knew not how to deal with. No disturbances occurred to excuse the employment of military force. Agitated assemblies were appeased by the Poles themselves. The eminently national association, the Agricultural Society, with the distinguished patriot Count Andrew Zamoyski at its head, took care never to depart from the line of legality in its many endeavours for practically ameliorating the condition of the people.

What was to be done? Let an address, stating in full the demands of Poland, and signed by their leading men, be

brought to the Emperor. No sooner said than done. Count Zamoyiski carried the address to St. Petersburg, where the Emperor affected to be surprised and angry at the suggestion that the constitutional privileges asked for should extend to the ancient limits of Poland and include Lithuania. Count Peter was banished the empire, and cruelly prevented from soothing the last moments of his wife, who died shortly afterwards. A violent repression of the moderate party took place. The people were put down by pistol and sabre—a populace that walked taper in hand chanting, ‘Holy Lord God! God Almighty, God immortal, have mercy upon us! From plague and pestilence, from fire and sword, O Lord, deliver us! Vouchsafe to give us back our native land!’

The extreme democratic and communistic party, both among the Emigrants and at home, were fortified by the ill-treatment of their more peaceful brethren, and their plans for an insurrection were hurried on. They found sympathisers and counsellors in the party of Russian refugees in London, Paris, and Brussels. We learn from the printed letter of M. Bakounin to General Mieroslavski that a *Comité de salut Polonais* had for some time secretly existed in Warsaw, and that it acquired great authority over the patriots in all parts of the country, professing ‘a complete organization in the five provinces of the Republic—Galicia, Posnania, Lithuania, and Ruthenia—with ramifications from the centre to the circumference of the ancient Polish territory, and from the highest to the lowest classes of society.’

‘The retirement of Z—— and its consequences have obliged us to cut off that *lost branch* from our new organization,’ writes General Mieroslavski to his Russian correspondent in the autumn of last year. Already the extreme party was endeavouring to seize the leadership of the approaching revolution. Meanwhile an association, called the *Comité militaire Russe*, presumed to be a party of liberals in the Russian army itself, formed an alliance with the central national committee of Warsaw, on the basis of liberty for both peoples and a friendly alliance of two prospective republics. In the programme of this party care was taken to mollify the Lithuanians and Ruthenians (inhabitants of Little Russia), whose love for the Poles, *pur sang*, is not greater than their love for the Russians. It was provided that independence once achieved each people should dispose of themselves in the way and to the government which they might like best. This prospective possibility of a Poland divided and in part annexed to Russia, even a democratic Russia, offended the Polish Unionists, and might have led to an important schism, had not the precipi-

tate violence of the oppressor rallied the parties together again. The secret society, of which the Central Committee was the head, consisted before the outbreak of 50,000 sworn members. It embraced all the towns and a certain part of the country, where its orders were implicitly obeyed. It issued two official journals—the *Ruch* and the *Straznica*—and employed a police of its own, which was constantly out-manceuvring the police of the Marquis of Wielopolski. In November, 1862, the military Russian Committee published in the *Bell* newspaper an address to the Russian officers in Poland, who are thus apostrophised :—

‘Comrades of all the military corps, of the line and of the artillery, of the guard and the army, garrisons and Cossacks of military academies and the staff! Our situation is exceptional. The way in which the Government is acting in the towns of Poland is such that the people must lose patience and rise without inquiring whether they shall conquer or be conquered. Events are drawing near day by day, the moment when we must either become the headsmen of Poland or revolt with her. We do not wish to play the part of executioners, nor do the soldiers who are under us.’

Much more to the same effect follows, and the programme of the Central Committee is set forth ; but as we have not heard of any extensive defection in the Russian army in Poland, we must presume that the address did not attain the desired end, and we need not reproduce it. Enough for us to point out that the Russian Government, if not previously informed by its own police of the projected insurrection, must have been thoroughly roused by the publication of this address last November. Measures doubtless were cautiously taken for the execution of the counterplot, which the Russian *gens d’armes* executed with such fatal success on the 22nd of January last, by which 25,000 of the best part of the population were kidnapped and carried off to distant military depôts. The blow seemed to stun the patriots, and no movement of the people took place until the official gazette published the insolent and stinging assertion, ‘that the recruitment had met with no resistance, and that the conscripts had testified nothing but eager good-will, cheerfulness, and satisfaction, at going to improve themselves in the school of order which military service laid open to them.’ That drop of poison made the cup run over. We quote from M. Montalembert :—

‘That which none of the outrages committed during two years could provoke has been the work of an obscure scribe who wrote this lie on the official page. His venal hand has set fire to the powder-train. That cynical outrage on public grief and delicacy will rank in history by the side of outrages on the delicacy of women,

such as gave to Rome the signal for the expulsion of the Tarquins and the Decemvirs, to Palermo for the Sicilian Vespers. Eternal honour to the people to whom a moral injury is more revolting than physical torments; who can submit to anything, endure anything, save official hypocrisy and a lie, promulgated in their name and on their account. A slave—be it so; but a grateful, satisfied slave; a slave who will let himself be congratulated on his freedom and happiness—no, a thousand times no! Bound, gagged, whipped, transported—be it granted again; but under chains, and the gag, and the knout, the Pole wishes the world to know him as the victim, never as the accomplice of servitude. Death and ruin, every disaster and every torture, rather than a silent adhesion to a crowned and unpunished lie!

Notwithstanding this great and barbarous *coup d'état*, the plot which the imperial authorities meant to undermine was more extensive than they imagined. Thousands of men flew to arms. The experience of past misfortunes has not, we have reason to believe, been thrown away upon the insurgents. The aristocratic class among them is less exclusive than of yore. The middle class, which includes men engaged in the liberal professions and in the higher walks of commerce, and which forms the most numerous and intelligent part of the present revolutionary party, is more prudent than it was wont to be, and, relying chiefly on the inhabitants of the towns, leaves the peasantry alone as much as is possible. The extreme views of men like General Mieroslavski are discountenanced, and, as we have recently seen, the generous offer of Garibaldi's arm has been politely and gratefully declined, on the plea that his presence might introduce into the strife an element of disunion and disturbance.

But what can the utmost heroism do against *gros bataillons*? What can Poland do without the aid of the Western States? We regret most deeply to see the attitude taken by the English and French Governments in this matter. M. Montalembert urges with all his eloquence upon France the duty of rescuing Poland from servitude in default of Russia herself. 'A government,' he says, 'which in ten years has decided by war three great questions—the Eastern, the Italian, and the Mexican questions—cannot take refuge from the Polish question in impotence and indifference.'

The English Government, in 1815, was baffled in its endeavours to restore Poland to independence, and was obliged to submit to the arrogant menace of Alexander, who refused to listen to Lord Castlereagh's proposal, since forsooth he had 200,000 men occupying Poland. The supremacy then enjoyed by the Czar is now transferred to England and her ally, and surely it becomes them to urge that the benefits stipulated for Poland in the treaty of

Vienna should be secured to that confederate people. Certainly, it is not the duty of any government to engage its subjects in a war, even to rescue a nation from misery, not at least until the voice of the people is unmistakably pronounced in favour of such a war. But remonstrance—clear, firm, and open—is within our power; and should this fail, there is a step which can be taken, and which might be taken, and we venture to say, ought to be taken, by England and by other states—it is to withdraw their diplomatic representatives from the capital of the offending power. Let it thus be placed out of the comity of civilized states and the effect must soon be perceptible. The old Czar Alexis did as much when he heard of the decapitation of Charles I. of England. He recalled his ambassadors, and would hold no intercourse with a regicide nation. The present government of Russia did something of the same kind at the court of Turin when Victor Emmanuel became king of Italy. England, had she been strong at home and abroad, possibly would have done the same thing in 1831 with Russia, who then perpetrated a dangerous and revolutionary act by violating the treaty of Vienna and incorporating the kingdom of Poland as a province of Russia. Such a course was urged by distinguished men at the meeting held in Guildhall on the 17th of March last. Such a course persisted in by England, France, Austria, and the other neutral powers, would tend effectually to make the Czar more reasonable than he now is, and Poland more free and happy, without the horrible alternative of a bloody war. The preposterous notion that all our business transactions with a country from which the ambassadors are removed must cease, springs from a false appreciation of the functions of an ambassador. The distinction between a government and the people governed is so universally kept in view that we need but cite one notorious fact to show that relations between nations are kept up even in the extreme case of the governments being at war. During the whole of the Crimean war, the English Consul remained at St. Petersburg transacting business, and we have little doubt that had there been no blockade a large trade would have been carried on, even at that juncture, between England and Russia. It is argued that the expression of feeling at our public meetings is useless for all purposes of constraint on foreign sovereigns unless we mean to go to war. But has it not been the boast of our age that public opinion exercises a moral force which far transcends all physical force? Unhappily, we see too many proofs of the contrary doctrine. Yet surely it is the office and duty of journalists to magnify the power of public sentiment in relation to such questions. We regret to observe the indifference to Polish interests inculcated by some writers in the newspaper press. We

do not understand why a body of men usually generous and high-minded should withhold their sympathy and support from the suffering Poles. It is true, no doubt, that Russians of rank and station exercise great influence in what is specially called 'Society' both here and in Paris. They cultivate assiduously the art of social success, and always show themselves to be keen politicians. An influence of this kind may succeed in getting Poland voted 'a bore,' like a poor relation whose very name becomes a reproach and a nuisance to more fortunate men.

Even as we write, the news arrives that Langievicz, the self-elected dictator of the insurgents, has been defeated, and has surrendered to the Austrians. We trust that the attitude of the democratic party among the Poles, whose feelings are expressed in the protest published by General Mieroslawski, has not contributed to this disastrous result. A division in the camp is precisely the instrument of destruction which Russian spies know how to employ with fatal effect. Yet Poland will not despair. 'Father Andrew,' as Count Zamoyski is affectionately called in his native country, has, in a large meeting held at Manchester, appealed for help to the English people. We hope that this appeal will not be made in vain. Still more fervently do we hope that the English Government will make every possible effort to open the eyes of the Czar to the folly and cruelty of oppressing the Poles. No one is more able than Earl Russell to impress upon the Russian Government for their guidance, England's mode of dealing with Scotland in the last century, and with Ireland in our own time. Russia cannot really begin a career of freedom and improvement for herself until she has conceded liberty and equality before the law to Poland. It is morally and physically impossible. A black barrier of hatred will divide the old Muscovite provinces from the civilizing influences of the West. The Western powers will be urged more and more every year to rescue Poland from oppression, and the day will come when, if Russia has not anticipated the blow, they must do so. In their very self-defence, and in obedience to the law by which they live as nations, England, France, and Germany, will have to take hold of the 'handle end' of the Russian empire and wrench it from the Czar's dominions. We, therefore, earnestly call upon our Government to rise above present material considerations into the higher regions of political morality and public faith. Let them remember our neglect of Poland in the past; let them look forward with dismay to the certain retribution which awaits crime and complicity with crime. England is now in a high position of strength, wealth, and influence. Let her use these great gifts in the cause of freedom and humanity.

- ART. X.—(1.) *The Kingdom of Christ Delineated, in Two Essays on our Lord's own Account of his Person and the Nature of his Kingdom, and of the Constitution, Powers, and Ministry of a Christian Church, as appointed by Himself.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London. 1841.
- (2.) *The Ideal of a Christian Church.* By the Rev. W. G. WARD, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Second Edition. London. 1844.
- (3.) *An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine.* By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Second Edition. London. 1846.
- (4.) *Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face.* By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley. London. 1853.
- (5.) *Yeast: a Problem.* By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Fourth Edition. London. 1859.
- (6.) *Theological Essays.* By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE. Cambridge. 1853.
- (7.) *The Faith of the Liturgy and the Doctrine of the Thirty-nine Articles.* By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE. Cambridge. 1860.
- (8.) *Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton.* By the Rev. P. W. ROBERTSON. Three Series. London. 1855-7.
- (9.) *Essays and Reviews.* London. 1860.
- (10.) *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined.* By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D.D., Bishop of Natal. Parts I. and II. London. 1862-3.
- (11.) *A Charge of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London at his Visitation, Dec. 2nd, 1862.*
- (12.) *Report of the Proceedings of the Church Congress of 1862, held in the Sheldonian Theatre and Town Hall, Oxford, July 8th, 9th, and 10th.* Oxford. 1862.

WE have no intention of discussing the literary or theological merits of the works severally named in the list above. They have been classed together and put at the head of this article merely for the purpose of directing the reader's attention to a small section of that wide field within which he will find appropriate illustrations of our subject—'English Thought and the English Church.' The list might have been almost indefinitely lengthened—or, we might, perhaps, have made it more thoroughly representative of the entire region of thought to which the following observations will refer, if we had deemed the end to be answered by it of sufficient importance, or had found it possible, within reasonable limits, to intercalate our own remarks with the citations best fitted to throw light upon them. But, assuming, as we think we may fairly do, that in every circle of cultivated men in the kingdom the general groundwork of facts upon which our reflections will rest will be conceded without

dispute, and apprehensive lest, in presenting detailed evidence of what is not likely to be questioned, attention might be diverted by its necessarily diversified character from the main purpose we have in view, we have judged it better, on the whole, to group together a certain number of publications, and to rely upon the reader's knowledge of their general drift, rather than upon a bewildering number of particular quotations from them, for bringing out into relief one of the most curious and suggestive, one of the most hopeful yet humiliating, features of the present time.

It may be imagined that any deliberate attempt to restrain the thinking faculty of man within boundaries prescribed, not by the natural limitations of that faculty, but by the *fiat* of human law, must always, from its very nature, have been considered hopeless. That it was not so regarded in past ages, that it is not universally so regarded in our own day, we know very well. Surprise at the fact, however, will be greatly lessened, if not entirely removed, when we come to take into account all the conditions which contributed to make it possible. Through the long ages during which mind and conscience slept the drugged sleep over which priestly tyranny and corruption kept easy and almost undisturbed watch, an authoritative definition of the range within which intellectual activity should be confined, and beyond which it should be forbidden to stray, would not only seem to be, but actually was, a tolerably sure restraint upon the natural excursiveness of thought. It was comparatively easy to determine the area upon which light should shine, when all the world was lapped in darkness. If, after the dawning of the day, our early Reformers still deemed it possible to circumscribe reason and control faith by the combined agency of ecclesiastical and civil law, the mistake, although palpable enough to us, was pardonable in them. We are not entitled to expect that they should have entirely shaken themselves free of the delusions of their times. It was not likely that, immediately upon their breaking loose from the Papacy, they would find themselves either competent or sufficiently at leisure to take all the bearings of their new position. They had their more special work to do, and they did it manfully. They had to achieve deliverance from a galling yoke of bondage, and they achieved it nobly. We have no right to feel or affect astonishment that they did not at once solve all the problems which even then must have come under notice, far less that they did not so far anticipate experience as to decide great practical questions destined to rise to the surface only after the lapse of a century or two. It was quite consistent, therefore, with all that we know of the general conditions governing the advance of

truth, that these men, deep as was their insight into matters then in controversy, should accept as an axiom—as a primary principle about which it was superfluous to reason—that every people organized into a nation should have imposed upon them by law a unity of religious faith, and a fair approximation, at least, to a uniformity of Church discipline and ritual, protected against sectarian divergence by severe penalties. It never occurred to them, or at any rate to more than an almost unnoticeable minority of them, that the revival of letters had already ravaged and would ultimately destroy the *habitat* of their own assumption, and the only means by which it could sustain itself; and that the attempt to give law and limits to the growth of thought within the Church whilst beyond it all was free and unrestricted, was about as hopeless an impracticability as if they had undertaken, after the return of spring, to stop vegetation over an arbitrarily defined portion of the earth's surface. It is, indeed, a study replete with interest and instruction, to contrast the all but unanimous reception, in the times of which we speak, of a principle which in theory subjects the prerogative of the human mind to despotic control, and claims from it unquestioning allegiance, with the very general but seemingly unconscious violation of that principle by the actual movements and habits of thought which then prevailed. The entire history of the religious and ecclesiastical struggles commencing with the Reformation, and running down through the Commonwealth to the latest Act of Uniformity, exhibits to us a continuous revolt in practice against a principle of law which all parties accepted as theoretically sound and indisputable.

The struggle, as we shall see, is yet going on, much changed, it is true, in the direction which it takes and in the means which it employs. The form into which it has become developed in our day is probably the last which it is possible for it to assume. There remains but one isolated spot on which the mind has not successfully and legally established its right to unrestricted freedom—that spot consists of the Articles of Religion and the Book of Common Prayer, fenced off and consecrated for ever to an 'assent and consent' which trembles to inquire, and is forbidden to question. Even within this range, however, liberty to investigate, to compare, to criticise, to draw conclusions, and to proclaim them, is asserted by the laity of the Church of England. The clergy only are bound to forego the exercise of that prerogative of independent thinking which all other classes in the empire are entitled to make use of at will, and which in all other departments of speculation even the clergy may bring into unfettered action. This is the anomalous

position some of the more prominent characteristics and effects of which we are about to examine ; and we shall venture at the close of our survey to ask the reader whether in this, as in all previous stages of the conflict, that which is natural is not demolishing that which is artificial, or, in other words, whether thought, even within the narrow domain in which it is subordinated to authority, is not progressively and rapidly, albeit blindly, crumbling away the restrictions imposed upon it by its own fallacious theory ; whether, in fine, a self-made slavery can long withstand the incessant action of divinely-implemented instincts.

It will hardly be necessary, we suppose, to show that there is nothing either in the letter or the spirit of Christianity, nothing in the object or constitution of a Christian Church, which makes it requisite to impose any limitations upon the activities of the human mind in regard to them, beyond such as are inherent in the subjects themselves, and in the inadequacy of our faculties thoroughly to comprehend them. If in any service thought should be free from every kind of restraint which God himself has not made binding on it, and in which conscience should know of no authority but his, surely it is in the service of Christ's Church. She addresses herself to the 'blind in understanding' and the 'alienated in heart,' and her business is to convince and persuade. The truth in Jesus is her only but all-powerful argument. To be free, and to be known to be free, is an essential element of the moral power of her teaching. Any artificial clog upon her liberty detracts from the life and grace of her movements. Those of her members whose sacred vocation it is to explain her doctrine and enforce her benign laws, should not only be believed to have, but, in order to the efficient discharge of their ministry, should have their minds ever open to the action of light. To be 'ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh them a reason of the hope that is in them,' to 'search the Scriptures,' and to 'prove all things,' are duties enjoined upon all Christian disciples. The life of individual faith, as described by apostolic wisdom, presupposes growth 'in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' And inasmuch as it is peremptorily forbidden to all who bear the Christian name to call any man Master on earth, in things pertaining to the conscience, all are clearly put under law to keep their minds free from every entanglement which might hinder them from 'following on to know the Lord.' So to count themselves to have apprehended as will enervate the disposition and paralyse the obligation to look for a fuller, higher, more intimate acquaintance with the will of God revealed in his Son,

is to trample down one of the conditions on the observance of which the very maintenance of spiritual life depends. The primary convictions which constitute the essential elements of that spiritual life are less imperilled by the perfect freedom of the mind and conscience than they can be by subjecting them to arbitrary limitations ; and the faith which stands in the wisdom of men rather than in the power of God is of little worth. There is more scepticism comes out of restraint than out of freedom. For, after all, religious unbelief originates in the will, perverted by whatever antecedent influences ; and nothing tends more certainly to beget an oppugnancy of the will than a prohibition by insufficient authority of the use of reason in the noblest sphere of its exercise.

Now, what is true of an individual Christian life is true also of the Church, which is only the social organization of that life. Being the body of which Christ is the Head, it must suffer nothing to come between itself and his will. It may have its traditions, its creeds, its formularies, its historic associations, its rules of discipline, its methods of action and labour. It may cherish any or all of them with reverent affection. It may have derived, and may continue to derive, from them real assistance and true solace. But it is bound to hold all these, precious as they may be, as it holds all other possessions, subject to the higher teachings and paramount authority of its divine Lord. As time rolls on, the light which radiates from the Incarnate Word, and which grows clearer and more penetrating in proportion as it is meekly and confidently received, may cast upon these secondary 'aids to 'faith' a fuller illumination ; and, peradventure, to such as maintain an attitude of watchful obedience, may discover indubitable evidence of the imperfection and fallibility in which they had their origin. But should the Church deliberately put these things in the place of Christ's law, or suffer them to be imposed upon her by other authority than his—should she, no matter what her motive, mark out with human lines, and colour with the hues of human thought, somewhat which she is resolved thenceforward to regard as an all-comprehending, perfect, and authoritative embodiment of his mind, and idolatrously allow it to absorb the worship and trust which should have been reserved exclusively for himself, she will have forfeited the secret of her own religious life and growth, and have cast away from her the most potent means of her success.

Yet this is what the Church of England has done. Happily, and in mercy, her notion of what best became her was not more mistaken than the complete realization of her intentions was impossible. So far as it was in her power to do it, she has

checked her own development, and put a limit round about her growth. It is not due to her will that the Divine life cannot be entirely nor permanently confined within the boundaries she had prescribed for it. Probably, without being aware of what she was about, she has greatly impeded, stunted, distorted it, and, for awhile, has forced it out of its natural skyward tendency; and she seems now to be waking up to the consciousness that it will inevitably outgrow the restraints by which she has environed it, and, unless previously released, will shatter the inelastic system in which it has been imprisoned. But whatever her misgivings as to the ultimate effect of her own theory upon her position, to that theory she clings with desperate tenacity. In her inmost soul, no doubt, she regrets the excessive stringency of the terms which binds her clergy to accept for final and unalterable truths so large a bundle of foregone conclusions and implications as the Carolinian Act of Uniformity lays upon their consciences. She cannot but be sensible of some inconvenience from being compelled to restrict her speculations and confine her faith within the precise lines traced out for them, in evil times, and for predominant political purposes, by Archbishop Sheldon and his colleagues. But she has no thought of legally relaxing, far less of striking off, the cords and wythes with which the clerical mind is bound; and she prefers that conscience should endure any agony which their pressure can inflict to facing the peril to which the whole system of the Church Establishment would certainly be exposed by any serious attempt to give greater ease and larger liberty of thought to her 18,000 clergy.

So much was spoken and written last year of the actual obligations under which the clergy of the Church of England are brought by the Canons, the Act of Uniformity, and the judicial decisions of the Court of Arches—we ourselves have so recently had occasion to inspect and handle the fetters by which they are bound—that we refrain from unnecessarily dragging again into public notice the precise instruments of torture which rack their souls. We have them before us, and, did our object imperatively require it, should not shrink from ranging them in order once more before the eyes of our countrymen. But we rejoice in being spared the necessity. It would have been now, as it has been before, a melancholy and humiliating one. The position in which clerical subscription, as at present enforced by the law of the land, places men of education and culture who submit to it, is so unnatural, so ignoble, so hard upon the highest aspirations of our nature, so thickly strewn over with all the characteristic effects of slavery, as, in our view, to make the comparative inconsiderateness with which it is entered upon, and the apathy with which it is

permanently occupied, even more pitiable than it is itself. The saddest feature of the whole case is the facility with which minds, many of them of the highest order, can adapt themselves to the restrictions within which they are reluctantly locked up. It troubles us to reflect how much is lost to mankind through that depravation of sentiment which will admit of men, such as the English clergy usually are, surrendering, even though it were in profession only, all future right to individuality of conviction and independence of thought, in regard to by far the most important subjects which can engage the thinking powers of man. That any one of gentle lineage and of liberal cultivation can be induced to sign away the very noblest birth-right it has been given him to inherit—that, namely, of private judgment—is a humbling fact to all who feel an interest in the moral development of their race; but that thousands should be able to divest themselves of their prerogative, and, so far as appears, without a throb of shame or a pang of regret, confounds and appals us. We are driven to ask ourselves whether any institution framed by man's wisdom, even when guided by the devoutest motives, can be worth the injury thus inflicted upon the choicest heritage of humanity. It would be lamentable enough that so considerable a proportion of the intellectual force of the country should thus voluntarily circumscribe its freedom of movement, though destined to be thereafter employed in exclusively secular professions; but the fact that they are the authorized exponents in this kingdom of God's revealed will to man, who bind themselves by the most solemn engagements to a particular interpretation of that will, whatever may be their maturer convictions, and however partial and erroneous subsequent reading and reflection may demonstrate it to be, constrains us to adopt, as applicable to our own community, the bitter charge which the prophet Isaiah urged against his country, 'the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.' It is, however, the fact, as such, and not its consequences, that we have to note on the present occasion. If as we look at it, not for the purpose of censure but simply with a view to give meaning to our following observations, our feeling of surprise and sorrow forces for itself some expression, we ask our readers to excuse the digression for the sake of the awful importance of the subject. It is not necessary to our object that they should share our emotions. They have only to recall the terms in which the subscription is exacted from the clergy of the Church of England, the circumstances of solemnity under which their pledge is given, and the life-long disqualification for free inquiry and honest utterance in things relating to religious faith and teaching which that pledge im-

plies, to enable them to appreciate at their full worth the phenomena to which we are about to direct their notice.

We call attention, first of all, to the marked contrast between the restraint imposed upon the exercise of free thought by the clergy within the inclosure defined by their clerical vows, and the perfect liberty allowed them outside of it ; and still more pointedly to that which obtains between the intellectual and religious bondage of the State-authorized teachers of the Gospel, and the unlimited freedom of the taught. There can be no doubt, that so far as the design of the English Legislature can be inferred from the provisions of law, the Church of England was meant to be the final expression of the national faith. The entire framework of it is rigid, devoid of elasticity, and, if we may so say, mechanically fixed. No arrangement seems to have been thought of, at all events none was provided, by means of which it might adapt itself to the possible wants and changes of the coming centuries. What Charles the Second's Act of Uniformity left it, it was expected to remain *in secula seculorum*. The ark was finished, the tenants were within, the flood had come, and the door was shut. By a happy accident, however, or, more properly speaking, by the ordination of God's providence, the finality which was supreme within found no recognition outside. It was only on theological and ecclesiastical matters that thought was bound under heavy recognisances to accept without scruple the conclusions of other minds ; on all other subjects it was left to roam as it would, and do as it pleased. And now, let the reader make an effort to estimate the number, the variety, the direction, and the force of the influences which, within the last half century alone, have been at work to quicken, inform, correct, expand, refine, and elevate intellect and conscience in this country. Altogether countless have been the causes at work outside of the Church, and by inevitable reaction telling with almost equal power within, not merely to modify the decisions of thoughtful and cultivated minds upon well-nigh every question of speculative or practical interest, but also to improve the modes themselves of training the thinking powers, to alter the rules in obedience to which investigation is conducted, and to determine the ends proper to be kept in view in the pursuit of truth. The splendid acquisitions of science ; the triumphs of art ; the progress of social and political amelioration ; the power of public opinion ; the instantaneous and equalized diffusion of it by the magnetic telegraph, the rail, and the newspaper press ; the ever-widening area over which the culture of the mind is pushed ; the ever-growing facilities for making that culture something more than nominal ; the

enormous and multifarious yearly produce of literature, suited to all tastes, and much of it brought within reach of most men's means; and, not to overwhelm the reader with particulars, the crowd of organized societies constantly at work to better the condition, raise the tone, check the vicious habits, evoke, strengthen, and mature, the best capabilities of human nature;—how is it possible that the light streaming full upon the mind of the nation from these and a hundred other sources, and so refracted by innumerable agencies as in some measure to penetrate every corner of the kingdom, should fail of illuminating and colouring at many points the problems summarily disposed of by clerical subscription? Is not all truth related? Is it possible to receive into the mind any one truth without, to some extent, changing the aspect of other truths? Was it likely that the district of thought specifically claimed by the Church as her own, could be so cut off from the contiguous regions as to remain wholly unaffected by the increase of light on all sides of it? Was it not to have been expected that ingenuous minds, clerical as well as lay, spite of the most careful and exclusive university training, should look through the barred windows of their ecclesiastical prison, and catch some stirrings of conscience and heart from the change and progress taking place beyond its walls? While the Articles of the Church remained unaltered, and its formularies were being guarded with superstitious care from the least touch of revision, could the minds of Churchmen be conversant with all that was going on around them, and not be insensibly influenced in their views of the fixed forms, authoritative dogmas, and immutable decisions, constituting the venerated heir-looms of the National Church?

But this is not all. The Act of Uniformity was followed, after a brief interval, by the Toleration Act, and that, in later times, by the Acts for the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and for Catholic Emancipation. The Census of 1851 gives as the broad result of the inquiry of the State into the religious condition of the people of England and Wales, a division of that portion of the population accustomed to attend public worship into two nearly equal bodies—Churchmen and Dissenters. Among the latter the utmost freedom of thought and speech over the whole breadth of religious truth obtains, not merely in theory, but substantially in practice also. So that, in point of fact, the settled and inflexible conclusions to which the clergy of one-half of our worshipping population stand pledged to God and man, are exposed to the incessant action of whatever light the thinking power of the other half may bring to bear upon them. Now, we have already hinted—and it is important that

the remark should be steadily kept in recollection—that although for distinctness of thought and convenience of speech, we speak of a definite expression of religious belief by means of the creeds, Articles, and formularies of the Church of England as fixed and unchangeable, and as existing apart from the men who subscribe to them, practically, nevertheless, no such separation of the one from the other can be maintained. The Church is not a bundle of dead formulas, but an organized body of living men in whose minds those formulas are supposed to be vitalized; and in this their vital connection with human consciences and hearts are as liable to modification, to transmutation, to obliteration, as though there were no such document as the Act of Uniformity in being. We have to conceive, then, of law enjoining, and of intelligent and highly-educated people engaging, that nothing whatever shall alter, supersede, or expel from their minds, convictions which they have admitted, for the most part, on trust only, in the authority of the Church, and of such convictions, superficial and feeble though they be, standing the incessant strain of a convergence upon them of every current of differing opinion from without. It will not be necessary for us to claim a tithe of the credit which is really due to the intellectual and religious activities which have been in uninterrupted motion outside the pale of the Establishment, in order to arrive at a general idea of the amount of disturbance they would inevitably effect upon the authorized pattern of thought, sentiment, and belief, within it. It is worth consideration, moreover, that, to a great extent, the ever flowing stream which has run through the lake, has been, in all its elementary constituents of the same nature with it—the moving mass and the standing mass differing from each other far more in the qualities of life, freshness, motion, and purity, than in substance and kind. Hence, there has been a freer intermingling of the waters than would have been probable under other conditions, and the changes resulting, although they have not been immediately perceptible, and have affected but little that which was common to both, have had to overcome no very strenuous resistance. The clerical mind of the Church of England will thus have unconsciously received into itself a constant supply of free thought, much of which would harmonize with the general body of Scriptural truth comprehended by her own standards, and only as that free thought became part of her living self would she discover the corrosive action thereby brought to bear upon the ecclesiastical fabrics with which mere human authority had seen fit to clothe and adorn her.

And now, having cursorily glanced at the conditions under which English thought, congealed by the authority of the Legis-

lature, is expected to withstand the vernal breath of thought free as the air of heaven, we go on to consider what has been the actual result hitherto, and to what probable issue the experiment is tending. Speaking generally, we may say, that facts, so far, correspond with every reasonable anticipation of them. The Act of Uniformity has served but to infold the utmost diversity. The Church of England at the present day presents a spectacle which if the interests involved were trivial, instead of being as they are unspeakably important, would be provocative of nothing so much as ridicule and laughter. Neither intellectual nor religious life has suspended its functions because an Act of Parliament has ordered that suspense. The terms in which subscription is exacted from the clergy are as inexpansive as human ingenuity can make them, but the minds which they incase cannot nullify at will the law of their own growth. Let the reader picture to himself a living body not yet arrived at adolescence covered with a perfect network of immovable and unyielding bandages, designed, in utter ignorance of the laws of nature, to give fixity of form to every limb and muscle of the frame. Let him imagine how, as month after month rolled by, the vital force would press upon the dead resistance—how, wherever the straps were located they would gradually cut their way into the living flesh, and how at all the interstices the sensitive surface would bulge into every variety of abnormal shape and proportions. Something analogous to this he may see, at this moment, in the Church of England. Thought is pressing on every side against the restrictions beneath which the law dooms it to remain. One may observe it squeezing with difficulty and pain through every fissure of the unalterable ecclesiastical system, often taking the most grotesque forms in consequence of the obstructions it meets with in pushing its way outwards to increased light. Truths distorted from all natural development by the artificial restraints imposed upon their growth, twist themselves into the most fantastic figures, or run out into monstrous disproportion, until, in effect, they become the equivalents of error. It is a curious but by no means a surprising fact, that the greater part of the heresies of the day have either sprung up in, or been fostered by, the Church Establishment. Everywhere one is perpetually coming across fresh evidence of effort and struggle on the part of the clerical mind to adapt itself, if possible, to its too straitened and inflexible garb of profession—to ease, now in one direction, then in another, its torturing tightness—and to conceal where it can be done, the ignominy it submitted to in accepting so unnatural a position, or, where it cannot, to account for it by the most plausible explanations.

Titania hanging field flowers about the grim and hairy visage of Bottom the weaver scarcely jars our sense of propriety or stirs our feeling of pity so much as the melancholy assiduity displayed by godly clergymen to beautify by strange glosses and non-natural interpretations dogmas and rites which, in their hours of spiritual wakefulness, they loathe and hate. Almost equally painful to the reflective mind, and equally illustrative of the close imprisonment of thought in the Establishment, are the wonder and welcome with which those who are themselves at liberty hail the most common-place expression of liberal sentiment by clerical tongue or pen, not because such sentiment is not as well or better expressed every day by ordinary men, but simply because of the crowd of obstacles through which it must have pierced its way, just as the hedge-flowers which we usually pass by without notice, win our admiration when they peep forth upon us from the clefts of the rocks. Nor can we overlook in this general glance at the effects of artificial and authoritative limitation of the free use of the thinking powers, the contemptible assumption of superiority which it necessitates, nor the excessive irritability which it has a tendency to engender; the first of which is manifested in the speeches and writings of Church clergymen *passim*, the last of which breaks out under the tenderest controversial handling. Such incidental symptoms as these, some of them aggravated by the fierce intestine discordancy excited by the too close juxtaposition of antagonistic thoughts, forced into collision with each other by the impassable barriers within which they are pent up, show impressively enough that inside the circuit of clerical vows mind is fast outgrowing the space assigned to it, and that the compression which impedes its easy and natural development turns back much of the vital force upon the internal parts, superinducing abnormal heat and inflammatory action.

To pass under review the mass of what, perhaps, we may best define as Church of England literature in illustration of our subject, even though we should limit ourselves to the present century, would require far more space than we are able to devote to it. We prefer, therefore, to restrict attention to those movements of intellectual or spiritual life in the Establishment which, within the last few years, have put a very perceptible and sometimes a dangerous strain upon the legal bonds which the Establishment imposes on the clergy. Three or four crises have occurred during a comparatively brief interval of time, in which we may see condensed in the form of action the accumulated force of a long foregoing stream of literary effort; and it is just at these points that we shall take our stand, that we may most

conveniently observe the struggles of reason and conscience to obtain for themselves a somewhat wider range than that allowed them by the inexorable 'assent and consent.'

The first form in which this pressure from within developed itself, was that of spiritual life too earnest, too expansive, too intent upon reproducing itself, too instinctively disposed to mingle itself with its like wherever it might be met with, to acquiesce without fretting impatience in the artificial restraints within which a so-called national system had shut it up. We might fairly enough take the lives and labours of Wesley and Whitfield as illustrative of what we mean; but without carrying our readers so far back, we shall select that period, rendered for ever memorable by the passing of the Reform Bill, in which the reflex influence of evangelical doctrine and activity outside the pale of the Establishment reached its highest point of manifestation withinside. Church Reform, in a far more liberal sense than it has subsequently assumed, was then the most prominent and exciting topic of the day. The press sent forth swarms of pamphlets on the question. The religious periodicals were full of it. The principles on which it should be based were solemnly discussed. A number of plans to carry it into effect were broached. Earl Grey, the Prime Minister, read a grave lecture in the House of Lords to the Episcopal bench on their obstructive habits, and warned them to 'put their house in 'order.' Not every one, it is true, who watched with intense solicitude that ecclesiastical upheaving, did so with any wish to see an open door set before the clergy for spiritual and evangelistic effort. Political motives, no doubt, largely intermingled with religious ones in the desire of the public for a reconstruction of our national ecclesiastical polity; but we believe it will be admitted by all who are thoroughly conversant with the Church of England literature of that period, that at the bottom of the movement lay the fact that the spiritual life of the Church was hampered by its machinery; that much of it could find for itself no expression which was at the same time authorized and adequate; that not a little of its force had to be irregularly expended; that its sympathies were far broader than canonical law would sanction; that its yearnings were too intense for the usages and customs which were made obligatory upon its observance; and that with more freedom it could more effectually have promoted the kingdom of Christ.

The movement which, at the period we refer to, pressed with such force against politico-ecclesiastical barriers as to excite a general expectation that they must presently give way, was, both in its origin and substantially also in its strength, *Evangelical*.

This was the distinctive epithet which it claimed for itself, and under which it was recognised by Protestant Dissenters. The general public usually described it as Low Church. Although the number of the clergy who then identified themselves with it were fewer by thousands, perhaps, than now, and it could hardly boast of being proportionably represented upon the bench, those may be referred to as its palmiest days, because it was then fullest of Christian simplicity, hope, and faith. It had no more intention then than now of destroying the Temple, but it had manfully set its heart upon cleansing it, and making it more suitable for 'a habitation of God through the Spirit.' It accepted 'things as they were' as temporary and provisional only, to be succeeded in God's good time, and that time apparently close at hand, by things as they should be. Its acquiescence in much that was grievous to it, that jarred upon conscience and stood in the way of spiritual success, was simply the interim acquiescence of a resolution unable to clear away at once the accumulations of rubbish it was determined to remove by degrees. It scarcely deemed it needful to apologize for its position: it was where it was to do the Master's will, in removing what was in antagonism to it, in snapping asunder the cords with which unwise men of foregone times had sought to bind it, in ministering to the life which would help to restore it to its proper supremacy. And it evidently believed in its mission. Had the Evangelicals of that day been less confident of success in assimilating the Church of England to their own ideal of what it should be, they would have been less satisfied to remain in the Church. Their view of the relation of human souls to God in Christ included nothing that was not essentially and exclusively personal and direct. Individual responsibility, individual depravity, individual guilt, individual repentance, individual salvation by individual faith in Christ's mediation and atonement, having individual holiness of heart as the result—such was the very essence of their creed. It did not logically admit of multitudinism, or of any intermediary ritualistic efficacy between the human spirit and the Father of spirits. It had no affinity for, no capability of amalgamation with, the *opus operatum* of earthly priesthoods. The two elements might, indeed, be put in closest juxtaposition the one with the other; but no intellectual alchemy could make them blend. The Evangelicals saw this, frankly admitted it, earnestly insisted upon it, and winced under the incessant friction upon their consciences of those portions of the Church of England Liturgy which contain the remnants of that complete sacerdotal system not wholly eliminated by the Reformation. But then their protest had a meaning in it; for they were

anxiously and in unflinching faith awaiting the day when they would cast out from the Church these *exuviae* of mediæval error. And with them they might perhaps get rid of the narrow ecclesiastical prohibitions which lamentably stood in the way of the visible communion of saints on earth, and loosen the legal restrictions which seriously crippled the free action of Christian zeal; ay, and even recast some of those arrangements which tended to smother the spiritual life of the rulers of the Church under a heavier weight of temporal wealth and honour than they were able to turn to account for the promotion of Christ's kingdom. The truth is, their Christianity was expansive, and the ecclesiasticism against which it pressed was utterly inflexible; but in that day it was anticipated by most people, and never doubted by the Evangelical clergy themselves, that the pressure would prove effectual, and that a way of egress from a painful and, if permanent, an inconsistent position, would very soon be opened or forced.

No considerable change of thought has taken place among the Evangelical section of the clergy of the Establishment from that time to this. They still regard the 'Articles of Religion' as their sheet-anchor. They still find them logically irreconcilable with the sacramental efficacy and priestly authority which pervade the Catechism and the Offices. The Christian sympathies of their best men find their way across the border of Church laws, and invent or adopt irregular methods of holding intercourse with Christian brethren on the further side of them. But their hope of enfranchisement is now well-nigh extinct. They have been taught by the Judicial Committee that the question between themselves and their sacramentarian fellow-ministers is an open one in the eye of the law, and that by no legal process can they 'whip the offending Adam' out of the sacred precincts. And with hope of deliverance has gone, to some extent, simplicity of character. They have now to frame explanations which will justify to their own consciences, and to the moral feeling of the public, their permanent acquiescence in 'all and everything contained' in an avowedly bifold system, one face of which looks to the doctrines of grace, and the other to the authority of the priesthood and the saving power of sacraments. That they have succeeded with their consciences we accept, from their own somewhat passionate assurance, as settled. But we observe that the success of that attempt has certainly not increased their religious power. Two phenomena of striking importance seem to us to be more or less closely connected with their achievement: one, that the ranks of the clerical body are being recruited by a much lower class of men

than heretofore, socially, intellectually, and religiously considered; and the other, that the vital energy of the Church—that, in fact, which will shape its destiny—is rapidly passing over to its lay members, who are not bound by fetters which they have brought themselves to regard as safeguards or ornaments.

That evangelic life will, in the end, whether its tendencies are developed in the clergy or the laity, whether bound or unbound, find the seventeenth century boundaries too narrow for both it and ritualism together, we no more doubt than we doubt our own existence. It owns but one Lord, and He Divine. It recognises but one authoritative record of His will, and that the Scriptures. It sees but one way of salvation, and that by faith in the sacrifice of the Son of God. It acknowledges but one prerequisite to Christian fellowship, and that of mutual fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. It welcomes all co-operation which will hasten the establishment of Christ's kingdom. It regards the scope of its effort as including 'all nations.' Such a life cannot be for ever confined within lines drawn by human authority, sometimes most mistaken when most in earnest—lines now preserved for social, political, ecclesiastical, or sacerdotal, rather than spiritual purposes. It must work out, in the main, its own Divine instincts. A temporary torpor of one side of it, or rather of the body which it animates, is, no doubt, a grave premonition. We believe, however, that it has inherent vigour enough to shake off the effects of the opiate which it has incautiously taken to assuage internal pain. Nay; it is stretching beyond its measure, and where it is least encumbered yearns most intensely to compass results which fairly imply the substitution of Christian liberty for Church restraints. It is to the growth of this life, both in the Church and out of it, that we shall probably be indebted for the breaking down of existing walls of separation, and the 'opening of the prison to them that are bound.'

We have now to glance at the reactionary movement which the earnestness and strength of the Evangelical party, and a constant agitation for Church Reform some five-and-thirty years ago, called into being. This movement represents whatever in the Church of England system fell into disrepute with the Evangelicals, as savouring more of Rome than of the Reformation, more of the grace of the sacraments than of the 'life of God in the soul of man.' It has been distinguished by different appellations in different stages of its development. It was known to the public first as Puseyism and Tractarianism, and now, indifferently, as Anglo-Catholicism or High Church. Its staunchest adherents, we believe, prefer to be called by the

simple term Churchmen. It took its rise in Oxford, and first showed its drift in 'Tracts for the Times.' Through various vicissitudes it made progress, until, in 1845, Newman, Ward, Faber, and Oakeley, its hierophants, together with a considerable number of less distinguished men, yielded to the logic of their own principles, and consistently took refuge in the Church of Rome. By 1850 the Anglicans had become powerful, and their demonstration in favour of Church education in opposition to the more liberal, or as they consider them, latitudinarian, tendencies of the Committee of Council, evidently raised their expectations to an exalted pitch. It was immediately afterwards that judgment was given in the Gorham case, and the party were, of course, proportionably disappointed, and filled, accordingly, with grief and indignation. A powerful demonstration in Freemasons' and St. Martin's Halls took off, to some extent, the edge of their excitement; and the consecration, within a few successive months, of no less than four churches, strictly Catholic in their architecture, and devoted to what was called 'constructive ritualism,' revived their drooping spirits. But in the autumn of that eventful year the nation was stirred to the utmost alarm and fury by the Papal aggression. Naturally enough, its anger, aimed in the first instance at the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman, glanced off from them and hit the Tractarians. For the moment it seemed as if the ritualistic development were at an end. It recovered, however, has continued down to this day, and if the composition of the Lower House of Convocation may be taken as a rough index of its progress, it is the adopted cause of at least a majority of the clergy.

At first sight one might imagine that evidence of an expansion of thought beyond the limits of clerical subscription is not likely to be found within the ranks of this party. It practically rejects the Scriptures as the ultimate standard and authoritative rule of individual faith, by superseding, in favour of the collective Church, the right of private judgment. The Liturgy is, in point of fact, its Bible. For the 'Articles of Religion' it neither cherishes nor professes high veneration, and attaches far less importance to doctrinal truth, at least as an instrument of salvation, than to ecclesiastical symbols. The priest and the altar, the daily services and the sacraments, intoned prayer and choral praise, the edifice, the decorations, and the vestments, are regarded as constituting together a symbolic system through which the Holy Spirit exerts his vivifying and purifying energy upon the souls of men—as the chosen medium through which the Divine puts itself *en rapport* with the human—as the conse-

crated agency which stands in the same relation to the work of quickening and sustaining spiritual life in man's heart which was once held, if we may believe the Apostles, by the 'glorious 'Gospel of the blessed God.' Surely, one might suppose, within a Church the teachings of whose Catechism, and the tenor of whose Offices, are so entirely in unison with the first principles of this system, there must be ample scope for the intellectual aspirations, the claims of conscience, and the theological tendencies of the party by whom that system is accepted. But there is not. The Church of England, as the Gorham judgment has made abundantly clear, is a compromise. It amalgamates, or at any rate attempts to amalgamate, evangelical articles of faith with sacerdotal modes of administration, and, of course, as they are mutually antagonistic, assigns arbitrary bounds to the last as well as to the first. Hence the Anglo-Catholics have exhibited a constant proneness to carry out their principles beyond the compass to which law has tethered them. Straining hard upon the restrictions intended to keep their sympathies in check, not a few have snapped them and gone over to Rome, while they who remain behind find themselves perpetually treading upon the extreme verge of their legal territory, and often straying across the border. The Stone-altar case was, if we recollect rightly, the first judicial pull-up sustained by the party of tradition and ceremonialism, unless the condemnation of Dr. Pusey, by the Six Doctors, to silence at Oxford for a considerable term, in consequence of his sermon on the Eucharist, be regarded as such. The prosecution of Archdeacon Denison, little as it served the purpose of the promoters, the dismissal (for it amounted to that) of Mr. Bennett from St. Barnabas, the Poole and Boyn Hill cases relating to Confession, and the Privy Council judgment of 1857 in the Westerton and Liddell suit, prove distinctly, not only that there are legal limits to the development of religious life on the sacramental system of the English Prayer Book, but that they are ever and anon indiscreetly passed by those whose zeal overmasters their prudence.

And, indeed, when a second thought is given to the matter, it will appear scarcely necessary to refer to the judicial checks which the Anglo-Catholics have encountered in their efforts to give effect to their symmetrical and authoritative system, nor to the bitter animosity they have habitually displayed towards their Evangelical brethren, to convince ourselves that their position in the Church of England is a straitened one. The yearning to which they appeal, as the *Spectator*, the weekly organ of the Broad Church party, truly says, 'is the yearning for some con-

‘tinuous declaration of Divine truth adapted to the wants, and therefore fitting closely to the drift of thought in each particular generation, but which stands high above the fluctuating tide of private judgment, speaking with a voice of authority, and not of those modern scribes whom Mr. Arnold has happily christened “Liberals of every shade of opinion.”’ The right and the duty of the Church, in her capacity and character as a Church, to prescribe with authority, committed to her for that purpose by our Lord Jesus Christ, what men shall believe and what they shall be and do in order to salvation, in what forms they shall worship, and under what guidance they may draw near acceptably to the presence of the Most High, constitute the root-principle of their theory. ‘Hear the Church’ is the broad commandment upon which, in their view, ‘hang all the law and the prophets.’ Her trumpet, therefore, must not give an uncertain sound. The voice of her oracles must not be ambiguous. Above all, there must not be mingled with her dogmatic teaching opinions and conclusions drawn from no higher source than that of proud, unconsecrated Reason. But can any one conceive of a spiritual organization claiming such powers and aiming at such a domination being placed in a more uncomfortable position than that of the Church of England? Her ‘supremacy’ has been taken from her by the secular power. Her freedom of action, if she ever really possessed it, is gone. She can neither frame Constitutions, as she was wont to do before the Reformation, nor enact, nor repeal, nor alter a single Canon. She cannot act synodically, even in appearance, unless in the colonies. And although she plays at Convocation for a few days every year, the only indulgence allowed her in that brief interval is one of barren talk. The Judicial Committee is the ultimate interpreter of her doctrines, and Parliament, comprising Roman Catholics, Protestant Dissenters, Jews, and, it may be, infidels, settles the laws to which she is bound to conform. Can it, therefore, be matter of surprise that the thoughts, the sympathies, and the longings of the party press with ever-growing force against the bars of their prison, and exhibit an impatience, sometimes amounting to agony, to be emancipated from the ignoble bondage? Does not the party cry through every aperture by which it can make known its heart to the outer world, ‘O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?’

What extent of success Anglo-Catholicism has achieved by its persistent and truly self-denying efforts, we have no adequate means of measuring. There can be little doubt that it has been accepted by a very considerable number of the clergy: there is less reason to suppose that it has spread far over the surface, or

penetrated deep into the heart, of the Church of England laity. A taste for melodramatic worship, easily excited, is not to be confounded with an intelligent, or even a stupid acquiescence in the doctrines of sacramental grace and priestly authority. The English mind is slow to surrender its independence into sacerdotal hands, and is rather obstinate in its defence of the right of private judgment. But the sacramentarian movement, which commenced with the 'Tracts for the Times,' must be held responsible for one important result not contemplated by its originators. The recoil of English thought from ecclesiastical assumptions has been so violent in the Church of England, and even in Oxford University, the very seat of Anglo-Catholicism, that it has carried men beyond the boundary of supernaturalism in revelation, to discover in Reason a more secure footing for man's religious nature than any afforded by Church authority, or even by what we have been taught to consider the word of God. Hahnemann, if we are not mistaken, attributes to every medicinal agent a twofold operation: a primary and direct one which, even when violent, is brief; and a secondary and reactionary one which is far more permanent. We see the secondary effect of the sacramentarian movement in the 'Essays and Reviews;' in Bishop Colenso's critical examination of the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua; in a system of Biblical exegesis which grinds away every atom of the miraculous from Scripture history, and leaves no *pabulum* for the nutrition of spiritual life but the bran of something very like Pantheistic sentiment.

The publication of the 'Essays and Reviews' opened the third important epoch of the modern history of the Church Establishment; and just now the most conspicuous personage before the shifted scene is Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal. There can hardly be a sadder or a more humiliating illustration of the mischief done in every way by loading the thinking-faculty with legal chains than the factitious popularity given to the writers and to the works of this rather audacious school. Out of the National Church neither the men nor their books would have attracted more than a passing notice. The thoughts they put forward are not new; and it may justly be added, that with but little exception, the style in which they have expressed them does not compensate, by its remarkable clearness, force, or beauty, for the staleness and poverty of the matter which it clothes. Wonder is not and never has been excited by any originality, or subtlety, or intuitive sagacity exhibited by these authors over scores of others who have written on the same subject, and have taken the same view of it, but by the anomaly of free-thinking within the walled area of the English Church. The public was startled by

achievements by no means surprising in themselves, but never before dreamed of in connection with the conditions under which they were performed. They resembled a war-dance in fetters, or Blondin's passage along the high rope with a man upon his back. They demanded an uncommon cool head, a clever self-balancing agility, and an immense amount of daring. And their mischievous popularity is enhanced by the curious, and, in many minds, the anxious interest which they excite. 'Can such things really be done by professors, doctors, and bishops of the Established Church without bringing them or her to grief?' This is the question uppermost in people's minds. The feat is flavoured with just that spice of danger which piques the curiosity of on-lookers. The grim machinery of law is put in motion. Convocation condemns. Bishops unite in sending forth minatory or affectionate warnings. Statesmen deliver themselves of epigrammatic sarcasms. The public get bewildered with a dreamy sort of notion, that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. All this comes out of, not free inquiry, be it remembered, but free inquiry by persons who have solemnly renounced their right to resort to it. The glaring breach of promise, or at least what appears such to vulgar apprehension, gives an accidental importance to the utterances which constitute it; otherwise the publications would not have created any great stir.

We suspect, moreover, that if the truth were fully within reach, it would be found that each of the writers committed, in spite of his clerical vows, to the anti-supernatural school of Biblical criticism, has been carried further than he would else have wandered by a feeling of resentment gendered by his sense of bondage. We do not, indeed, assume that they are conscious of allowing anger to act as assessor to their judgment: no doubt, in their own belief, their motives are free from any bias of passion. Yet we must confess that their writings leave upon our minds a very decided impression of being tinged with an animus hostile to every semblance of authority, as if their veneration under too severe a trial had fairly broken down. We fancy we can detect in some of their sentences a gleam of satisfaction at the havoc they are making. There is palpable one-sidedness in their marshalling of proofs, and *ex parte* incautiousness in their mode of stating them. We need not remark that this is not the usual temper in which men feel themselves torn away by the strength of their convictions from what they have been accustomed to cherish with affectionate devoutness. The tone is not that of one—

'Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves.'

There is an under-chuckle in it which indicates a recollection of past affronts, and gratification in being able to avenge them. That this feeling (on the supposition that it exists) is due to an unexpected discovery that their religious belief has been, to a considerable extent, ill-founded, seems unlikely because unnatural, unless, indeed, that belief gave them more pain than pleasure. It seems to us to resemble much more closely the recoil of the will from obligations felt to be unjust in their nature, and enforced with an authority unused to listen to objections. Men worn out with the peremptory demands of priestly arrogance, are often borne onward by the force of self-assertion requisite for their escape to a point far beyond that at which their reason, unswayed by indignation, would have been contented to stop. At any rate, but for the haste and the temerity characteristic of offended self-respect, we think there would have been scattered up and down the destructive criticisms of these highly cultivated men, more marks than we can discover in them of their having paused to look around them, to take the bearings of their position, and to try whether there was no path but that they were on, along which Reason might hold her way, and spare herself the necessity of trampling down the dearest and most invigorating hopes of the human soul.

How far the conclusions at which the new school have arrived, respecting such questions as inspiration, the supernatural element in Divine revelation, and even the general historical accuracy of the Biblical records, may be found compatible with the standards of the Church of England, technically interpreted, we must leave to the decision of the Judicial Committee. But judging not by legal, but by moral canons, we can come to no other conclusion than that those processes of criticism, be they legitimate or not—instruments available in any fair search for truth, or unlawful weapons to compass her destruction—which disintegrate the very foundations of that structure of faith which the clergy of the Church of England are pledged to uphold, are forbidden to *them* by that 'higher law' which professed expositors of God's will are specially bound to recognise. Doors may have been left open by the founders of the Protestant Episcopalian Establishment which offer a legal outlet to imprisoned thoughts into the wide domain of scepticism; and some individuals there will be so impatient of the unnatural restraint to which they have been subjected, that they will not scruple to rush out into those boundless but barren fields of speculation. The instincts of honesty, however, will suffice to satisfy most people that such persons, with their professions, their subscriptions and declarations, and their assigned *status* and emolu-

ments, are out of their proper sphere however they may have got there. They cannot consistently retain the special material advantages of pledged conformity, and claim at the same time the liberty of inquiry inseparably associated with non-conformity. No one will grudge them the utmost freedom of thought : no one would visit them with penalties for any honest use they might make of it. But after all that can be urged in their defence, the conviction of the general public will remain unshaken, that when men, for whatever object, have 'sworn to their hurt,' they are not in the position of freedom which they would have been if they had not offered their necks to the yoke.

If it be said, as we anticipate it may be, that neither the writers of the 'Essays and Reviews,' nor Bishop Colenso, in exhibiting to the world their dim reflection of German beliefs, or rather no-beliefs, represent the intellectual tendency of many members of the Church of England besides themselves, and appeal be made in support of the remark to the documents somewhat irregularly put forth by the Episcopal bench disclaiming all concurrence in their conclusions, we can only reply that we should rejoice to be assured of the fact by more convincing proof. But without wishing to cast a doubt upon the independence of these writers, we cannot but think that the mere publication of their thoughts, considering the restrictions imposed upon them by their clerical vows, indicates their own conviction, at least, that they were giving expression to opinions which would find a tolerably wide acceptance among the Church laity. We are not at all sure that the conviction was not grounded on knowledge. On the contrary, our observation of what has subsequently made itself visible leads us to infer that this new phase of English thought, like the nucleus of a comet, carries with it a nebulous and undefined train the proportions of which are by no means contemptible. But be this as it may, the phenomenon throws light enough upon the present subject of our remarks : a modern intellectual growth within the National Church too active and irresistible to be kept within the regulations imposed upon it by the past.

Thus far we have discussed our topic in the full knowledge that there yet remains another section of the English Church with views more comprehensive, and with sympathies more catholic, than those of all the other sections put together, who, nevertheless, find subscription no bondage. We must hold ourselves excused, however, from the obligation of unsaying a word that we have said, in deference to a system of belief which assumes to our eyes the character of a religious myth. We yield to none in admiration of the personal excellences of some

of its more conspicuous representatives. We do not feel called upon just now to pronounce judgment on the extent of the correspondence with, or divergence from, a Scriptural standard presented by their ideal of a Christian Church. But we must say that the intellectual process by which they have brought themselves to believe that the Church of England realizes their ideal, and was constructed with a view to realize it, is to us the most inexplicable problem which the interior history of the Church Establishment of this country offers to psychological investigation. We have tried hard to master it, but it beats us. Between the historic facts upon which all other men build their notion of what our National Church actually is and really means, and the mythical interpretation and application of those facts by the members of the Broad Church, the connection is so entirely one of fancy, that but for the evident seriousness with which it is propounded, we should have been inclined to regard it as an extravagant specimen of intellectual romancing. What the world in general takes to be bonds, and what history teaches us were intended as such, these profounder seers have discovered to be the guarantees of liberty. Where others complain of straitness they find comprehension. Partly by a skilful, partly by an unconscious substitution of their conception of Christianity for the actuality of the English Church, they represent the latter as touching human nature in all its capacities, relations, and wants. They rejoice in it as not only affording ample room for themselves, but room and to spare for all its conflicting parties, and the various bodies of Dissenters in addition. The National Church seems to be, in their view, the crucible into which every kind of raw material may be thrown, to be amalgamated and refined by the fire of the Holy Spirit into a homogeneous body of spiritualized humanity, and made worthy of the fatherhood of God. We beg pardon if we have misapprehended the religious system which to them is evidently the source of much strength and joy, and must plead in extenuation of our failing the rather volatilized and cloudy forms in which it makes its appearance. But if we do not as yet know for a certainty what the system is, we do know what it is not. It is not the Church of England, nor what the founders of that Church meant it to be, nor what its rulers and divines down to the middle of the nineteenth century have taken it to be, nor what, without subjecting the Book of Common Prayer to an allegorizing process similar to that which Origen applied to the Bible, the articles and formularies of the Church would prompt men to imagine it to be; and the intellectual power with which it is maintained, and the devotional fervour with which it has

been associated, only serve to make it stand out in more prominent relief as an additional proof of the fact that religious thought in the English Church is bursting on all sides through the limits authoritatively imposed upon it by the terms of clerical subscription.

Such, then, as we have attempted to sketch it, is the rough outline of the case we undertook to lay before our readers. It is easier, however, to arrive at a true diagnosis of the ailment than to prescribe for its cure. A repeal of the Acts of Uniformity would be, in effect, the subversion of the Established Church, and the giving over a large amount of national property to support the clergy in teaching their individual religious belief, whatever that might chance to be. Now, fully as we are convinced that the exercise of political authority for the maintenance of spiritual institutions is a profound, and in its results a deplorable mistake, it may be fairly questioned whether the method alluded to is the safest and the best that could be adopted for its correction. A relaxation of the terms of subscription appears, at first sight, more feasible as well as more just. But it is hard to say how, as an isolated measure, it would give the freedom required. If clergymen of the Church of England are to be bound to use before God, and in solemn acts of public devotion, whatever form of words is set down for them in the Book of Common Prayer—if, even in the absence of any previous engagement, they are still to be required, as ministers of the National Church, to do precisely as they now do—we are at a loss to conceive the considerations from which, in that event, they would derive ease for their consciences. Can any profession of belief be more solemn than that which is implied in a man's religious utterances, on his own and on others' behalf, to Almighty God? Will the Absolution prayer, for instance, or the Baptismal service, or the words prescribed to be used at the Visitation of the sick, or the Burial of the dead, lose anything of their meaning in the mouth of an Evangelical clergyman because he is no longer under a legal obligation to declare his 'assent and consent' to them? The peculiarity of the case is this, that the act which the clergyman must do, because done to the Searcher of hearts in the name of the congregation, lays morally and religiously more stress upon his conscience than any formal declaration can do. A mere generalization, therefore, of the terms of clerical subscription, unaccompanied by a revision of the Liturgy, would be but a nominal, not a real enlargement of his position. And this latter, we fear, is not to be hoped for. The only chance of preserving the ecclesiastical polity of this country lies in shielding it from all possible disturbance. Any

attempt to revise the Book of Common Prayer, especially if made with a view to give relief to uneasy consciences, would instantly and inevitably energize conflicting Church parties, and impel them to mortal strife. Expectation would be excited on all sides. Conscience would shake off its somnolence. Passion would quickly come into play. The prospect of being able at last to shoulder its way to a less uncomfortable position would nerve the resolution of every party. And, unhappily for them, the gain of any one of them can only be secured at the expense of some others. We question if there could be found a single British statesman of any mark who would not regard Liturgical revision as practically equivalent to disruption.

It is not for us to predict the manner in which the end will come about. But as to what the end will be it is scarcely possible to entertain a doubt. When the living spirit of a nation has outgrown its dead forms, we know which, in the long-run, will have to give way. The experiment being made to give stability to the Church by underpropping it with legal enactments will probably be allowed by its all-wise Ruler and Head to be a thoroughly exhaustive one, so that its break-down shall be once for all. Traditional convictions are not easily torn out of the minds in which they have place; and it is only, perhaps, by laying them bare to an atmosphere of free thought, and exposing them to the light of truth, that their roots can be effectually destroyed. We wait in patience, careful only to clear away, by the diligent use of such means as commend themselves to our judgment, those obstructions which plainly hinder the action of these elements. Meanwhile, as Nonconformists, we cannot but be thankful for our own happier circumstances. We rejoice in our freedom from all legal bondage. We rejoice that in things pertaining to faith and godliness 'one is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren.' If in anything we fall short of our high privilege, the sin and the shame are ours; but ours, also, is the liberty necessary to correct our own mistakes. True, we purchase it at the cost of some worldly sacrifices. We have to put up with some humiliations, to see ourselves shut out from some rights, and to forego all pretension to some of the world's honours. But we hold in trust a precious boon for coming generations; and as our forefathers bore the brunt of preserving from royal and ecclesiastical despots that goodly heritage of freedom of which this nation is now so justly proud, so, we hope, we, their descendants, will contribute no mean part towards the emancipation of English thought from the galling and distorting restraints of an unwise policy and mischievous laws. The intellectual and religious life within the pale of the Establishment is

we verily believe, too abundant, too energetic, too expansive, to admit of being confined much longer within any boundaries traced for it by human authority. Already the swaying to and fro of imprisoned but conflicting masses threatens to burst through at more than one point the barriers of usage and prescription. If from our own position of security and ease we watch the turmoil with eager curiosity, our hearts throb also with intense solicitude. We desire that all may share our freedom. We desire it far more for their sakes than our own. We desire it above all as imperatively necessary to give that unrestricted range to Truth and Charity which, according to Divine ordination, is the best preparation and the surest guarantee for the unity, peace, and universal triumph of the Church of Christ.

EPILOGUE

ON

AFFAIRS.

ANOTHER three months have passed, and the American struggle is still in process; and if the suppression of 'the institution' of the South is to be the condition of a settlement, we are as far from a settlement as ever. It is sad that should so be; but in the circumstances of our Transatlantic kinsmen, if the toleration of slavery has been a great evil, the intolerance of it may be a greater.

Poland, too—what is to be done for Poland? Moral protest, exclaims Mephistopheles—Russia will laugh it to scorn. But public opinion *has* done something in days gone by; and unless the world is changed greatly for the worse, it may do something still. Bad men may care little about right, but proud men are accessible to shame. With such men, to be hated may be a small matter; to be despised is something less easy to bear. The ruling classes in Russia have their place among the proudest of the proud; and to such men no mortification could be greater than to see themselves voted down as the ruffian class in modern Europe.

Our own affairs move smoothly. The dark cloud, indeed, is still over Lancashire. Under our wedding sunshine we have almost seemed to forget that it is there. But there it is, and we shall hear of it again.

In ecclesiastical matters the seething of opinion and feeling is in strong action. Nonconformists have long wondered how clerical subscription in the Anglican Church can be explained. And now each section of Anglicans is accusing the section opposed to it of dishonesty in that matter. As each accuses each, all may be said to be self-convicted. Nonconformists have hesitated to say of Churchmen what Churchmen are now saying of themselves. So the seed is germinating, and the truth grows. Great complaint is made of the bad feeling said to be evinced by Nonconformists towards the Established Church; but is it a good feeling which dictates the stubborn retention of that fretting and pitiable impost the church-rate, and some other exclusive and irritating trifles? Is it not a Divine law that if we would have friends we must show ourselves friendly?

OUR EPILOGUE

ON BOOKS.

LITERATURE.

History of Federal Government, from the Foundation of the Achaian League to the Disruption of the United States. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Vol. I. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1863.—One of the framers of the Constitution of the United States wrote in *The Federalist*, and Mr. Freeman quotes as his motto,—‘Could the interior structure and regular operation of the Achaian League be ascertained, it is probable that more light might be thrown by it on the science of Federal Government than by any of the like experiments with which we are acquainted.’ Whether or not it was this which first suggested to Mr. Freeman the particular line in which he has prosecuted his researches, he has at any rate long been possessed of the same idea, though in a more expanded form. He seeks to exhibit at length, not only the interior structure and regular operation of the League of Achaia, but the machinery, the working, and results of Federal Governments generally. Having prefaced his inquiries by a discussion of the characteristics of Federal Government as compared with other political systems, and with a cautionary chapter on the Amphiktyonic Council, he commences with a notice of several minor Confederations of Greece. These were the Leagues of Phokis, Akarnania, Epeiros, Boeotia, Arkadia, &c. We then come to the most valuable and by far the most interesting portions of his book—the chapters on the rise, the extension, the services, and the ultimate decline of the League of Achaia. Some notion of the general scope of this part of his work may be gathered from the titles of these principal chapters. The first of them is on the Origin and Constitution of the League, commencing with a sketch of the general character of the history of Federal Greece, and concluding with an elaborate account of the Achaian Constitution. The next, Chapter VI., is on the Origin and Constitution of the Ætolian League. Chapter VII. treats of the History of Federal Greece from the Foundation of the Achaian League to the Battle of Sellasia (B.C. 281—222). Chapters VIII. and IX. continue the same subject from the Battle of Sellasia to the Peace of Epeiros (B.C. 221—205) and from the Peace of Epeiros to the Dissolution of the League.

It is on these (Chapters V.—IX.) that the author has expended his chief strength, and has found chief occasion for original

research and inquiry. For Greek Federalism has not before had in this country its special historian. It has been dwelt on by Mr. Grote and by others, only as one topic among several, though by Bishop Thirlwall more at length, and with his customary clearness and force. Federal ideas were growing up in Greece at least as early as the beginning of the fourth century B.C. Small cities and towns were driven to see the advisableness of union among themselves by the weakness which, so long as they preserved the full measure of their customary autonomy and isolation, made them an easy prey to every power that chose to attack them. By B.C. 391 there were as many as twelve towns in Achaia which thus sought strength. Each town continued independent and sovereign in all the matters which concerned itself alone, while in all matters which concerned the whole body of the towns collectively, it resigned its independent sovereignty to deliberate and act simply as one with the other members of the League. After a not very long or very important history this first union was dissolved, chiefly, perhaps, through Antigonos Gonatas of Macedonia, who regarded its interests as inimical to his own. About B.C. 280 there commenced a revival of the League. It took its rise among cities which were not strong in themselves, and which were allowed to foster in obscurity those habits of freedom and self-government which prepared them for 'the day when their League was to step forward as the general 'champion of Grecian freedom, and as one of the great political 'lights of Greece and of the world.' In B.C. 235 the League received a considerable impulse towards power and influence through Markos of Keryneia, who proved himself in more than forty years of service one of the ablest statesmen and generals it ever had. The institutions and structure of the League we have scarcely space to indicate even roughly. They are fully exhibited, with some iteration, with some questionable, and with some very useful comparisons and illustrations, in Mr. Freeman's pages. There is no extant document describing the Achaian Constitution, nor do we know that any such document was ever framed. Possibly enough the Constitution became intelligible and gradually defined, much after the same noiseless and practical fashion in which our own Constitution has become so. We know, however, that the Union was strictly and completely Federal. 'Every city 'remained a distinct State, sovereign for all purposes not inconsistent with the higher sovereignty of the Federation, retaining its 'local Assemblies and local Magistrates, and ordering all exclusively local affairs without any interference from the central 'power. There is no evidence that the Federal Government, in its 'best days, ever directly interfered with the internal laws, or even 'with the political constitutions of the several cities.' The Federal sovereignty reposed in an Assembly of either all the citizens of the League who chose to attend, or of all the citizens of not less than thirty years old. This National Assembly was held twice in each year, and though it was itself altogether a primary assembly, its

session was of only a day or two's length, while its chief business was to ratify or annul the acts of officers to whom it intrusted the practical government of the whole League. It also decided alone on all questions of Peace, War, and Alliance. It appointed a general, who was its chief officer both for civil affairs and for military and naval affairs. It elected Federal magistrates, whose duties in no way interfered with those of the local magistrates, but consisted chiefly in advising with the general, and carrying on the administration of the Union. On the whole, the system worked remarkably well, and secured to the less glorious periods of Grecian history a greater measure and a longer duration of freedom than it is in any way probable could have been secured in any other way.

We have found Mr. Freeman's pages very interesting and not seldom eloquent, though his style often appears careless and redundant. As he has the reputation of belonging to a literary coterie, which is emphatically a literary clique and which, if it is not critical, is not anything, we cannot but mention that he occasionally treats us to a sentence whose syntax, or confusion, or obscurity, is almost alarming. He tells us, in one place, of a something which was '*universal over the civilized world*;' in another of something which stands '*pre-eminently at the bottom of the scale*.' He says, 'We know not whether this *was* an ancient Akarnanian institution, or whether it *were*, &c., &c.' He recognizes no difference of meaning between 'beside' and 'besides'; speaks more than once of things being 'alongside of' one another; discovers harmony in 'a tie'; and seems to inform us that, on some great occasion, 'the Persians of old' drove the Gauls from the shrine of Apollo. He is almost equally faulty in many other instances, and cannot get even to the end of his preface without writing as a complete sentence, presumably containing a meaning, 'It seems eminently absurd to talk about *Mélos* in the history of the Peloponnesian War, but, if the island happens to be mentioned in a modern book or newspaper, to change its name into that of *Milo* the slayer of Clodius.' It might be as well for him to remember that there is one class of persons who should be the last in the world to build glass houses. Other matters which are widely open to discussion, and are of much more moment, we pass over for want of space, noting only the singular spirit of combativeness and self-assertion characteristic of the whole work. The comparatively petty defects we have mentioned we mention only for the reason given. They may very easily be remedied, and in no way prevent our recognising the ability to which we are indebted for a valuable and interesting book.

Liber Cantabrigiensis. Part II. An Account of the Changes made by Recent Legislation in the Colleges and the University of Cambridge. With an Appendix of Examination Papers. By RICHARD POTTS, M.A., Trinity College. London: John W. Parker, Son, & Bourn. 1863.—The *Liber Cantabrigiensis* is so fully described by its title that it requires from us only to say that the compiler's task

appears to have been very carefully performed, and that his principal authorities have been the Report of the Royal Commissioners, the Cambridge University Act, and the Statutes framed under the provisions of that Act. The book contains abundant information, and may, doubtless, be safely relied on. The Examination Papers for Minor Scholarships demand a somewhat high standard of attainment. It strikes us as rather odd to read in one of the papers given in 1861-2 by the grave and reverend Examiners of Sidney Sussex College, 'Translate into Latin Elegiacs—

' Fairest flow'r, all flow'rs excelling,
Which in Eden's garden grew,
Flowers of Eve's embowered dwelling
Are, my fair one, types of you.

' Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek ;
Now the bud its sweets discloses ;—
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

' Lilies are, by plain direction,
Emblems of a double kind ;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.

' But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty
Blossom, fade, and die away ;
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens that ne'er decay.'

COTTON.

Speaking partly from experience and partly from observation, we should say that young men are quite prone enough of themselves to follies of the 'dear girl' description, to be able to dispense with the assistance and prompting of their tutors and governors.

African Hunting from Natal to the Zambesi, including Lake Ngami, &c. From 1852 to 1860. By WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN, Esq., F.R.G.S. London: R. Bentley. 1863.—When Mr. Baldwin had spent some time in the office of a London merchant, he formed a great dislike for his desk, and went into Scotland to learn farming. By the aid of guns, dogs, horses, and fishing-rods, he managed to exist without much distressing himself, until, in the course of time, the sport seemed poor, and the farming slow, and Gordon Cumming published his wonderful book. Mr. Baldwin immediately joined a small party bound for Natal and adventures. On arriving they soon made acquaintance with hunters of fame, and resolved on an expedition to St. Lucia Bay. They had fearfully hard work, bad sport, and much suffering. At length they started back for Natal, and Mr. Baldwin writes, 'I can give from this date but a 'very poor account of anything more that occurred, as I must have 'had many days' insensibility myself. What I do recollect was that

'Arbuthnot and Monies joined the wagons again on the 20th, after two very hard days' elephant-hunting on foot, during which Arbuthnot killed one. Arbuthnot complained of being very ill, and threw himself down in the hut, from which he never rose, dying the following day of fever and ague. We made the best of our way to Natal to get advice for the rest of the sick, but on reaching our destination poor Price died also, within forty miles of the town. Monies stayed behind to bring out another wagon, having never had an hour's illness, when he suddenly took desperately ill, and died next day. M'Queen reached Durban, where he died in a few days, though he never went into the unhealthy country at all. Purver, Hammond, and Etty, three elephant-hunters of White's party, also died in the Zulu country about the same time. Gibson, Edmonstone, Charley Edmonstone, and myself eventually, but not for nearly twelve months, got better again.'

Undeterred by the calamities which attended his first expedition, Mr. Baldwin several times went up into the interior again, and killed a great deal of game, large and small. He heard many wonderful stories from the natives, and found for himself that there was a Scotch Missionary named Moffat who positively 'had all the Kaffirs under his finger and thumb, and could do just what he liked with them,' which, occasionally to his great chagrin, it was evident our mighty hunter could *not* do. His book is simply and agreeably written in most parts, and he leaves on our minds a clear conviction that he is a brave and enduring man, and a doubt whether he was not, in sundry other respects, every whit as much a heathen as the Kaffirs he despised.

A Successful Exploration through the Interior of Australia, from Melbourne to the Gulf of Carpentaria. From the Journals and Letters of William John Wills. Edited by HIS FATHER. London: Bentley. 1863.—One of the most painful histories we have ever read is the history of the Burke and Wills Exploring Expedition across the continent of Australia. A former narrative of it, contained in some memorials of its gallant leader, we noticed some six months since, and we have now to call our readers' attention to a fuller and yet more interesting account in these Letters and Journals of Mr. Wills. Mr. Wills landed in Australia in 1853, and had not been long in the country before he became a skilled and enduring bushman, and formed a singularly ardent wish to cross the continent. When the Victorian Exploring Expedition was resolved on he applied for an appointment in it, and received the third general command, with the special duties of astronomer and geographer. For both parts of this task he possessed distinguished qualifications; and when Mr. Burke and Mr. Landells, his second officer, quarrelled—a quarrel whose chief odium certainly rests with the latter—Mr. Wills was promoted to the second place, and proved himself faithful, gallant, and efficient in the highest degree. He was thus described in a letter of introduction furnished to him by the son of

the late Sir Richard Birnie, of the London bench of magistrates:—
 ‘I pray your hospitality for Mr. W. J. Wills, for whom I have a
 ‘very high esteem and friendship. He makes me happy beyond
 ‘flattery by making me think that I add something to his life.
 ‘You cannot fail to like him. He is a thorough Englishman, self-
 ‘relying and self-contained; a well-bred gentleman, without a jot
 ‘of effeminacy. Plucky as a mastiff, high-blooded as a racer, enter-
 ‘prizing but reflective, cool, keen, and as composed as daring.
 ‘Few men talk less; few by manner and conduct suggest more.
 ‘One fault you will pardon, a tendency to overrate the writer of
 ‘this letter.’ After the resignation of Mr. Landells and Dr.
 Beckler, the explorers appear to have got on harmoniously and
 satisfactorily until their arrival at Cooper’s Creek, more than 600
 miles north of Melbourne. Already weakened by the changes
 involved in the quarrel above-mentioned, Mr. Burke committed,
 at Cooper’s Creek, the fatal error of again dividing his strength.
 Burke, Wills, and two of the inferior assistants (Gray and King)
 set out together to perform alone the remainder of their task.
 They persevered in spite of all obstacles and hardships, and arrived
 at length at the long-desired Gulf of Carpentaria. They were the
 first Europeans who crossed the continent. Their next task was to
 return. On and on they walked, with the clothes almost torn off
 their backs, with scanty and inferior rations, and with fast-failing
 powers, till at length Burke, Wills, and King arrived once more at
 Cooper’s Creek. Poor Gray had already succumbed to the in-
 credible hardships they had to endure. The last part of their
 journey was performed with so much resolution, and in so much
 pain and weakness, that it distresses one only to read of. At
 Cooper’s Creek they had left a Mr. Brahe and three assistants, with
 a large supply of horses, camels, arms, clothes, and provisions, to
 wait their return. Brahe hoped to be joined by one Wright, who
 had been enlisted on the road, and who was a superior bushman.
 Wright did not come, and Brahe grew tired. On April 21st, the
 very day on which Burke, Wills, and King arrived in rags, and half
 dead with starvation, cold, and toil, Brahe packed and took away
 with him all the horses and camels, all the clothes (including Mr.
 Wills’s own), and most of the provisions, leaving for any who might
 come after him this note:—‘Depôt, Cooper’s Creek, April 21, 1861.
 ‘The depôt party of the V. E. E. [Victoria Exploring Expedition]
 ‘leaves this camp to-day to return to the *Darling*. I intend to go
 ‘S.E. from Camp 60, to get into our old track near Bulloo. Two of
 ‘my companions and myself are quite well, the third, Patten, has
 ‘been unable to walk for the last eighteen days, as his leg has been
 ‘severely hurt when thrown by one of the horses. No one has been
 ‘up here from the *Darling*. We have six camels and twelve horses
 ‘in good condition. WILLIAM BRAHE.’ Such was the welcome re-
 served for these ill-fated men, and which was received by them in only
 six hours from the time that Brahe, a German, abandoned his post.
 They looked at the hut, they looked all round about it, unable, at first,

to believe their own eyes. But the terrible truth soon flashed on them, and poor Burke dropped to the earth as if shot, in agony and despair. They managed to subsist for some time longer, and, recovering heart, again tried to make their way towards the bounds of civilization. It was vain. First Wills died, then Burke, and poor King was left in the vast solitude alone. He bore up with great fortitude, and having fallen in again with some of the blacks, who had already shown the greatest kindness to the party, was most attentively cared for by them, and rescued from seemingly inevitable death.

Wills himself seems to have deserved all that Mr. Birnie said of him. He maintained remarkable steadfastness of mind through the most trying circumstances, and was probably a more truly religious man than his natural reserve would allow to appear. The expedition itself we can only regard as having been, what one of the Melbourne papers called it, 'one prolonged blunder throughout,' though the blame of its being so rests anywhere but with Mr. Wills.

Life in the South, from the Commencement of the War. By A BLOCKADED BRITISH SUBJECT. 2 Vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863—Our reading of these volumes strongly impresses us in favour of their author. She professes to write, and we think that as far as her observation extended she does write, an authentic social history of those who have taken part in the American Civil War. The author went to Virginia as an English governess. She was there before the breaking out of the war, and after it had broken out she was unable to preserve her neutrality but became a decided partisan of the South. Of course, she has much to say on the subject of slavery. She makes no attempt to defend it in theory, but insists that in the practical working its evils have been grossly exaggerated. We know of no novel of the season—Miss Braddon's not excepted—which is so interesting, or half so interesting as 'Life in the South.' If any of our readers still clings to the idea of the restoration of the Union, or has any doubt as to which of the two sides is the more deeply in earnest, we recommend him by all means to read this book.

A New Pantomime. By EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY, LL.D. London: Reeves & Turner. 1863.—In a preface to these five hundred and seventy pages of 'Pantomime' the author writes: 'The poem that follows is an *Ænigma* to the many,—and will always remain so:—for the Wise and True and Learned it was written, and they alone can understand and appreciate it.' With every desire to find ourselves among the select few, we are, in this instance, hopelessly condemned to rank ourselves with the *οἱ πολλοί*. We have studied the pages which the learned author is good enough to inform us 'may give faint light to the uninitiated,' but are still in the dark. We certainly do not understand his poem, if the test of such understanding is the discovery in it of anything beautiful, or noble, or spiritual, or tending in some way to make men's lives truer

and worthier. To us the 'Pantomime' appears very much the reverse of all this; and while not always devoid of poetical power, to be insupportably prosy and long-winded, and in many instances to be filthy and disgusting as well.

Ulrich von Hutten, Imperial Poet and Orator. Translated from the French by ARCHIBALD YOUNG, Esq., Advocate. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1863.—Hutten is so very little known in this country that we may well welcome Mr. Young's translation of M. Chauffour-Kestner's biographical and historical sketch. It is impossible to express our welcome, however, without also expressing our regret. Hutten deserves a very much better memorial than is here devoted to him; and we cannot help thinking that if the translator had chosen, he could have produced an original work infinitely more valuable, and certainly more creditable to English scholarship than is this. Hutten led the van of the Reformation without fear and without reproach. His chivalric heroism was safe from retrogression into common-place discipleship, because it had a foundation in complete self-sacrifice. A rapid glance at the principal epochs and facts of his life is thus given by Mr. Young, and is quoted by us in the hope that it may excite the desire to know more of its subject:—
 'I have said that scarcely any life of the sixteenth century presents stronger elements of romantic interest than that of Hutten. His early flight from the Abbey of Fulda; his travels, as a poor scholar and student, throughout Germany and the neighbouring countries—now the guest of a peasant or burgher, now of a powerful noble or wealthy bishop, whose hospitality he repaid by his verses and by the charms of his conversation; his perils from shipwreck and robbers; his first journey into Italy, during which he was besieged in his lodgings at Pavia by French soldiers, and reduced to such straits that he gave himself up for lost, and, like a true poet, composed his own epitaph; his escape, and subsequent enlistment in the army of Maximilian; his return to Germany, and publication of those eloquent philippics against Duke Ulrich of Wurtemberg, whereby he elevated his private wrong in the assassination of his cousin into an affair of national importance; his second visit to Italy, and his combat, single-handed, against five Frenchmen, who had insulted Kaiser Maximilian and the fatherland; his coronation at Augsburg, as imperial poet and orator, by the emperor's own hand; his brilliant services at the head of that noble army of scholars, the friends and followers of Reuchlin, who emancipated the human mind from the bondage of the old scholastic teaching; his terrible assaults upon the vices and corruptions of Rome; his heroic self-abnegation, in giving up his patrimony to his family, lest they should suffer by his proscription; his friendship with Sickingen, and their evenings in the strong castle of Ehrenberg, passed in reading the writings of Luther, till the strong hand of the Bayard of Germany grasped his war-sword, and he exclaimed, "It is the cause of God and of truth! It is "our fatherland which commands us to listen to the counsels of

“Luther, and of Hutten, and to defend the true faith;” last scene ‘of all, the defeat and death of Sickingen, the proscription of Hutten, his flight to Basle, Mulhausen, and Zurich, and his early death on the little island of Uffnau;—where is the romance that possesses stronger or more varied elements of dramatic history than this true story of one of the countless champions and martyrs of freedom?’ It is hardly worth while to criticise the volume as a whole, but we cannot avoid mentioning, that in speaking of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, the author calls them the most perfect specimen of satire ‘in the German language.’ As they were not written in German at all, it is odd the translator should have reproduced such a blunder, and still more odd that a biographer should have made it. We do not for a moment suppose it is chargeable to ignorance, though, in the case of another reference, we are certainly led to doubt whether M. Chauffour-Kestner has ever read the book.

Possibilities of Creation; or, What the World Might have Been. A Book of Fancies. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1863.—‘Possibilities of Creation,’ while made up of the fanciful or imaginary, is withal an exceedingly ingenious and humorous book. We were quite sure of finding good in the volume when, among other things in its preface, we read the wise and healthy words: ‘Creation is as marvellous now as it was six thousand years ago. We may find as much to admire in the hoary hills, and veteran sun, and modern plants, as the first mortal when he set out on his opening ramble through the groves of Eden. There is no fear that we shall ever drain Nature of her many meanings, or extract the syllable of instruction she is competent to afford. To her Great Volume there is no “Finis.”’ It has occurred to us sometimes, as we followed the writer’s innumerable ‘Fancies,’ that he has not sufficiently taken into account the doctrine of the Conditions of Existence. Not to go further than his second chapter, ‘Possible Atmospheres,’ are not the fancies of such a character that it would be impossible to construct them into the premises of an argument? and if so, are they not, so far as the main object of the book is concerned, simply useless? As we could have no life at all in an atmosphere of carburetted hydrogen, &c., it surely is nothing to the purpose to depict the lamentable effects which would follow the production of such an atmosphere. The author could very well have afforded to take the fullest cognizance of this doctrine, and would still have had left a wide field for the display of the benevolence and wisdom to be traced in God’s works. In the chapter on heat and cold, for example, he has shown how well he could have granted all that a Positive Philosopher has a right to demand, and could none the less have built up with what remained an irrefragable and triumphant argument. His work, however, is distinguished by so many excellences that we prefer our demurrer with regret, and should not prefer it at all only that we have so often seen the evil of proving too much. The book is thoroughly religious, notwithstanding its exuberant fun, and is

unmistakably the production of a man of thought, culture, and science.

The Annals of Coggeshall, otherwise Sunnedon, in the County of Essex. By BRYAN DALE, M.A. Coggeshall: A. H. Coventry. London: John Russell Smith. 1863.—Mr. Dale is the independent minister of the town whose annals he has compiled. He appears to have told us all about Coggeshall that was worth the telling, and, so far as we are able to judge, has done his work thoroughly and well. Coggeshall furnished more than a full quota of martyrs to the Popish persecutions, and contributed some honoured names to the roll of victims of the Act of Uniformity. The antiquities of the place, its religious interests, its principal inhabitants, its commerce, its charities, all that is needful to a picture of its past life and history, may be found described in Mr. Dale's well-printed pages. His book is a Coggeshall production from beginning to end, and does no small credit to the town.

A Dialogue on the Best Form of Government. By the Right Hon. SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, Bart., M.P.—The practical inutility of inquiries into the abstract best form of government has been so generally recognised for many years past, that speculations of this nature have been almost wholly neglected. Few think it worth while to write, and almost as few think it worth while to read, what can be said on the subject. Observing this to be the case, Sir George C. Lewis has thought a compact statement of the principal arguments for and against each form of government might be useful to his contemporaries, and might prevent the necessity for reading numerous treatises in order to know what monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy can severally urge in their own favour. He has thought that a dialogue offered the best medium for accomplishing his aim, and introduces Monarchicus, Aristocraticus, and Democraticus, each advocating his own views in the house of their friend Crito, who differs from them all and agrees with them all. He remains unconverted to the end, maintaining in his last observations as in his first, the impossibility of establishing any best form of government equally applicable to all communities.

Poems. By ROBERT SELMA. London: Samson Low, Son, & Co. 1862. *Harebell Chimes; or, Summer Memories and Musings.* By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON, Author of 'Pen and Pencil Sketches of 'Farøe and Iceland,' &c. Second Edition. London: Longman & Co. 1862.—We presume these authors write simply for their own amusement, and we hope they enjoy it. Each of them can produce verses, but we are not able to think that either of them is a poet. It is a substantial comfort to us, however, that this inability of ours can in no degree affect either their happiness or their self-complacency, for, according to the former of the two—who is certainly not the more gifted—

'The spiteful waves may howl about the base
Of mid-sea Pharos, and the howling night
Aid their assaults ; but its o'erlifted light
Burns on serenely in its pride of place :
And so above the tumult of the crowd,
Where furious critics dash themselves to death
Against the very object of their spite,
The poet dwelleth—an unscaled mount sublime,
Standing on earth with head above the cloud,
Acknowledging Eternity in Time,—
A bird that sings upon the topmost bough
Of life's o'ershadowing tree, with upward eyes
Fixed on the glory of the prompting skies,
And heedless of the creeping things below !'

i. e., of the 'furious critics,' who contrive to go on creeping, notwithstanding their recent act of *felo de se*. We have heard of a mole-hill being made into a mountain, but for a man to make himself into a mountain—a mountain so sublime, too, that its head is hidden in the clouds—is decidedly new to us, and leaves Lot's wife a long way behind. But wonders never cease, and, accordingly, Mr. Selma has no sooner transformed himself into a Chimborazo or Mont Blanc than he vanishes instantaneously, to reappear as a tom-tit, chaffinch, or redbreast, chirping from the top of a tree. This is certainly *poësis*, whether it is poetry or not.

History of the Moravians. By A. BOST, Geneva. Translated from the French and Abridged. London : The Religious Tract Society. 1862.—This history sketches the early antecedents of the Moravians as the descendants of a people that never submitted to the Papal yoke, down to the great Bohemian revival which ensued on the preaching and the martyrdom of Huss. It describes the formation of the society of the United Brethren, under the protection and assistance of the noble Zinzendorf ; the foundation of Herrnhut and its subsequent increase ; the early trials of the brethren ; the persecutions which had made a place of refuge indispensable to them ; their doctrines and church-constitution ; and the principal matters of interest in the lives of their principal men. There is no pretence about the book : it tells simply and naturally, but not very powerfully, a story whose interest can never die, and which forms one of the noblest and brightest, as well as one of the most romantic chapters of the life of the Church in the world.

Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island. An Account of their Forests, Rivers, Coasts, Gold Fields, and Resources for Colonization. By Commander R. MAYNE, R.N., F.R.G.S. With Map and Illustrations. London : John Murray. 1862.—Commander Mayne went out to Vancouver Island in 1857, as Lieutenant of H. M. S. *Plumper*, on a surveying expedition. He explored various parts of British Columbia, as well as of the adjacent island, and had occasion to pay considerable attention to a question of boundary, which

had been for some time agitated between the Governments of this country and of the United States, and which has been now set aside by the Civil War. The result of his excellent opportunities for observation is before us in this volume. It is easy to gather from it that in these parts of British America we have possessions whose value it would be difficult to exaggerate. To say nothing of the gold—which will undoubtedly take many years to exhaust, and which, happily, is not often found in great quantities—there are lodes of copper and iron, which offer every invitation to the capitalist and engineer; and vast mines of coal, which wait for nothing but to be worked. The climate is good and healthy; the cold not so severe as the reports of half-clad miners and unsheltered travellers have made it out to be; the soil productive in a very high degree; and the geographical position such as, with ordinary chances of advancement, must ensure to these portions of our empire a splendid career of prosperity.

Among the Indians of British Columbia, Commander Mayne several times met the Rev. Mr. Duncan, of the Church Missionary Society, and formerly of Highbury College, and gives a very encouraging report of the manner in which he is persevering, despite all danger and difficulty, in the endeavour to impart to those benighted and degraded Indians the blessings of the Christian religion. The Commander's description of the native customs, religion, and character, shows that we have in him an attentive observer and a dispassionate witness.

The best way of getting to these parts of British America, it may be mentioned, is by going either direct, or *via* New York, to Aspinwall; thence across the isthmus by rail, and on by steamers, which ply in connection with the New York and Aspinwall line. For men with stout hearts and strong hands there are opportunities in Vancouver Island and Columbia, which are not to be found at home.

The Gate of the Pacific. By Commander BEDFORD PIM, R.N., F.R.G.S., Assoc. Inst. C.E. London: Lovell, Reeve, & Co. 1863.—Commander Pim places his readers at some disadvantage. He insists on demonstrating that he is dogmatic, impulsive, and choleric, as a preliminary to setting before them a splendid scheme, which will involve considerable risk, and to which no one can be the more inclined for the exhibition of the qualities we have named. The Commander has four fixed and governing ideas; first, that the present Government is short-sighted and chicken-hearted in its foreign policy; second, that the Americans are 'a nation of bullies,' highly enterprising, grossly selfish, and utterly unscrupulous; third, that America is resolved on securing a monopoly of the trade of the Pacific, and has already got the key to it in its Panama Railroad; and fourth, that the new railroad proposed by himself will be the commercial, and much more than the merely commercial, salvation of England, will be the making of Nicaragua (one of the finest countries in the world), and will pay to the shareholders a dividend of twenty per cent.

We believe that Commander Pim is quite right in saying that the political and commercial importance of securing a more rapid and reliable communication between England and the Pacific, is very little perceived, and that his regrets occasioned thereby are well founded. He proposes to save fourteen days between London and Sydney, and a proportionate time between London and British Columbia and London and Japan. The value of such saving cannot be questioned any more than can the desirableness of having communications which, besides being expeditious, shall not be liable to be broken by any foreign power. The present quick route (*via* Panama) is exorbitantly dear, and is wholly in American hands. We are not engineers, and have never traversed the proposed line; but judging as fairly as we can the arguments urged in this volume, and setting beside them the fact that a lucrative and exclusively American line has already been constructed across the Isthmus of Panama, we do not see why the scheme here proposed should not meet with at least as favourable a reception as has been awarded to many other projects not half so well accredited. We are sorry that the out-of-breath style of some parts of the volume is likely to disqualify practical men from giving their legitimate weight to its best-proved facts.

The Life and Times of St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, A.D. 1091—1153. By JAMES CARTER MORISON, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863.—Few of the great churchmen of the Middle Ages left upon their times so clear an impress of their own character and genius as did Bernard of Clairvaux. To strong reasoning powers he conjoined a natural oratory of so high a quality that it scarcely needed cultivation to make him master of almost any audience he addressed. Add to these that he was a man of intense convictions, of absolutely immovable faith, and that his whole being was baptized as in the very fire of apostolic zeal and love, and we wonder no more that he stood among the very foremost men of his time, and could make, not only kings, but even popes, listen to his counsel and obey his commands. He was born in 1091 of parents eminent for all kinds of private worth. Baron Tesselin, his father, was a most gallant knight, godly and gentle withal. His mother was no less distinguished than her husband for piety and good works. All their sons save Bernard sought honour by arms, and two of them were already knights of renown when the youthful Bernard, going to join them in besieging some castle *quod Granceium dicitur*, saw a church by the wayside as he journeyed, and carried into it his full heart and anxious mind, seeking relief for both. For as yet he was undecided as to his way of life. The three paths—arms, scholasticism, the cloister—all had attractions for him, and there was probably not one of them in which he was not fitted to excel. As he prayed in this wayside church, ‘bathed in tears, and pouring out his heart like water before the Lord,’ the clear light of God made known his path, and the unspeakable peace of

God filled his soul. He never knew doubt or serious misgiving again while life lasted.

Having sought for admittance at Cîteaux—whose abbot was a Dorsetshire man, named Harding—he was received on probation, and after a year of austerities and devotions that surpassed all which had hitherto been known in the abbey, he was consecrated a monk, and took his place in the choir. His austerities were maintained in full rigour, often to the great danger of his health; his fervent exhortations constrained his brothers and many of his friends to follow his example; and when Cîteaux had become a second or third time too small for the crowds of devotees who now sought it, the abbot sent forth Bernard, though only two-and-twenty years of age, at the head of twelve of his brother monks, to found an abbey of their own. Clairvaux was the place selected, and in due time a rude and most comfortless habitation was constructed there, and Bernard was formally created abbot. He drove his monks to rebellion by the severities he compelled; but in all of which he set them more than an example, and brought them to penitence and obedience by nothing but the superior force and spirituality of his own mind. His fame spread: he was sublimely and gloriously in earnest, and men believed in him accordingly. He sustained a very prominent part in the discussions which arose between those who held the Catholic faith in its integrity, and the advocates of new opinions. He was so thoroughly zealous for the purity of the Church and the honest fulfilment of its mission, that he scrupled no more to attack the misdeeds and bad living of its highest officers than of its lowest. He gave to popes admonitions which were very like commands; and the corruptions of the papal court and city found him an unsparing assailant. While eminently zealous for what he believed the faith once delivered to the saints, he was equally zealous against mere superadditions to it; and wrote with almost as great vehemence against the proposal to add to the Catholic creed the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, as against Abelard himself. He toiled unceasingly both to refute heresies and to teach and build up the faithful. When almost spent with his labours, and fast ageing, though of only fifty-five years, he yielded to the pope, who bade him preach a second crusade, and was deeply grieved and humbled at its utter loss and failure. At last his strength failed utterly, and, to the unspeakable affliction of his monks, their much loved master was taken away. He died in 1153.

Saint Bernard lived a life which no man can study without benefit. He was of eminent service to his time, and sought both by his fervid and holy eloquence, and by his noble and uniform example, to make the Church such that no Reformation should ever be possible, because none should ever be required. We have read Mr. Morison's book with much pleasure. It is eloquent, masculine, and scholarly. His constant references are both useful and interesting; but his wholesale rejection of the miracles attributed to Saint

Bernard rests, in at least one instance, on grounds which we cannot think tenable.

The Life of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State in the reign of Queen Anne. By THOMAS MACKNIGHT, Author of 'The History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke,' &c. London: Chapman and Hall. 1863. To estimate equitably and truly the character of Bolingbroke is no easy matter.—He attracts by his unconquerable spirit, and revolts by his undisguised profligacy. We have no sooner acknowledged his splendid talents than we are shocked at his utter want of principle in the use of them. He had gifts which might have made him, perhaps, the first man in England, and which would certainly have long sustained him in the highest offices of State; yet he prostituted his love of country to his love of self, and scrupled not at even treason to gratify revenge. After making all allowance possible on the grounds of human frailty, the fashionableness of vice, and the general ignominiousness of the times in which St. John's life was cast, we are still unable, however willing, to regard him as having been, on the whole, anything better than a brilliant and highly accomplished bad man. Born in 1678, he entered Parliament in his twenty-third year, and soon became notable for unusual gifts of oratory. He had scarcely been three years in the House when he was made Secretary at War, and continued to unite a vigorous prosecution of public business with unbounded private debauchery. In 1707 he professed to be disgusted with public life and the pursuits of ambition, and announced his intention of retiring into the country. He kept his word, resigning both his office and his seat amid the ridicule and regrets of his friends. In 1710 he saw a much better chance for the Tory party than there had been previously, and forthwith allowed himself to be re-elected for the family borough. Almost immediately after, he became Secretary of State conjointly with Lord Dartmouth. It was a busy time with Europe. Marlborough had gained Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet, and was now hastening to his fall. To that fall Bolingbroke, whom the victorious duke had greatly befriended, contributed all in his power. The grand alliance was dissolved; peace was made with France; and England was governed by an obese queen without brains, and by a waiting-woman fitter to tyrannize in a workhouse than to be honoured at court. Mrs. Masham was supreme, and the Duchess of Marlborough in disgrace. Feeling himself secure of Mrs. Masham, and, therefore, of power, Bolingbroke pressed relentlessly for vengeance on his political opponents, and succeeded in getting Walpole committed to the Tower. By and bye the change came. To the great advantage of the country, God's mercy relieved it of the queen. A college of twenty-five regents carried out, by authority, the provisions of the Act of Settlement; and in due time the Elector of Hanover, George I. of England, succeeded to the throne. St. John hastened, even before his arrival, to assure him of his fidelity and zeal, conveying no very obscure hints of his desire to continue in

power. The elector deigned no answer, but the king sent a note dismissing him from office. Great was the exultation at his fall. It was now the turn of his enemies; and ere long this patrician persecutor of the Whigs, who had dishonoured England's greatest general, and had made his country false to her allies, was himself impeached by Bill of Attainder. He escaped from its last consequences by timely flight. His next step was to commence negotiations with the exiled Stuarts. He accepted imaginary office under the banished king, and at once commenced active operations in favour of Jacobite reaction and Jacobite plots. He failed; and though his treasons were perfectly well known in England, he was, after some years, allowed to return. He settled near Uxbridge, and spent his days in amateur farming and cultivated leisure. He paid another visit to France, suffered much from cancer in the jaw, and in 1751 he died.

His works are somewhat voluminous, show great powers of declamation, but have been frequently over-rated in their other merits. Bolingbroke's life has some sad and stern lessons. Just in proportion as he was without religion in his heart, he was without decency in his life. Mr. Macknight's biography of him shows some industry, and is a very readable book, though it lacks condensation and power.

The Life of William Warburton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester; with Remarks on his Works. By the Rev. JOHN SELBY WATSON, M.A., Author of the 'Life of Richard Porson,' &c. London: Longman & Co. 1863.—Warburton, who was certainly one of the most learned and most arrogant of men, and whom Bolingbroke once described as 'the most impudent man living,' was born at Newark, in 1698. At school he was redoubtable for dulness; and when his school-days were over he was articled to an attorney, as his father and grandfather had been before him. He continued to be notable for what appeared to be stupidity and excessive absentness of mind; but about the same time discovered a strong taste for reading. He became forthwith what he continued to be while his faculties lasted, *helluo librorum*. On the expiration of his articles, he expressed his desire to take holy orders; and as there was no reason why he should be thwarted, he applied himself with renewed vigour to his studies, under the direction of his cousin, the master of the Newark Grammar School. In due time he was admitted deacon and priest; and the dedication of two successive volumes, of not much worth, to a neighbouring baronet, procured him first the small living of Greasley, in Nottinghamshire, and in the year following (1728) the living of Brant Broughton, near Newark, 'of the value of £560 a-year, with a population under a 'thousand.' At Brant Broughton Warburton had abundant leisure, and prosecuted his studies with increasing ardour and success. His minor, and not very able works, being by this time almost forgotten, he produced his defence of State-Churchism, and then commenced the book by which he will always be best known, 'The Divine

'Legation of Moses.' The publication of the first volume involved him in controversies, for which he was eminently qualified both by the keenness of his weapons and the thickness of his armour. He was warmly applauded by many, and as warmly opposed by more. His more serious labours were diversified by annotating Shakspeare and Pope. His emendations of the text of the former not infrequently surpass all that has been written by all the other commentators put together, for their elaborate blunders and absurdity. He returned to his great work, and continued to display, both in the prosecution of the remainder, and in the defence of what had been already published, the most various and copious learning and the most active and discursive ingenuity. In 1745 he married a Miss Tucker, the niece of the most excellent Ralph Allen, of Bath. He had a great friendship with Pope, and became possessor of all the poet's works. He received various church promotion in acknowledgment of the great services he was supposed to have rendered to religion, and in 1760 was made Bishop of Gloucester.

Mr. Watson says that Warburton was not a bigot; and if by bigot he means religious zealot, his statement may be true and yet leave him at liberty to regard the Bishop as having been one of the most virulent and intolerant of men. Warburton never knew when he met his intellectual superiors, and he was jealous of all honours save those which were paid to himself and his chief friends. He was an eminently successful man, and though he was always in hot water he took care to appear a sufferer for the truth. Perhaps he was so. At any rate the Church paid him well, and *that* was something, though not more than the recipient considered he deserved. The life of him before us is full of interest and vivacity, and its occasional illustrative episodes are by no means a detriment to its value.

Chronicles of Carlingford. Salem Chapel. Two Vols. Blackwood. —This work, which appeared as a serial in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' consists of a 'sensation' tale bound up with a religious libel. To give a part of the truth in place of the whole is a very subtle and a very sinister method of teaching the not true; but when the portion of truth given is so run into caricature that even that ceases to be true, the result is the inculcation of a deeper falsehood. These volumes are attributed to Mrs. Oliphant. We should infer from them that the candour and amiability of the lady who bears that name must be of a very beautiful description.

The Greek Christian Poets and the English Poets. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863.—This exquisite little book—itsself almost a poem throughout—consists of pieces which appeared in the *Athenæum* some twenty years since. Its title describes its subject: to describe the manner in which that subject is treated is very superfluous and would also be difficult. It gives some further insight into the learning of its most beloved and honoured author, while as an exhibition of the marvellous beauty

and resources of our English tongue it could not, for its slight bulk, be well surpassed.

Points of Contact between Science and Art. By his Eminence Cardinal WISEMAN. A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, January 30th, 1863. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1863.—Cardinal Wiseman seeks in this lecture to point out and illustrate in succession the points of contact between Science and Painting, Science and Sculpture, and Science and Architecture. The task is of so delicate and subtle a character that we need not be surprised at finding the supposed points of contact not always palpable. In respect of Painting his Eminence shows how much we are indebted to the science of Perspective. The great masters who flourished before it was discovered observed its laws by the very instinct of their genius—while their inferiors neglected it utterly and still escaped popular neglect; a neglect which they could not escape now, because Science has in this particular trained the popular taste to demand the due observance of distances, proportions, and the like. Science is to serve Painting further by discovering new pigments, and the means by which Art may produce all the gradations and permanence of colour in glorious frescoes and glorious mosaics. The services of Science to Sculpture and Architecture are also shown—the chief illustration under the last head being the masterpiece of the whole. The lecture shows the elegance of taste for which Cardinal Wiseman is now well known. Its refinements will to some minds seem over-nice, but will in most cases bear examination notwithstanding. The speculation as to the causes of the exaggerated muscular development shown in Greek statues strikes us as thoroughly mistaken though very interesting.

The History of the Supernatural, in all Ages and Nations, and in all Churches, Christian and Pagan, Demonstrating Universal Faith. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Two Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1863.—Mr. Howitt's two volumes are an excessively earnest protest against the rejection of the recent asserted manifestations of the supernatural. His chief motto is itself a flinging down of the gauntlet before all gainsayers. It is not the 'miracles' which are illusory, but ourselves that are blind:—

‘Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen,
Dein Sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist todt.’

He demands a reformation in the modes in which we are accustomed to look at this subject of the most thorough and radical character. He utterly refuses the accepted definition of a miracle, and says, that ‘so far from holding that what are called miracles ‘are interruptions, or violations, of the course of nature, he regards ‘them only as the results of spiritual laws, which in their occasional ‘action subdue, suspend, or neutralize the less powerful physical ‘laws, just as a stronger chemical affinity subdues a weaker one, ‘producing new combinations, but combinations strictly in accord-

'ance with the collective laws of the universe, whether understood or not yet understood by us.' He believes, moreover, that in 'Spiritualism,' as it is called, will be found the only effectual barrier against the progress of infidelity, and is not a little filled with disgust and contempt at the panics created by the Essayists and Reviewers, and by the recalcitrant bishop. It is pitable, as he says, that they should not have something better to do than to 'huckster the sweepings of the studies of German professors, and seize as valuable prizes on their old broken pipes and cast-off boots.' The volumes show extensive research and a very elaborate industry. Everything pertaining to manifestations of the supernatural in any time or in any place is brought together in them in one view, and we are distinctly offered the alternative of either rejecting the supernatural altogether or accepting the testimony to its recent exhibitions and contemporary presence.

We are not at all sorry that this subject has been thus vigorously reopened, being well persuaded, irrespective of all dissent from Mr. Howitt, that Protestant scepticism has gone too far. We are equally sure that the manner in which the author's opinions have been in some quarters received, is not a manner in which they will ever be refuted. To do all but call him in so many words a charlatan and a fool is, to say the least of it, beside the question at issue. We have no space to refer to the narratives given by Mr. Howitt, nor to say anything as to the residuum of truth which might survive the analysis to which his almost countless instances must be submitted.

Sisterhoods in the Church of England; with Notices of some Charitable Sisterhoods in the Romish Church. By MARGARET GOODMAN, Author of 'Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy.' London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.—Miss Goodman's book contains much matter for reflection, and we commend it to the very careful perusal of our readers. While it rouses our indignation and anger, we are obliged to ask ourselves 'whether in this instance we do well to be 'angry.' These Sisterhoods in the English Church are a noble effort carried to extravagance and baneful issues. They show in full relief some of the very finest qualities and powers of our nature, but also some of the worst, and are manifestly in danger of being very widely and infamously abused. They are already numerous, and though it might be easy to arrest their abuses by suppressing them altogether, it would be far more advisable to provide for their supervision by lawful officers, and protect their inmates from some of the consequences of their own well-intended errors. We trust Miss Goodman's exposure of facts may receive the best attention of the more intelligent public, and that it may not rouse wrath without also awaking the reason. Sisterhoods are at present simply a power: they will become powerful for good when they are placed under wise direction.

The Three Midshipmen. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. London: Routledge.—This is a book which has already been read by a large

number of boys in the magazine in which it first appeared: it will doubtless find many more readers in its present form. In the wonderful escapes of the three lads, representatives of the 'three kingdoms,' no boy can fail to find a welcome excitement. The book is literally choke full of adventure—a drawback to its faithfulness as a picture of life; but boys are not critical, and such a wild story is at any rate more healthy reading than most of the 'novels for the young.'

The book has a very good tone: the Scotch midshipman even 'talks good,' occasionally at some length; but his remarks come in much more naturally than those of Mr. Seagrave in 'Masterman Ready,' for instance. Our sole quarrel with the book is that it panders unblushingly to our national self-conceit. It may be very desirable that young English lads should grow up to believe that they may do anything abroad (in Brazil just now we are suffering for this), and that they can thrash any number of Chinamen or others; but we object to the picture drawn of Spaniards (page 132, &c.), and those not pirates but men-of-war's men. It contrasts very unfavourably with what Defoe states about the temperance, self-restraint, and honour of the Spaniards with whom Crusoe had to do. It is not well to give the young a false notion of foreigners.

Pattie Durant: a Tale of 1662. By CYCLA, Author of 'Aunt Dorothy's Will,' &c. Virtue Brothers & Co.—Ours has been called an age of facts, but may it not be almost as truly called an age of fiction? Or if it may be said to lack poetry, is it not because poetry is everywhere running into prose, as the author of the 'Lady of the Lake' and of 'Marmion' glided long since into the author of 'Waverley' and 'Ivanhoe?' Every one finds that to eschew fiction must be to know nothing of much belonging to the highest genius of the age. The best are now found labouring in this field in common with many who are none of the best. The time has come in which pious minds feel it would be most unwise to abandon this ground to the enemy. This narrative concerning the experiences and sufferings of the Ejected of 1662 is truthfully written, and with the quiet pathos becoming the story. Everything in it is in good taste, and the feeling pervading it is natural and refined. The book, too, has an antique taste in its getting up, making it very suitable for a present to the young.

A R T.

THERE is little novelty in the world of Art just now. The expected grand picture of the 'Royal Wedding' is the chief matter of talk, but that must necessarily be a conventional performance.

SCIENCE.

Science Elucidative of Scripture, and not Antagonistic to It. By JOHN RADFORD YOUNG, formerly Professor of Mathematics in Belfast College, &c. London: Lockwood & Co. 1863.—This modest little volume owes its appearance to several recent objections which have been urged against the authority and inspiration of the Scriptures on professedly scientific grounds. Some of these grounds are shown to be scarcely deserving the name of scientific, and others of them to be grounds only in appearance—to be, in truth, mere conjectures and hypotheses. It is urged, with equal fairness and ability, that on mere hypotheses we have no right to conclude against the statements of a book shown by various and independent evidence to be eminently worthy of belief. Yet this has repeatedly been done, and by none more than geologists, notwithstanding that, of all the physical sciences, ‘theoretical geology’ is that which is the least entitled to assume a tone of arrogance, ‘and fling its defiance in the face of the Old Testament; for, what ever be “the palpable contradictions” between geology and this book, they cannot be more glaring than those which geology supplies against itself.’ The most noteworthy and valuable portions of Professor Young’s essays are, as it appears to us, those which treat of the first few verses of the Mosaic account of the Creation, and of the miracle of Joshua. The leading discrepancy alleged to exist between Science and Scripture in the first case regards the affirmed creation of light prior to the creation of the sun. The sun is the source of light, we have been accustomed to say. When he rises we see; when he sets we are in the dark. How absurd, then, to pretend, that on the first day God said ‘Let there be light,’ and there was light, when it was not till the fourth day that he called into being the very orb from which we derive all light! The argument is brief, and apparently conclusive. Science has brought it forward once and again to show how untrustworthy, not to say childish, must be the so-called record of the production of the worlds. Were it what it pretends to be, we should not find in it so glaring an inversion of things. By-and-by it is discovered that this argument is not quite so conclusive as we thought. It disturbs a great number of minds, and then it is found out to proceed on an assumption which we are unable to prove. We have taken for granted what seemed, indeed, so plain as to need no proving, that light was supplied by the emission of luminous particles from the luminous body. Have we not the almost direct evidence of our senses in favour of that proposition? We have never been able, indeed, to detect the luminous particles in the very act of proceeding, notwithstanding that, in the case of the sun at least, they have to travel so far. But that might be attributed to their infinite minuteness, or to their incredible volatility. We accepted the

hypothesis frankly, and as if it had been proved. Yet that hypothesis is now being abandoned. We are discovering reason very much to doubt whether the sun *is* the source of the earth's light. What we have assumed is shown to be incompatible with what we can prove. 'The scientific hypothesis that light is supplied by the 'emission of luminous particles from the luminous body has now 'been abandoned, of physical necessity abandoned; it is acknowledged by modern philosophers to be erroneous, and that there is 'no emission of such particles at all; but, on the contrary, that 'the light of day is the result of undulations of a subtile fluid, 'quite distinct from the sun; and that, but for the presence of this 'fluid, there would be no light, whether the sun existed or not.' The Mosaic narrative is, therefore, so far vindicated. So far as we know there may quite as easily have been light in our world before the creation of the sun as after it; and the circumstance that we have no light but what *appears* to be derived from the sun may, doubtless, one day be explained. Supposing otherwise, however, and that the connection between the effect and the apparent cause should remain unknown for ever, that would not in the least affect the validity of the reasoning by which it is concluded that the sun is *not* the source, or the sufficient secondary cause, of the earth's light.

The miracle of Joshua is vindicated by an argument based on the same scientific conclusions. The Bible does not in the very least degree require us to believe that the sun and moon on that occasion literally stood still, though for the best possible reasons it uses language which appears to do so. The essence of Joshua's miracle was the prolongation of the day's light by supernatural means. And in recording the fact of such prolongation he uses the only language which had meaning for him. To have talked about luminous ether when Jasher and Joshua lived would have been to talk nonsense. They spoke according to what was then, and for some thousands of years afterwards, received as the true astronomy; and if God, as Shuckford says, 'had inspired Joshua to 'relate this fact in a manner more agreeable to true astronomy '[and to true photonomy], *unless he had also inspired the world with 'a like astronomy to receive it*, it would rather have tended to raise, 'among those who heard and read of it, disputes and oppositions of 'science falsely so called, than have promoted the great ends of religion intended by it.' Professor Young's book has our very good wishes for its circulation. We think it well adapted to be useful, and especially so to any whose minds have been disturbed, we do not say by the conclusions of assured science, but by the assumptions and unconscious impertinence of a scientific sciolism that often does more harm than it intends.

Evidences as to Man's Place in Nature. By THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, F.R.S. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.—While Sir Charles Lyell busies himself to show that man must be a great deal older than is commonly supposed, his friend and fellow-labourer, Pro-

fessor Huxley, busies himself to show that he must be of very much lower origin than is commonly supposed. Man, says the author of the Book of Genesis, was made in the image of God; and Mr. Huxley rejoins, that whether made in the image of God or not, he was made in the image of an ape. We like frankness and plain, certainly outspoken statement, and so far, therefore, we like '*Man's Place in Nature.*' It contains a good deal of information; it is clear in style and arrangement; it is forcible in argument; it deals in no mere perhaps-es; it says openly, directly, unmistakably, Man is a modification of Ape.

After a succinct and sufficiently comprehensive chapter sketching the natural history of the man-like apes, we come at once to the discussion of man's relation to the lower animals. 'The question of 'questions for mankind,' says the author—'the problem which underlies all others, and is more deeply interesting than any other'—is the ascertainment of the place which man occupies in nature, and of his relation to the universe of things. Whence our race has come; what are the limits of our power over nature, and of nature's power over us; to what goal we are tending; are the problems which present themselves anew, and with undiminished interest to every man born into the world.' The way in which an answer is sought to this question of questions is by first arranging the facts supposed to bear on it, and then inquiring what conclusion they point out. The chief of the facts are those made known by the study of development. Leading anatomists have for some years past been giving their best attention to that subject; and 'the successive stages of development which are exhibited by a dog, for example, are now as well known to the embryologist as are the steps of the metamorphosis of the silk-worm moth to the schoolboy.' And the dog, it is found, commences its existence as an egg: 'as a body which is, in every sense, as much an egg as that of a hen,' though it has no shell, and is without that accumulation of nutritive matter found in the egg of the bird. In successive stages of growth the yolk of this egg is divided and subdivided, and further and further subdivided into cells, each of which appears before long as the rudiment of an organ or limb, as the case may be. The process of development continues until the rudiment of cells, which have become in turn rudimentary limbs and organs, has gradually become a puppy and is born. And then, 'by still slower and less perceptible steps,' the puppy grows up into a dog. 'There is not much apparent resemblance,' continues the Professor, 'between a barn-door fowl and the dog who protects the farm-yard.' Nevertheless, the student of development finds, not only that the chick commences its existence as an egg, primarily identical, in all essential respects, with that of the dog, but that the yolk of this egg undergoes division; that the primitive groove arises, and that the contiguous parts of the germ are fashioned, by precisely similar methods, into a young chick, which, at one stage of its existence, is so like the nascent dog that ordinary inspection would hardly distinguish the two.

All other vertebrates, we have the best reason to say, are developed in a similar manner; and the greater is the resemblance found between any two or more of their adult structures, the longer maintained is the original resemblance between their several embryos. But if it is thus with all the lower vertebrates, why should it be otherwise with man, who is merely the chief of the vertebrates? Have we reason to suppose it is otherwise? Far from it. For, 'Without question, the mode of origin and the early stages of development of man are identical with those of the animals immediately below him in the scale: without a doubt, in these respects, he is far nearer the apes than the apes are to the dog.' And in the very particulars in which the developing man differs from the developing dog, he resembles most closely the developing ape; 'so that it is only quite in the later stages of development that the young human being presents marked differences from the young ape, while the latter departs as much from the dog in its development as the man does.' Thus resembling each other in the early stages of their growth, men and apes are no less strikingly similar when they have come to maturity; while the points in which they differ from one another are neither more important nor more notable than those in which the higher apes differ from the lower. Not content with this general resemblance, Professor Huxley enters into minute particulars. Taking, first, the general proportions between the body and limbs, he adduces evidence that 'in whatever proportion of its limbs the gorilla differs from man, the other apes depart still more widely from the gorilla, and consequently such differences of proportion can have no ordinal value.' He then proceeds to consider the differences between man and the gorilla presented severally and in order by the trunk (consisting of the vertebral column, the ribs, and the pelvis), the skull, the teeth, the foot, and the brain, and concludes, in each several instance, that however much man may therein differ from the highest apes (the gorilla and the chimpanzee), he differs from them not more than they differ from the lower. With regard to the last organ especially, the brain, Professor Huxley is careful to insist at length, and with no small show of reason, that the three particulars which have been affirmed peculiar to man—the posterior lobe, the posterior cornu, and the hippocampus minor—are as truly and clearly, though not perhaps always as fully, possessed by the highest apes as by man himself. Without, then, denying that a vast interval divides the species *Homo* from the species *Troglodytes*, we must certainly deny, as it appears to Professor Huxley, that *Homo* constitutes a different genus. 'Man is,' in fact, 'a member of the same order as the apes and lemurs.'

Lest, however, we should do any injustice to the Professor by bringing forward his chief conclusion alone—the one which it is his paramount task to establish—we constrain ourselves to find room for a passage which, without in any degree weakening what has been already said, may possibly prevent its being misunderstood. He writes, 'On all sides I shall hear the cry, "We are men and women, not a mere better sort of apes, a little longer in the leg, more compact

“ in the foot, and bigger in brain than your mere brutal chimpanzees
 “ and gorillas. The power of knowledge—the conscience of good
 “ and evil—the pitiful tenderness of human affections, raise us out
 “ of all real fellowship with the brutes, however closely they may
 “ seem to approximate to us.”

‘ To this I can only reply that the exclamation would be most just,
 ‘ and would have my own entire sympathy, if it were only relevant.
 ‘ But it is not I who seek to base man’s dignity upon his great toe,
 ‘ or insinuate that we are lost if an ape has a hippocampus minor.
 ‘ On the contrary, I have done my best to sweep away this vanity.
 ‘ I have endeavoured to show that no absolute structural line of
 ‘ demarcation, wider than that between the animals which imme-
 ‘ diately succeed us in the scale, can be drawn between the animal
 ‘ world and ourselves; and I may add the expression of my belief
 ‘ that the attempt to draw a psychical distinction is equally futile,
 ‘ and that even the highest faculties of feeling and of intellect begin
 ‘ to germinate in lower forms of life.

‘ At the same time no one is more strongly convinced than I am
 ‘ of the vastness of the gulf between civilized man and the brutes;
 ‘ or is more certain that whether *from* them or not, he is assuredly
 ‘ not *of* them. No one is less disposed to think lightly of the present
 ‘ dignity, or despairingly of the future hopes, of the only consciously
 ‘ intelligent denizen of this world.’

We think we have now done all that is necessary to enable our readers to form their own conclusions on Professor Huxley’s aims and views. His observations on sundry human, or supposed human fossils, we take no note of here, because they are no more than incidental to the principal discussion. But while the Professor has drawn up so elaborate and close an argument to demonstrate the baseness of man’s origin, it is surely to be regretted that he has not favoured us with reasons that might excuse him for continuing to think so highly of the race to which he belongs. On what grounds does he claim for men any ‘present dignity?’ If in his faculties of feeling and of intellect, as in the organization of his body, man is a mere development of ape, is it not highly probable that such claims of present dignity are excessively ridiculous?—as ridiculous as the kindred claims, which an occasional visit to the Zoological Gardens will show, are put forth no less confidently by somewhat lower forms of ape?

It appears to us, however, that Professor Huxley’s facts admit a totally different interpretation from that which he appears to put on them himself, and which is being put on them by many others. To the striking homologousness of structure that subsists between men and the gorilla we in nowise demur. We believe, because we are simply compelled to believe, that between men and monkeys it is impossible to erect an anatomical barrier of any kind whatever. It is of no use to deny it, our bodies appear to be simply a vast improvement on theirs—not fundamentally different, but fundamentally the same. But that we are to conclude therefrom that humanity is a development of apehood—that Professor Huxley is only a

highly cultivated and double first-class gorilla—we do not see at all. Granting at once that all we know of structure teaches the doctrine of progression, and that all we know of the highest brutes convicts us of inability to draw a boundary between reason and instinct, or between creatures possessing and creatures devoid of moral sense—we can see no reason in the world for concluding on that ground that *man* may not still regard himself as *sui generis*. Through all those lower stages of gradually improving structure a body was being prepared, as we believe, for him who it was foreseen would in due time require one. The entire spiritual significance of life and of the Bible would be lost to us if we were to conclude, that because in his mere physical organization man was made very much in the image of an ape, he was not in some far higher and all-glorious sense made also in the image of God.

THEOLOGY.

The Exodus of Israel; with a Reply to Recent Objections. By the Rev. T. R. BIRKS, M.A. 8vo. Religious Tract Society.

Bishop Colenso's Examination of the Pentateuch Examined. By G. S. DREW, M.A. Bell & Daldy.

Considerations on the Pentateuch. By ISAAC TAYLOR. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

Bishop Colenso's Objections to the Historical Character of the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua (Contained in Part I.) Critically Examined. By Dr. A. BENISCH, Translator of the 'Jewish School' and Family Bible.' Allen & Co.

MR. BIRKS' volume presents a full, and, on the whole, a very satisfactory reply to Bishop Colenso's first part in impeachment of the Pentateuch. Mr. Drew's publication is less thorough on many points, but is especially valuable from the account given by a traveller of the places connected with the history of the Exodus, and which have all been viewed in relation to that event by the author before his lordship of Natal undertook to enlighten us on such matters. Mr. Taylor's work, as might be expected from his known tendencies, is not occupied with details, but with principles; and one of those, especially, that relating to the faculty for organization, so conspicuous in the Israelites, is worked out and applied with admirable effect. Seen through the contents of these three publications, the work of the Bishop does look very small—very pitiable. Mr. Birks' volume has been carefully and elaborately prepared, and the Religious Tract Society Committee does good service by giving encouragement to such men to furnish such timely fruits of thought, learning, and piety. The fault of the work is of a sort which we have found before in Mr. Birks' writings. With a great appearance of clearness in the style, a degree of haze often finds its way into the argument which obliges you occasionally to retrace your steps that you may be sure you have his meaning. He does not possess so much as we could wish, the power of giving the

substance or result of his reasoning in such simple and untechnical language as must be understood. More help of this kind for uninitiated readers than he has given would have been acceptable. In the main, however, the book is clear enough, and is an efficient answer to the 'Recent Objections.' Mr. Drew's admirable volume on 'Scripture Lands in Connexion with their History' did not receive from us on its appearance all the attention it deserved. It is a valuable work, the fruit of much personal research, observation, and thought, and nothing could be more seasonable than the use which the author has made of his acquisitions in relation to the present controversy. Dr. Colenso brings together the texts which describe the Arabian 'wilderness,' and then inquires, How was it possible that two millions of people should live in such a region? Mr. Drew answers this question by showing the *partial* application of this language to the land traversed by the Israelites. Miss Martineau, also, a very unsuspicious witness on such a question, is cited as corroborating his testimony. All this Dr. Colenso might have learned, not only from Mr. Drew or Miss Martineau, but from many other sources, especially from Robinson, Wilson, and Stanley. Nor is this all. Not only has Dr. Colenso failed to avail himself of due and accessible information relating to his subject before committing himself to the responsibilities of authorship on so grave a question, but when his marvellous chain of oversights and blunders has been shown to be oversights and blunders, he goes on, in the face of conviction, reiterating nearly every one of them, as though no such exposure had ever taken place. And yet there are people—ay, and orthodox people, too—who tell us we should give his lordship credit for being honest and meaning well! 'Clear thy mind 'of cant,' says Thomas Carlyle. Of the cant of bigotry, by all means, say we, and of some other kinds of cant along with it.

But of the four publications placed at the head of this notice, the last is the most unique and valuable. It is the production of a Jew, and of a Hebrew scholar, who is competent to bring to the subject the philological knowledge strictly necessary to a thorough dealing with it. To all persons who have been in any way disturbed by what the Bishop of Natal has written we say, Do not fail to procure the reply by Dr. Benisch. In something less than a hundred and fifty pages the author has brought together a vast amount of Biblical learning, and has presented it in a very simple and intelligible form. Enough is here done to show, that if the authority of the Pentateuch is to be impaired, it will not be by a hand so little trained in this service as that of Dr. Colenso.

A Critical History of Free Thought in Reference to the Christian Religion. By ADAM STOREY FARRAR, M.A., Michel Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. 8vo. Murray.—This volume gives us the Bampton Lectures for 1862, and it is, we think, the most valuable of the series since the appearance of Dr. Burton's volume on the 'Early Heresies.' It extends, with its notes and appendices, to nearly seven hundred pages, and is full of learning relating to

its subject. In a preface of more than thirty pages, Mr. Farrar defines his object, and the manner in which he purposes to prosecute it. The 'free thought' intended is thought taking the form of 'scepticism or unbelief.' Here the author tells us that 'experience of the wants of students in this time of doubt and transition, which those who are practically acquainted with the subject will best understand, as well as observation of the tone of thought expressed in our sceptical literature, led him to believe that in history, natural as well as literary, of doubt, an analysis of the forms, and a statement of the intellectual causes of it, would have a value, direct and indirect, in many ways. The lectures have a polemical aspect, but they seek to obtain their ends by means of the educational. The writer has aimed at assisting the student in the struggle with his doubts, in the inquiry for truth, in the quiet meditative search for light and knowledge preparatory to ministering to others. . . . Intellectual error is refuted when the origin of it is referred to false systems of thought. The anatomy of error is the first step to its cure' (p. 16). In the last lecture Mr. Farrar reviews the ground he has traversed; and we cannot hope to give a better idea of it than in his own language:—

'It will be remembered that we stated the topic to be a critical history of free thought in Europe in relation to the Christian religion. Our criticism started from a Christian point of view, and assumed alike the miraculous character of Christianity, the exceptional character of the inspiration of the teachers of it, and the reality of its chief doctrines. From this point of view we proposed to consider the attempts of the human mind to get free from the authority of the Christian religion either by rejecting it in whole or in part. Four great crises of faith were enumerated in Church history; the first, the struggle, literary and philosophical, of early heathenism against Christianity; the second, the re-awakening of free thought in the middle ages; the third, that which appertained to the revival of classical literature; the fourth, to the growth of modern philosophy—a series of epochs which exhibit the struggle of Christianity in the great centres of thought and civilization, ancient and modern; and it was proposed that our investigation should not only contain a chronicle of the facts, but should explain the causes and teach the moral. We considered that the causes which make thought develop into unbelief are chiefly two—the emotional and the intellectual; and while vindicating distinctness of operation for the intellectual under certain circumstances, yet we allowed the union of them with the moral to be so intimate, that not only must account always be taken of the latter in estimating the unbelief of individuals, but the exclusive study of the former, without allowing for the existence of the latter, must be regarded as likely to lead to an imperfect and injurious idea of unbelief' (pp. 480, 481).

It is scarcely needful to say that a work executed on this scheme, and with an adequate measure of knowledge, intelligence, and right feeling, must be a production of much interest and worth.

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